

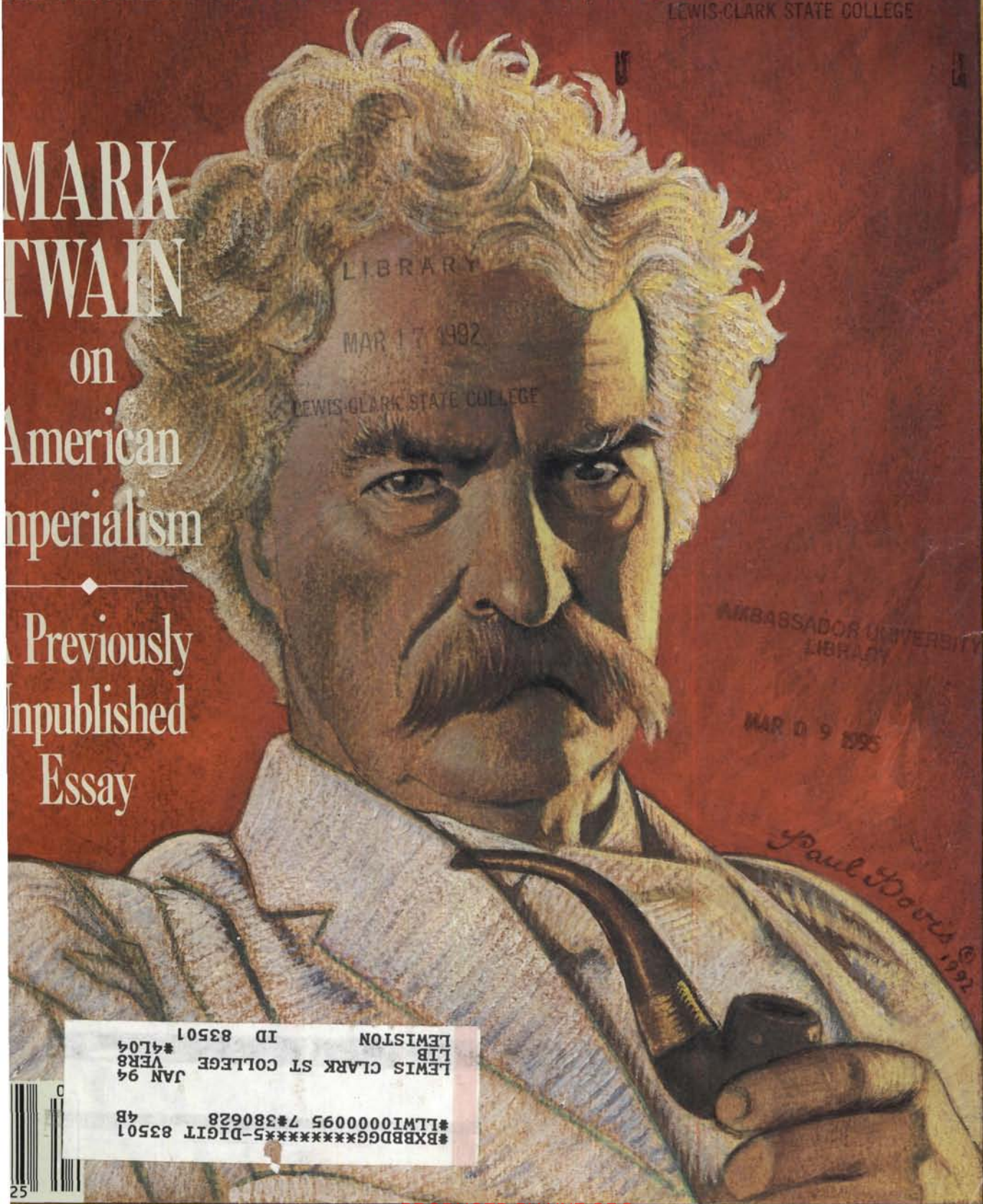
The Atlantic

THE PROBLEMS OF LEFT-HANDEDNESS / THE NEXT NEW DEAL

LEWIS-CLARK STATE COLLEGE

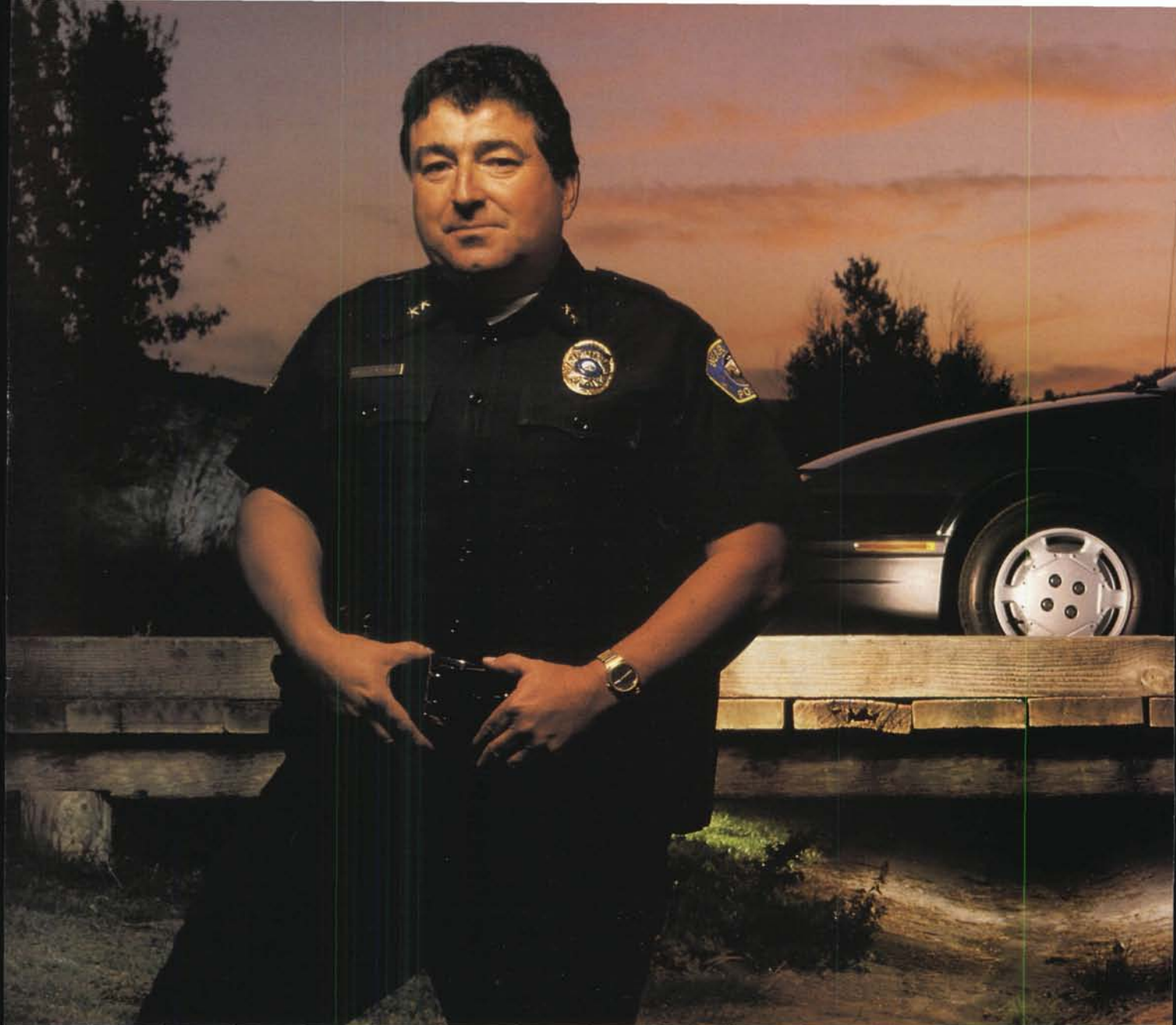
MARK
TWAIN
on
American
Imperialism

Previously
Unpublished
Essay



#BXBDG*****5-DIGIT 83501 4B
#LW10000095 7#380628
LEWIS CLARK ST COLLEGE JAN 94
LIB #4L04
LEWISTON ID 83501





MARCEL JOJOLA liked the Saturn SL1 so much, he had his customized for work.

Like a lot of California towns, Bear Valley has budget concerns. And like a lot of Californians, Chief Jojola is a fan of imported cars. He has two Subarus at home, two at the Bear Valley police station, and when they needed a new squad car this year, he just planned on getting another one.

Then someone suggested that perhaps Bear Valley should buy American. Tax dollars, and all. So Marcel, whose most recent experience was all import, wasn't quite sure what to do.

°Base M.S.R.P. including retailer preparation. Tax, license, transportation and options additional. © 1992 Saturn Corporation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



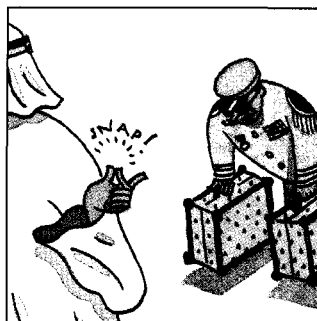
Until the day he ran across a Saturn ad touting the SL1 and its \$9195* price tag. Taking along his special police-issue driving gloves, Marcel went for a "law enforcement-style" test drive. (We were pretty relieved to get back to the showroom.)

Anyway, to cut to the chase, the Saturn gave Marcel the performance he was looking for in a patrol car. It's American, which took care of Bear Valley patriotism. And as for the budget folks, they were so happy with the value they were getting with a Saturn, they let Marcel buy two.



A DIFFERENT KIND OF COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND OF CAR.

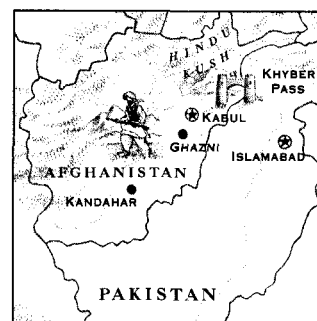
If you'd like to know more about Saturn, and our new sedans and coupe, please call us at 1-800-522-5000.



Page 20



Page 88



Page 24

REPORTS & COMMENT

20 NOTES:

THE LAST RESORT

A place for potentates facing early retirement.

by CULLEN MURPHY

24 CENTRAL ASIA: SHATTER ZONE

In an area stretching from the Middle East to western China a vast, unruly, primarily Turkic world is beginning to rediscover itself. "Whereas in Eastern Europe 'history' has in some sense resumed after a half century of dormancy," the author writes, "in Central Asia it is resuming after a half millennium."

by ROBERT D. KAPLAN

34 FRANCE: THROUGH KOFI'S EYES

He is black. His native land is Togo. And he is a French government minister. To this man, Kofi Yamgnane, has fallen the task of coping with the millions of immigrants in France's midst.

by ROGER KAPLAN

HUMOR, FICTION, AND POETRY

76 THE BEAR AT THE DUMP

by WILLIAM MATTHEWS

79 YELLOW FLAGS

by CHARLES EASTMAN

49 ON AMERICAN IMPERIALISM

The American Century began with a now-forgotten war, one that ended in the conquest by the United States of the Philippine Republic and the capture of its remarkable leader, Emilio Aguinaldo. In this previously unpublished essay Mark Twain, a vice-president of the Anti-Imperialist League, recalls these ugly events, whose legacy endures.

by MARK TWAIN

68 RACE AND THE SCHOOLING OF BLACK AMERICANS

At every educational level something depresses black achievement, writes the author, a well-known social scientist. That something, he believes, goes beyond poverty, social isolation, and poor preparation: it is stigma.

by CLAUDE M. STEELE

88 THE NEXT NEW DEAL

U.S. households with incomes over \$100,000 collect almost twice as much in government benefits as households with incomes under \$10,000. "Sixty years after the first New Deal," the authors write, "there is virtually no connection between the pattern of entitlement spending and any coherent public purpose."

by NEIL HOWE AND PHILLIP LONGMAN



82 MISSING

by W. S. MERWIN

87 THREAD

by GUY BILLOUT

BOOKS

111 THE TROUBLE WITH LEFTIES

The Left-Hander Syndrome,
by Stanley Coren

by MARTIN LASDEN

115 BRIEF REVIEWS

by PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

ARTS AND LEISURE

100 MUSIC: TOONS

The eighties are still with us in new albums by Michael Jackson and Prince, who exploit sexual and racial ambiguity in very different ways.

by FRANCIS DAVIS

105 FOOD:

FRIENDLY BEANS

Ways to enjoy beans for those who assume they take too long to cook and are difficult to digest.

by CORBY KUMMER

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

4 745 BOYLSTON STREET/ CONTRIBUTORS

6 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

18 THE APRIL ALMANAC

117 THE PUZZLER

by EMILY COX
AND HENRY RATHVON

119 WORD WATCH

by ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

Cover illustration by
Paul Davis

BACARDI BURSTS VODKA'S BUBBLE IN TASTE TEST.

And we did it in head-to-head competition.

We went directly to vodka & tonic drinkers, in vodka's top ten markets. And in a blind taste test, more than half of them chose the taste of Bacardi® rum & tonic over their usual vodka & tonic.

Amazing? Not really, when you consider how the smooth, lively character of Puerto Rican rum goes so well with the bubbly refreshment of tonic.

So make your own taste test. And see how the taste of Bacardi rum & tonic makes small potatoes of vodka.

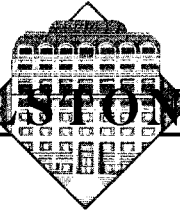


Bacardi rum. Made in Puerto Rico.



RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

745 BOYLS STREET



FOR BLACKS, AS for members of other rising ethnic groups before them, moving into America's middle class has been difficult. Assimilation almost inescapably involves an inner struggle over how strongly to maintain an ethnic identity, given that one's ethnic culture and the culture of the middle class seem to be in opposition.

An intense debate is now going on about whether middle-class blacks should embrace a strong black identity or just blend in. A related and now urgent question is how to improve black students' performance in integrated schools.

Claude Steele's essay in this issue, "Race and the Schooling of Black Americans," is an eloquent statement of the position that a strengthened black identity can be a way into the mainstream of society, rather than a way of disengaging from it. A leading proponent of a different vision of race in American life is Steele's identical twin brother, Shelby Steele, who decried "race holding" (clinging fiercely to a racial identity) in his much-praised book, *The Content of Our Character*.

Claude Steele, forty-five, is a social psychologist at Stanford University; he moved there from the University of Michigan last fall. His main area of academic interest, besides racial prejudice and self-esteem, is alcoholism. A truck driver's son, he grew up in the working-class Chicago suburb

of Phoenix, Illinois. He sees himself and his brother as having overlapping but distinct goals in the area of race: Shelby Steele is an essayist working toward a new vision of race and black identity, and Claude Steele is a social scientist concerned with the question of how to educate diverse groups. In this case, as in many others, what may look to whites like a black ideological civil war is likely to look to blacks like a process springing naturally from what W.E.B. DuBois called the "double-consciousness" with which they live. Both Steeles begin with the assumption that for the black students they are writing about, the essential barrier is not lack of ability or poor preparation or poverty or unjust laws but the process by which the self-perception of blacks is shaped by the prejudices of American society. That the black dilemma can be formulated in this way may seem like another new development in American race relations, but it isn't. Here is DuBois again, writing in 1903 in a way that makes the eventual appearance of two prominent, respectfully disagreeing black intellectuals seem almost inevitable:

One ever feels his twoness,—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder.

—THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

GUY BILLOUT ("Thread") has received many awards for his magazine and advertising work, including gold and silver medals from the Society of Illustrators. He has also written and illustrated five children's books.

FRANCIS DAVIS ("Toons"), a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*, writes frequently on music. He is the author of *Outcats: Jazz Composers, Instrumentalists, and Singers* (1990). Davis is at work on a biography of John Coltrane.

PAUL DAVIS (cover art) is a graphic designer and artist. His work has appeared in many major U.S. and foreign magazines and on book jackets, record albums, and posters. Last fall an exhibition of his work appeared at the Visual Arts Museum in New York and the Nuages Gallery, in Milan. Davis has received three silver medals from the Society of Publication Designers for the design of *Wigwag*.

CHARLES EASTMAN ("Yellow Flags") wrote the screenplay for the film *Little Fauss and Big Halsy*. He is at work on a novel.

NEIL HOWE ("The Next New Deal") is a co-author of *On Borrowed Time: How the Growth in Entitlements Spending Threatens America's Future* (1988) and *Generations: The History of America's Future, 1588-2069* (1991). He is also the chief economist of the National Taxpayers Union Foundation, in Washington, D.C.

ROBERT D. KAPLAN ("Central Asia: Shatter Zone") is the author of *Surrender or Starve: The Wars Behind the Famine* (1988) and *Soldiers of God: With the Mujahidin in Afghanistan* (1990). He has recently completed a new book, titled *Balkan Ghosts*.

ROGER KAPLAN ("France: Through Kofi's Eyes") is the Paris-based editor-at-large for *Freedom Review*. He writes frequently on French culture and politics, and is at work on a book about the democratic left in Europe.

CORBY KUMMER ("Friendly Beans") is a senior editor of *The Atlantic*.

MARTIN LASDEN ("The Trouble With Lefties") teaches journalism at City College in San Francisco and at Santa Clara University. His work has appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*, *Esquire*, and *Hippocrates*.

PHILLIP LONGMAN ("The Next New Deal") is a senior writer at *Florida Trend* magazine. He has written about budgetary politics for many national publications. Longman has received numerous journalism awards, including the Award of Excellence from Investigative Reporters and Editors, Inc. He is the author of *Born to Pay* (1987).

WILLIAM MATTHEWS ("The Bear at the Dump") is a professor of English at City College of New York. His numerous books include *Blues If You Want* (1989) and *Selected Poems and Translations, 1968-1990*, to be published in June.

W. S. MERWIN ("Missing") won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1971 for his book *The Carrier of Ladders*. His most recent book, *The Lost Upland*, was published last month.

CLAUDE M. STEELE ("Race and the Schooling of Black Americans") is a social psychologist at Stanford University.

The April Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere, on behalf of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Ethan Seidman; and Susan Adkins, of the American Os-trich Association.

EVERY INVESTOR SHOULD CONSIDER STOCKS

R A R Y

MAR 17 1992

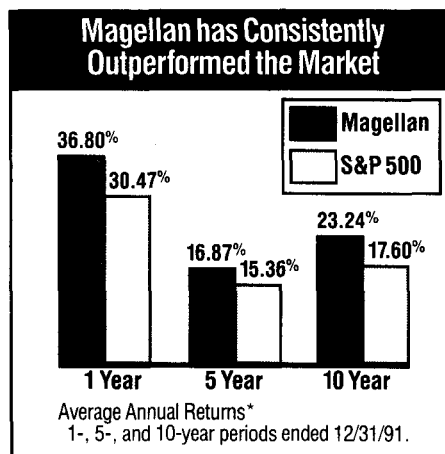
LEWIS-CLARK STATE COLLEGE

How Fidelity's Magellan Fund Can Help You Meet Your Long-Term Goals

Stocks... A Part of Your Long-Term Plan

Today, investors know that long-term growth potential is an important component of a diversified, well-balanced portfolio. But choosing the right stock fund is not easy. The market's daily ups and downs mean not only higher potential rewards, but greater risks to your principal as well.

If you are pursuing long-term goals, like saving for retirement, you should consider stocks as a part of your plan. Why? Historically, stocks have outperformed not only other types of investments, but inflation as well.¹



1991 Results Show...A Tradition of Strong Growth

Over the past one-, five-and ten-year periods, **Fidelity Magellan® Fund** has consistently outperformed the S&P 500.² Magellan searches out stocks of the best companies, large or small, at home and abroad. Of course, past performance is no guarantee of future results. But if you're

willing to accept the risks that are a part of any stock fund investment, Magellan can help you pursue your long-term goals. Minimum \$2,500; \$500 for IRAs.

Find out more about how you can take a common sense approach to stock investing with Magellan Fund, it may be an ideal choice for your IRA. Share price and return will vary and you may have a gain or loss when you sell your shares.

Visit a Fidelity Investor Center or Call 24 Hours

1-800-544-8888



For more complete information including charges and expenses, call for a free prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. Fidelity Distributors Corporation. ¹Source: Ibbotson Associates, Chicago, IL. ²Returns for the S&P 500®, an unmanaged index of common stock prices, reflect reinvestment of dividends. *Fund total returns are historical and include change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains and the effect of the Fund's 3% sales charge. Magellan's portfolio manager changed 6/1/90.

CODE: ATL/MAG/040192

The Atlantic

Editor
WILLIAM WHITWORTH
Washington Editor
JAMES FALLOWS

Senior Editors
JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Managing Editor
CULLEN MURPHY

Art Director
JUDY GARLAN
DEBORAH FLYNN-HANRAHAN, *Acting*

National Correspondents
KATIE LEISHMAN, NICHOLAS LEMANN

Associate Editors
PETER DAVISON (poetry),
SUE PARILLA, MARTHA SPAULDING

Staff Writer
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Staff Editors
ELINOR APPEL, AVRIL CORNELL,
STEVEN GRAMER, ERIC HAAS, AMY MEEKER,
LUCIE PRINZ, KATHRYN SYLVESTER

Art Staff
ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES, Associate Art Director
ELIZABETH URRICO, Assistant Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant

Assistants to the Editors
LESLIE CAULDWELL, ANN LEOPOLD,
KAREN SONTAG (archivist), LOWELL WEISS

Editorial Promotion Manager
SARAH FINNIE ROCKWELL

Contributing Editors
ROY BLOUNT, JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, SEYMOUR M. HERSH,
TRACY KIDDER, MICHAEL LENEHAN,
CHARLES MANN, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,
CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, THOMAS POWERS,
WILLIAM SCHNEIDER



Chairman
MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN
Vice Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
FRED DRASNER

President and Publisher
IRA ELLENTHAL

Circulation & Consumer Marketing
CINDY J. STILL, Associate Publisher
PETER WATT, Circulation Manager
LINDA N. McDONNELL, Circulation Promotion Manager
EVA BOGARYAN, Circulation Assistant
MICHAEL P. PRESTO, Director, Retail Marketing

Advertising
JAYNE YOUNG, Associate Publisher
JAMES SHERIDAN, Vice President
DONNA PALMER, Vice President, West Coast
FRANCES V. BROUDY, Advertising Director
MEREDITH WELCH, Marketing Director
DEBORAH B. FARNHAM, Promotion Director
TAYLOR GRAY, Research Director
EDWIN COOPER, Marketing Consultant
MATTHEW BARBA, SARAH BENENSON,
MARA HART FILO, LINDA NIEPOKOJ SHAUGHNESSY

Operations
KIMBERLY SMITH JENSEN, General Manager
JAN MORRIS, Production Director
JOSEPH O'CONNELL, Production Director Emeritus
MARTHA JEVSEVAR, Business Manager
KAREN WESOLOWSKI, Special Projects Manager
MICHAEL DRNACH, RAYMOND FORD,
AMY GROSSMAN, DEBORAH HOFFENBERG,
MICHAEL JONES, DAN O'KANE, LIAM O'MALLEY

Editorial/Business Office
745 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116, (617) 536-9500
New York Advertising Office
599 Lexington Ave., N.Y., NY 10022, (212) 326-5350
Chicago Christopher Schuba (312) 482-8099
West Coast Donna Palmer (213) 479-4729
Detroit Mara Hart Filo (313) 353-4000

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



PLAYING GOD

In "The Butterfly Problem," by Charles C. Mann and Mark L. Plummer (January *Atlantic*), the authors conclude that the Endangered Species Act is imposing unfair burdens on private-property owners and threatening to undermine the political consensus necessary for continued efforts to preserve endangered species. The centerpiece of their article is the saga of Richard Schroeder, whose failure to realize his lifelong dream of carving fairways on the Oregon coast is attributed entirely to unbending implementation of the act's protection of the threatened Oregon silverspot butterfly. Schroeder's story is hardly that simple.

In building his resort, Schroeder faced hurdles imposed by Oregon's stringent state land-use planning laws, completely unrelated to protection of the silverspot butterfly. His application for permission to alter the coastal dune line in order to construct three holes of his planned golf course was denied by the local planning commission. That denial was overturned by the county Board of Commissioners, a decision that has been appealed to the state's Land Use Board of Appeals, where it is pending.

In addition, Schroeder was never denied an incidental-take permit under the Endangered Species Act. Indeed, according to Doug Smyth, of the Portland office of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the service believed that it was possible for Schroeder to develop his golf course and protect the silverspot. Neil Maine, a member of the silverspot advisory committee, says the service "bent over backwards" to encourage Schroeder to develop a habitat-conservation plan, recognizing the importance of such a plan to perpetuation of the silverspot's preferred habitat. Rather than seeing that process through, however, Schroeder gave up.

Application of the Endangered Species Act will not always be painless.

However, to damn the entire act, as the authors have done, on the basis of isolated and incomplete anecdotal evidence does a great disservice to what should be an informed public debate on the act's merits.

WILLIAM ROBERT IRVIN
Counsel
National Wildlife Federation
Washington, D.C.

Charles Mann and Mark Plummer contend that fundability should be the highest priority in deciding whether a species's habitat should be protected or whether captive-breeding programs should be initiated. We can't afford to let the marketplace be the sole deciding factor in whether or not we allow a species and its habitat to perish; their value is inestimable. There is an enormous cost to both mankind and nature—one that can't be measured in dollars—every time an endangered species is lost to extinction. If we don't start placing greater emphasis on preserving the rich biodiversity of our planet, the consequences will be irrevocable.

Species protection does more than help preserve beautiful places and increase our enjoyment of the natural environment; it enhances the rich medical, social, and economic fabric of our lives. Agriculture, fisheries, medical advances, clean water, and a healthy economy all depend on natural ecosystems and their rich and varied wildlife. When we lose a wild plant or creature to extinction, we lose a resource for all time. The fragile biodiversity of the earth holds enormous potential for improving all life.

Additionally, the examples given by the authors of species that the law failed to save, such as the dusky seaside sparrow, were not failures of the Endangered Species Act itself; they were failures in the act's execution. The authors neglect to emphasize that we owe the survival of the bald eagle, the peregrine falcon, the California

CHOOSE YOUR PEN AS CAREFULLY AS YOU
CHOOSE YOUR WORDS.



The image shows two Montblanc Meisterstück pens, one in the foreground and one slightly behind it, both angled diagonally. They are set against a dark, heavily textured background that resembles a coarse fabric or paper. The pens are dark-colored with silver-colored barrels and tips. The Montblanc six-pointed star logo is visible on the silver bands near the barrels. The lighting creates highlights on the metallic parts and the texture of the background.

• MONTBLANC Meisterstück

**MONT
BLANC**

THE ART OF WRITING

MEISTERSTÜCK

ALFRED DUNHILL



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



condor, the Pacific gray whale, the brown pelican, the whooping crane, the red wolf, the black-footed ferret, and many other animals and plants to the Endangered Species Act.

If a greater priority were placed on protecting our biological heritage, we would find a way to fund the Endangered Species Act properly. Budget (or lack of it) should not dictate policy. Whenever species designated as endangered by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service have been lost, it has been as a consequence of poor habitat management, conducted by agencies that are woefully understaffed, underfunded, and in many cases uncoordinated in their approach to problem-solving.

Almost 3,000 species in the United States are now awaiting federal protection under the Endangered Species Act. Only 600 plants and animals have made it through the listing process, and more than 250 of these species still lack recovery plans. Their survival remains in jeopardy because Congress has failed to appropriate adequate funding to properly implement the act.

In an era when wildlife can't protect their own habitats from rapacious mining and timber practices, from corporate and individual greed, a strong Endangered Species Act is the best legislative solution we have.

ERIC FISCHER
Senior Vice-President
National Audubon Society
Washington, D.C.

Just twenty years ago the Pacific yew tree was considered a worthless weed species in the forests of the Pacific Northwest. Now, because its bark contains taxol, it has become a major new weapon in the fight against several types of cancer. Who knows what genetic resources exist in the unexplored DNA of a silverspot butterfly? Common sense and a suitable respect for all the forms of life with which we share this planet would seem to dictate a reluctance to destroy that which is merely inconvenient to us at the moment.

MARK SHAFFER
Vice-President
The Wilderness Society
Washington, D.C.

The cover of the January *Atlantic* promises to tell us "why we shouldn't try to save every endangered species," but the three articles devoted

to that topic never quite do so. Charles Mann and Mark Plummer suggest that the reason is that it's just too expensive. How expensive? They cite an Interior Department estimate that a total of \$4.6 billion will be needed for the recovery of all currently threatened or endangered species in the United States and also all others likely to become so. Just how much money is that? Less than Americans spent on video games last year.

Thomas Palmer, in "The Case for Human Beings," argues that human beings and their works ought to be considered an expression of biological diversity worthy of pride and preservation. That's fine, but it is by no means clear why that fact should translate into indifference toward saving the life forms whose very survival is ours to determine.

Suzanne Winckler, in "Stopgap Measures," faults the Endangered Species Act because it "has no concept of preventive medicine, of keeping healthy species from peril." True enough, but that was never the purpose of the act. Winckler's goal of keeping species from ever reaching the point that they need the protection of the Endangered Species Act might be met if our pollution-control laws were better funded and more aggressively enforced, if the managers of our national forests and other public lands were not so willing to sacrifice conservation values for timber and cattle production, and if land-acquisition programs like the federal Land and Water Conservation Fund were fully funded. Until those things happen, the Endangered Species Act will continue to be needed as the last safety net.

Winckler, Mann, and Plummer also seem persuaded that major endangered-species conflicts are pervasive and frequent. Winckler says that for every "bargain species" (that is, one that can be preserved with little conflict or expense) "there is a very expensive one waiting" in the wings. Mann and Plummer assert that there are "thousands of people" like the golf-course developer they describe and "thousands of endangered species" that will inevitably collide "everywhere and often." If the past is a guide to the future, these contentions are utter nonsense. Nearly twenty years after enactment of the Endangered Species Act, and with nearly 700 U.S. species listed, major

conflicts under the act can still be counted on one's fingers. In a recent three-year period less than one tenth of one percent of federal actions reviewed under the act presented irreconcilable conflicts. Rather than occurring "everywhere and often," major conflicts have occurred in very few places, and very seldom. In the meantime, many marvelous and irreplaceable creatures have been given a better chance at survival.

MICHAEL J. BEAN
Chairman, Wildlife Program
Environmental Defense Fund
Washington, D.C.

Charles Mann and Mark Plummer reply:

William Robert Irvin correctly notes that the Fish and Wildlife Service did not deny Schroeder an incidental-take permit. But scientists on the butterfly recovery team told us—Neil Maine notwithstanding—that the service's Portland office was of little help. By refusing to provide guidance regarding a habitat-conservation plan, the office put Schroeder in the absurd position of needing to spend tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars on a draft that might well be totally off the mark. Reasonably enough, Schroeder's backers declined to be drawn in.

Eric Fischer inexplicably charges us with giving the marketplace "sole" priority. Nowhere do we advocate this narrow viewpoint. Economic analysis, we say, should be employed, but that is far from giving primacy to monetary value. We agree with Fischer that a strong law produces preventive measures. But they occur as a side effect, when involved parties have no other way to avoid the law's application. At best, harsh laws create incentives to cheat; at worst, they turn landowners into enemies of endangered species.

Fischer says that the failure of the Endangered Species Act is partly due to underfunding. We agree—and said so in our article. To save more domestic endangered species, budgets must rise dramatically. But they will never rise enough to protect all species—the law's ironclad goal. Willy-nilly, we will lose some species. Given this eventuality, we can either direct our efforts in a meaningful way or, as our article shows, make almost random attempts that often bear little fruit.

Mark Shaffer asks us to consider the potential resources hidden in the genes of the Oregon silverspot butterfly. If



that is why he wants to save it, the silverspot may be in trouble. According to the lepidopterist Paul Hammond, the world's expert on the creature, the silverspot is unlikely to be of any practical use. If this is true, Shaffer's argument implies, society should let bulldozers roll over the silverspot, and devote limited public funds instead to creatures of more utilitarian value.

Michael Bean purports to show the rarity of "irreconcilable" conflicts under the Endangered Species Act. But his numbers mean little by themselves. Do few irreconcilable conflicts occur because the act is toothless? Or because Uncle Sam has been forced to order costly modifications to hundreds of federal projects? (The statistic does not cover the many clashes between private development and endangered species.) More important, Bean seems to be arguing that conflict between human beings and endangered species is easily avoided. Given our growing population and the thousands of species that await listing, the prediction is Pollyanna-ish.

In response to Thomas Palmer's excellent article "The Case for Human Beings": If human "contributions" to the earth, such as civilization, music, and so forth, are to be considered a separate, interspecies form of biological diversity, then it would seem only logical that human beings could very well survive on this planet with no other species left—they would be able to live off the "biologically diverse" contributions of *Homo sapiens*. But this is obviously not the case, for human beings' health and indeed very existence depend on the biological diversity of *nature*. Human beings have not yet developed the technology to replicate the complex interrelationships of nature that sustain all life, and thus must steward *nature's* biodiversity as much as possible in order to survive.

If "rudimentary" nature and its biodiversity should not take precedence over *Homo sapiens's* own form of "diversity" (as the author implies), then human beings should reciprocate by not touting their uniqueness in the face of a natural world they consider lower on the evolutionary ladder. The author is wrong in condoning the fact that human beings and nature have never lived in harmony, for without that crucial symbiotic relationship the evolu-

tionary process might turn on itself and revert back to ground zero.

MICHAEL BRUS
Madison, N.J.

Thomas Palmer's December contribution was absolutely delightful as well as refreshingly thought-provoking. The logical result of the so-called preservation ethic is fear of change, and by extension fear of life itself. Palmer is correct in asserting that we must not become distracted by the disaster mentality but rather balance caring stewardship of our natural resources with healthy respect for our ability to change the world.

FERNANDO R. LAGUARDA
Washington, D.C.

Thomas Palmer replies:

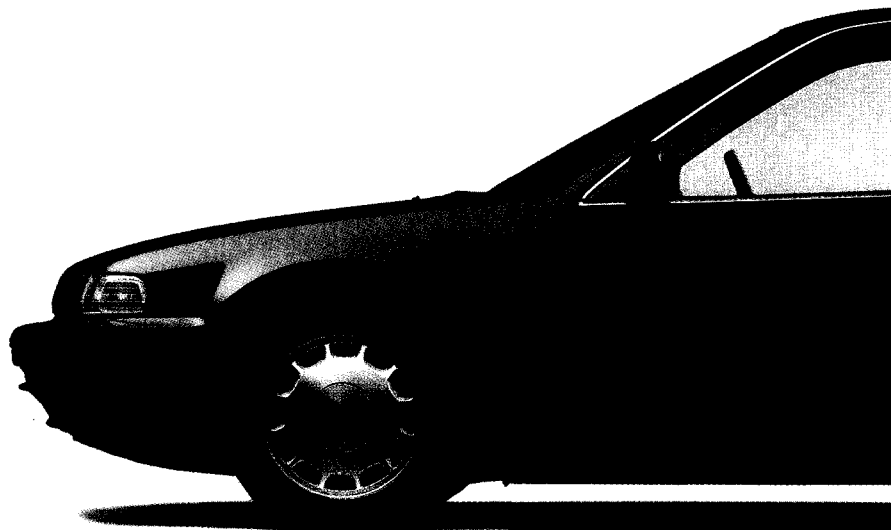
Michael Brus extends my curve of life history into a future in which the earth supports only one species, our own, and since he (quite correctly) finds this picture preposterous, he declares my premises invalid. I can only answer that he extended the curve, not I.

COOKED BOOKS

William Sternberg's report on audit failures ("Cooked Books," January *Atlantic*) did not address a weakness in the accountancy profession much greater than the extremely small percentage of audit failures. The profession's Code of Professional Conduct applies to CPAs in private industry as well as those in public accounting. Regrettably, standards of work or reporting are not required of CPAs in private industry. When a CPA discovers that management lacks integrity, resigning from a position with his or her only "client" can require great professional and personal sacrifice. Practically, these CPAs are left either to turn a blind eye to misleading financial statements passed on to lenders or to search quietly and quickly for new positions.

This difficult situation is made worse by the lack of whistle-blower protection offered to these professionals. In fact, CPAs who uncover management fraud at the highest levels of closely held companies are at risk of losing certifica-

From beginning



©1991 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.



tion if they breach confidentiality; at the same time, they are exposed to liability for losses suffered by the company's lenders. Furthermore, disclosure of misstatements after leaving the employ of a company can be construed as malicious, and the CPA might be subject to a lawsuit from the former employer.

Users of financial statements often require that closely held companies obtain an audit from a public accounting firm. Indeed, lenders often perform their own examinations of these companies' books. These accountants are likely to miss intentional, cleverly executed irregularities. Later, when these entities fail, the public bears the losses. The profession must develop standards that offer specific guidance to the CPAs in private industry if we wish to close the "expectations gap."

LESLIE A. GURA, CPA
Chapel Hill, N.C.

The rap against the Big Six's accounting practices lists the offering of accounting services as a loss leader for the sake of "more lucrative consulting ser-

vices" as one of the many conflicts of interest present in the auditor-client relationship. Those consulting services are the tip of another iceberg. At every manufacturing conference, seminar, and workshop I have attended over the past four years some set of speakers have put the blame for the U.S. manufacturing crisis on current management's reliance on these services. How, the complaint goes, can we succeed in renovating our factories by using accountants to design them? Cynical, perhaps, but no matter how competent, Big Six consultants come with an accounting mentality.

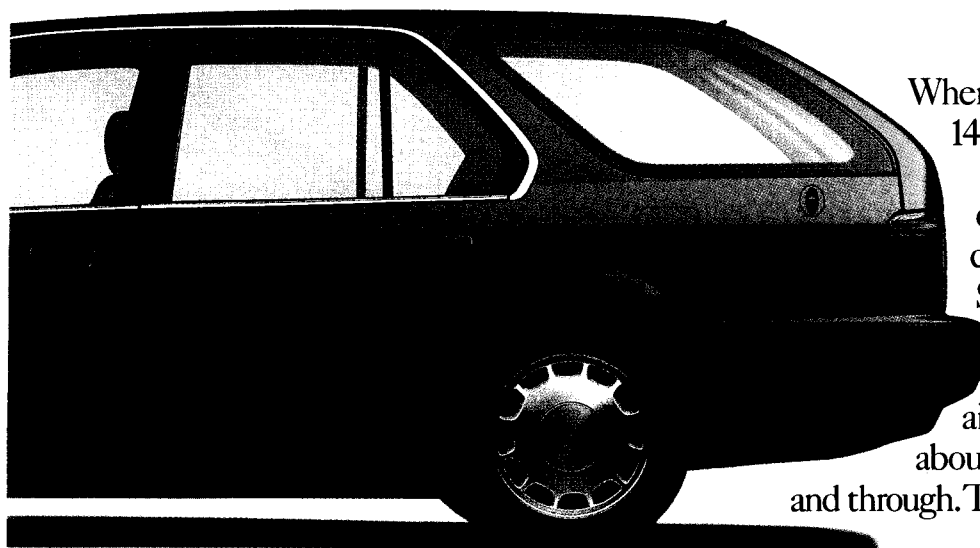
DAVID WILCZYNSKI
Redondo Beach, Calif.

William Sternberg crafts a lively and thoughtful portrayal of the contemporary challenges facing the accounting profession, but a number of his suggestions, while theoretically desirable, cannot be implemented. Sternberg recommends, for example, that "accounting firms should be prohibited from offering below-cost audits." Many of our members would wholeheartedly

endorse such a rule; indeed, many are clamoring for it. But antitrust laws and restraint-of-trade regulations stand in the way. Likewise, whereas companies should no doubt be discouraged from "shopping" for "favorable accounting principles," who is to judge when a company is exercising its legitimate right to seek a second opinion and when it is trying to avoid doing the right thing? In either case, shouldn't companies have the same rights that are guaranteed to individuals? Moreover, when a company seeks a second opinion, AICPA rules require that the accountant who receives the inquiry must communicate with the company's existing auditor.

Sternberg makes other recommendations that we cannot endorse even as abstract ideals. They amount, collectively, to shifting the regulation of the accounting and auditing function from the private sector, where the public has been well served, to federal agencies. Indeed, not only does the accounting profession believe that its self-regulatory program is working well but the

to end. It's an Accord.



When's a wagon not really a wagon? When it's a Honda, of course. The strong 140-horsepower, 16-valve fuel-injected engine, anti-lock brakes (ABS) and double wishbone suspension system combine for a ride that's pure Accord. Sink into the large, comfortable seats. There's an impressive amount of leg and head room. Plus, a driver's side airbag is standard. There's no question about it. This wagon is an Accord through and through. The Accord EX Wagon **HONDA**



SEC has expressed the same belief.

Sternberg's more radical suggestions proceed from a radical assertion—namely, that “it is hard to imagine a system more flawed than the one now in place.” That musing slams headlong into a factual brick wall erected at the start of the essay: “Less than one percent of audits produce allegations of malpractice.” Considering the imperfections inherent in any human endeavor, that is an impressive record.

Sternberg briefly acknowledges the crushing legal liability to which accounting firms are uniquely exposed. However, he mistakenly attributes the profession's efforts to improve audit practices and performance to this threat. We accountants constantly seek better ways to do our job for the same reason that any other intelligent business person does: to remain competitive in an increasingly complex, fast-changing business environment.

GERALD A. POLANSKY, CPA
*Chairman of the Board
American Institute of Certified
Public Accountants
New York, N.Y.*

William Sternberg replies:

There is no contradiction, as Gerald Polansky asserts, between the low overall rate of audit failures and my conclusion that the system is seriously flawed. If a jumbo jet crashed each day (just 0.005 percent of commercial flights!), one would not call the air safety record impressive. The protest against federal intervention rings hollow considering that the government creates a huge captive market for the accounting firms by mandating audits of public companies and many financial institutions. Congress could modify antitrust laws to restrict below-cost audit bids; “opinion shopping” could be curbed by requiring that disputes be submitted to arbitration.

NO RADIO

Although many car-radio manufacturers use the secret-code protection system alluded to in Edward Zuckerman's “No Radio” (January *Atlantic*), none has made it as effective as it could be.

When stolen, such a radio cannot be operated unless a secret code is punched in on the radio's buttons (though I hear

that for some models there are ways around this). It can, however, be sold. So although you may lose your radio and suffer \$100 worth of damage to your car, and the sucker who buys the radio for, say, \$35, has nothing to show for his money, the thief has \$35 for his few minutes' work.

To make the secret-code system truly effective, manufacturers would have to mark the radio chassis with a brief, indelible bilingual sign explaining that without the secret code—which only the real owner knows—the radio won't work. The sign would be visible only when the radio was removed, so thieves would soon learn which models to avoid.

Because I write about car audio a lot, I've had the chance to point this out to many manufacturers. One company has claimed for five years or so to be about to try it. The rest just shrug. And one dealer told me he'd be against it—the fewer radios get stolen, the fewer replacement sales he'd make.

IVAN BERGER
*Audio Magazine
New York, N.Y.*

Iam disappointed that Edward Zuckerman gave such a brief, almost dismissive mention to the anti-theft coding system used by several car-radio manufacturers. If the system—which I invented and patented—were universally applied, it could quickly stop virtually all theft of car radios (and also home and business equipment like VCRs and computers). It has already accomplished this for car companies like BMW, whose representative told me flatly that my scheme has “solved the problem of radio theft.” BMWs, you may recall, were formerly among the most-vandalized cars around, with the joke going that the initials stand for “Break My Window.”

Unlike pull-out chassis and removable faceplates, the coding system costs mere pennies to manufacture (besides being a lot more convenient). Imagine if the theft of radios, TVs, stereos, and so forth were as obsolete as cattle rustling! It could happen if equipment manufacturers would line up behind this solution. Unfortunately, in cynical moments I sometimes think they like selling replacements for all those stolen electronics.

G. R. LEWIS
*President
Musonix, Ltd.
Burbank, Calif.*

POW/MIA MYTH

H. Bruce Franklin's excellent article “The POW/MIA Myth” (December *Atlantic*), concerning the exploitation of POW/MIA personnel, makes a statement that has been missing since the end of the Vietnam War. There are no Americans wandering around Southeast Asia waiting for the Bo Gritz and other scam artists to save them from the tortures of the Vietnamese, Laotians, or others.

As one of the commanders of the organization concerned most with the recovery of and accounting for missing personnel in Southeast Asia, I can personally assure Franklin that what he says is basically true and that he has touched on a tragic problem—exploitation of POW/MIA families by suggesting that their loved ones will someday come home. Several other points, however, are relevant.

The biggest exploiter of POW/MIAs was the North Vietnamese government, which clearly stated that no Americans would be returned until the United States completely rebuilt North Vietnam, including repairing damage and paying compensation. They maintained this position from the beginning to the end of the Vietnam conflict. (President Nixon wisely took the position of promise them anything, but let's get our guys back.)

The French had been faced with the embarrassing situation of not having listed enough soldiers missing to cover the thousands that were held by the Vietnamese after the Dienbienphu debacle. We were determined not to be caught short in the same way.

We dropped millions of leaflets over Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia promising to pay \$5,000 in gold to anyone who could provide us with information leading to the recovery of a missing American in Southeast Asia. As expected, we received thousands of stories and reports from people who thought they could make a couple of bucks from Uncle Sam. We are still receiving these reports, tragically raising false hope for the concerned families.

HORACE J. REISNER
*Lt. Col. USAF (Ret.)
Zephyr Cove, Nev.*

H. Bruce Franklin replies:

Colonel Reisner's personal experience certainly makes his insights into



the POW/MIA myth extraordinarily valuable. It is not true, however, that Hanoi ever made the release of American POWs contingent upon the United States' rebuilding North Vietnam or paying reparations. This misunderstanding is a testament to the Nixon Administration's ingenious misrepresentation of the negotiations, which helped create the postwar myth of POWs held as "hostages" or "bargaining chips."

In my book *M.I.A. or Mythmaking In America*, I explore the history of this misrepresentation in considerable detail. Suffice it to say here that throughout the negotiations Hanoi linked the release of all prisoners of war to one condition only: U.S. military withdrawal from Vietnam. This linkage, which was made explicit in Article 8 of the 1973 Paris Peace Agreement, merely followed the custom of making the release of prisoners contingent upon the conclusion of combat. Nevertheless, a White House media campaign convinced tens of millions of Americans that the Vietnamese were thus turning the POWs into "hostages" or "bargaining chips." These terms then became crucial to the postwar POW/MIA myth, which, ironically, imagined POWs being held hostage because Nixon had reneged on his secret 1973 pledge of reparations.

THE OTHER UNDERCLASS

Nicholas Lemann ("The Other Underclass," December *Atlantic*) underestimates the impact of race on the downward social mobility of Puerto Ricans. We must remember that Puerto Ricans are a racially mixed—one might say mulatto—people in which racial phenotype varies tremendously and in which a predominance of Caucasian ancestry is associated with upward mobility and higher social class. Given this reality, it is understandable that upwardly mobile Puerto Ricans find it easier to integrate into white neighborhoods and do not have the racial solidarity typical of their African-American counterparts.

A. D. POWELL
Madison, Wisc.

I would like to clarify one misstatement by Nicholas Lemann in his very fine article on the Puerto Rican under-

class: Puerto Ricans do indeed continue to identify themselves by race in the U.S. Census. In 1990 Hispanics were asked to identify themselves as "white," "black," or "other race." Most Puerto Ricans in New York State chose "other race."

My research on the U.S. Census suggests that the phenomenon of Puerto Ricans' designating themselves as "other race" is a powerful indicator of discrimination against Puerto Ricans in America.

ANTHONY FAVRO
Department of Geography
Syracuse University
Rochester, N.Y.

Nicholas Lemann replies:

I meant that Puerto Ricans in *Puerto Rico* aren't asked their race, not mainland Puerto Ricans. I'm sorry I didn't make that clear.

WOOD CONSUMPTION

Perri Knize has let you down again. In reply to letters concerning her article ("The Mismanagement of the National Forests," October *Atlantic*) she argued that demand for wood products is not increasing. She did so by making an amazing arithmetical error.

She pointed out (correctly) that *per capita* consumption of wood products is now less than it was early in this century. She failed to note that the U.S. population has increased from 92 million in 1910 (per capita consumption peaked in 1909) to a bit more than 250 million in 1990. Demand (or, more simply, total consumption) is, of course, the combined result of per capita consumption and population. And the effect of the population increase has far more than offset reduced per capita consumption, as any number of competent analyses have shown.

This is an amazing oversight (or worse). Total consumption is what drives timber harvest from forest land in both public and private ownership—not some supposed "timber ethic."

And the author's assertion that there will be no reduction in employment in the Pacific Northwest is utterly fanciful. Decisions concerning the northern spotted owl are removing from commodity use approximately 40 percent of the U.S. softwood timber inventory. An action on this scale will have substantial

effects on employment, building-material costs, and housing costs. If the author's assertion is not fanciful, then it is (worse) perhaps brazenly disingenuous.

HENRY H. WEBSTER
The Lake States Forestry Alliance
St. Paul, Minn.

Perri Knize replies:

My response to Robert Lee's letter should have read: "Lee is mistaken when he says that *per capita* demand is rising," for this is in fact what his letter said, and my response to his letter was to contradict that statement. Henry Webster, evidently, agrees with me. Webster's point that overall consumption has risen is itself "brazenly disingenuous," as it misses the larger point: we have more wood than we need. Consumption is only half of the equation; the other half is supply, and the supply is far greater than the demand. We have a glut of wood fiber in this country, as one need only look at the marketplace to see.

As to Mr. Webster's concern for the forest workers of the Pacific Northwest, I'd like to know what he and his colleagues in the timber industry will tell those workers to do with their lives after the last of the ancient forests are cut. There are those in the timber industry—I daresay those who protest the loudest—who are battling merely to hang on to their short-term profits and their overseas market, and in the process they promise to bankrupt the future of their employees. The timber industry's hollering about jobs is phony and dishonest. If they really had cared about these communities, they would have begun cutting their forests on a sustainable-yield basis long ago, and left the loggers and their grandchildren with a working forest. Now they insist that every last old-growth tree on the national forests should be sacrificed to their insatiable appetite for overseas profits. The spotted owl has little to do with the problems of the Northwest forest timber worker.

IDEOLOGY AND FOREIGN TRADE

Robert Kuttner ("Another Great Victory of Ideology Over Prosperity," October *Atlantic*) presents a collage of misconceptions, faulty analysis, straw men, and out-and-out falsehoods in his



argument for ignorance rather than reason in U.S. trade policy. Some of the more egregious fallacies:

He writes, "Even though the United States was the world's most open market. . . ." What's the measure of openness here, and does the United States really do better than Hong Kong or Singapore?

"By . . . denying that the policies of other nations affect our access. . . ." I'd love to see the reference to any serious commentator who has denied that foreign policies affect our access to foreign markets. The issue is what U.S. response to such actions is appropriate, and many people have argued that "it seems a bad method of compensating the injury done to certain classes of our people, to do another injury ourselves, not only to those classes, but to almost all the other classes of them" (A. Smith). That is, if foreigners hurt our exporters by refusing to admit our exports, making ourselves pay higher prices for imports may not be a sensible reaction! Like most aficionados of "managed trade," Kuttner completely and utterly ignores the welfare of U.S. consumers

in his "analysis," in the mercantilist belief that economic welfare is synonymous with the welfare of import-competing producers. Kuttner discusses the economic welfare of the United States at length but does not mention consumers at all, and so gives the impression that "saving jobs" is the be-all and end-all of trade policy. Of course, this is exactly why the United States institutes policies that cost the U.S. consumer \$270,000 per job saved (in the maritime service industries), \$420,000 (in color-TV receivers), and a

cool \$1 million (in specialty steel products) (Hufbauer, et al., *Trade Protection in the US: 31 Case Studies*, 1986).

Incidentally, the entire notion that Japan imports "unusually" little for a country of its kind, which might be evidence that it is an "unfair" trader, has not been settled empirically. However, Kuttner apparently knows the answer; this is because he distrusts empiricism and relies on anecdotal evidence.

"The gains from trade between any two nations are only as reciprocal as their actual conduct of trade." Exam-

be for the decline of our industries in the face of more-efficient Japanese competition.

But, once again, if this is to be the end of the story, and Japanese prices stay low, then we've gained as consumers, which more than offsets any losses we incur as producers. But suppose that the Japanese are just keeping prices low until we're driven out, and then they'll gouge us—that is, they're indulging in predatory dumping. First of all, for this strategy to work, they'd have to be perfectly cohesive to pre-

vent competition among themselves, and cartels are notoriously unstable (for example, OPEC). Second, subsequent re-entry by U.S. firms would have to be prohibitively expensive. Third, the Japanese would have to have a global monopoly with no competition from Europe or elsewhere in Asia for subsequent monopoly behavior to be tenable. All these factors have led many economists and trade lawyers to conclude that "predatory pricing schemes are rarely tried and [are] even more rarely successful" (U.S. Supreme Court, 1986).

In U.S. law, however, punishable dumping is not restricted to cases of predation, and anti-dumping cases have become a favorite avenue of U.S. industries seeking to restrict foreign competition. This makes Kuttner's complaints of the naiveté of U.S. open trade policy rather odd: if it's the dumping argument that concerns him, he should explain why the United States has become a world leader in investigating anti-dumping complaints. Finally, two minor complaints. Kuttner wouldn't know a strategic trade policy if it bit him on the leg. His mind-set

In 9 of the world's most
vibrant cities, Park Hyatt allows you
to get away from it all.
Without being removed from it all.

Park Hyatt Chicago
U.N. Plaza—Park Hyatt—New York
Park Hyatt San Francisco
Park Hyatt Washington
Park Hyatt Buenos Aires—March 1992
The Hyatt Hotel Canberra
Hotel Villa Magna—Madrid
The Carlton Tower—London
Park Hyatt Sydney

For reservations or information about Park Hyatt Hotels worldwide,
call your travel planner or, in the U.S., 1-800-233-1231.



ine this assertion in an extreme case: suppose Japan imported nothing at all from us. Leaving aside the general equilibrium consequences of this for exchange rates and relative prices (an essential omission for most proponents of managed trade, of course) just who gains from trade here? We get cheap Japanese goods, they get U.S. dollars. They could hoard these, which is fine for us, or they could buy up U.S. assets. Presumably this is not the underlying problem for Kuttner, since he doesn't mention it. His main concern seems to

dumping is not restricted to cases of predation, and anti-dumping cases have become a favorite avenue of U.S. industries seeking to restrict foreign competition. This makes Kuttner's complaints of the naiveté of U.S. open trade policy rather odd: if it's the dumping argument that concerns him, he should explain why the United States has become a world leader in investigating anti-dumping complaints.

Finally, two minor complaints. Kuttner wouldn't know a strategic trade policy if it bit him on the leg. His mind-set

How we help be grand c



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grand dads dads longer.

With each passing decade, people have been able to hold onto more of life's rich moments.

In 1950, the average life span of men was 65. Today it's approaching 80, due in many ways to advances in medicine. At the forefront are pharmaceutical companies who are making the nation's largest investment in drug research.

We now have 329 medicines in test for 45 diseases of aging. These efforts always hold hope for breakthroughs. Yet the process is slow and difficult, with only a few of the thousands of compounds developed ever achieving success.

This exhaustive, high risk research increases the industry's cost of doing business, and in turn affects the price of drugs. But it also contributes to saving lives, while saving millions in health costs by eliminating or reducing the need for surgery and shortening hospital stays.

To learn more about pharmaceutical research, and the critical role it plays in health care, call or write for our free booklet, "Good Medicine." The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1100 15th St, NW, Box A, Wash., DC 20005. 1-800-538-2692.

PHARMACEUTICALS

Good Medicine For Containing Health Costs.

Enter the ABSOLUT® AMAZEMENT Challenge

Your wits, skill, and staying power will all come into play as you make your way through the three-dimensional maze by Mazemaster™ David Anson Russo.

You will find his
ABSOLUT AMAZEMENT
maze between pages 60 and 61.

To enter the challenge, solve the maze. When you've completed all six parts, send it with your name and address to:

ABSOLUT AMAZEMENT Challenge
c/o THE ATLANTIC
599 Lexington Avenue
New York, NY 10022

The first 100 entrants to successfully complete the puzzle will win an autographed edition of *The Ultimate Maze Book*, by Russo. This book (retail value \$19.95) contains 39 more of his works of interactive art.

Russo's mazes are a
modern manifestation of an ancient
tradition—games that can be
seen as a visual record of the great
human experiences of power,
personal growth, and mythology.

RULES: Only one entry per person allowed. No purchase necessary. No entries can be returned. Winners will be selected by ABSOLUT and THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY marketing department. If more than 100 entries are received at one time, a random drawing will determine the winners. All decisions are final. Sponsors not responsible for late or lost mail. Contest open to residents of the U.S. and Canada, 18 years or older, except employees of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, ABSOLUT, members of their immediate families, their subsidiaries, affiliates, and residents of Puerto Rico and Quebec. Winners will be notified by mail. For a winners' list, please send a self-addressed envelope to THE ATLANTIC and mail to the above address. Residents of Virginia and Washington need not include postage. Contest void where prohibited and subject to all state, federal, and local laws and regulations.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF ABSOLUT VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 1992 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, NJ.

is such that every protective policy is strategic—certainly the word adds a degree of respectability to policies that are otherwise transparently motivated by simple self-interest. As a result, the word “strategic,” which used to convey a very precise meaning in the context of trade policy, has been eviscerated. Mind you, if this were the worst of Kuttner's offenses, we'd all be a lot better off. Instead, when protection is discussed, his brand of trade-policy revisionism finds many eager ears among the usual suspects, keen to put their old whine in the new, apparently respectable bottles of strategic policy.

This leads to a final, more personal complaint: Robert Kuttner (like James Fallows before him) has been around these issues long enough to know the arguments made in favor of liberal U.S. trade policies. He may not agree with them, but it is intellectually dishonest, at the very least, for him to misrepresent them in as brutal a fashion as he does.

MARTIN RICHARDSON
Department of Economics
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

Robert Kuttner replies:

Martin Richardson could use a little scholarly humility. In fact, many prominent economists who study trade—Anne O. Krueger and Gary Saxonhouse, to mention two—do insist that the protectionism of foreign nations doesn't much matter. However, other respectable economists—Robert Lawrence and Paul Krugman, again to name two—think it does matter. So, contrary to Richardson, this is not a case of credentialed economists versus misinformed journalists.

Richardson looks at the static benefit this year of buying an import from a nation that closes its markets to U.S. exports; he ignores the cost over time of our loss of market share. The Hufbauer, et al. case studies fall into the same error. Richardson also uses the tired rhetorical device of assuming the extreme case (“Suppose Japan imported nothing at all from us”). But even though he “proves” to his satisfaction that the Japanese would only be harming themselves, in the real world Japanese mercantilism has improved Japanese welfare immensely, sometimes to the detriment of U.S. welfare.

By smugly asserting that a critic of his brand of economics “wouldn't

know a strategic trade policy if it bit him on the leg,” Richardson spares himself the need to get out of the office and look at the way the world actually works. This kind of smarty-pants myopia is an occupational hazard of lazy economists. It produces warped policy advice and bad policy.

FREEMASONS

Wilfrid Mellers (“Little Time to Spare,” January *Atlantic*) writes that the Freemasons bifurcated in the eighteenth century into two new organizations, the Rosicrucians and the Illuminati.

Not so. The Rosicrucians, a mystical group, date back to the early years of the seventeenth century, many decades before organized Masonry came into existence. The Bavarian Illuminati (an organization that lasted just eight years, 1776–1784) did draw on Masonic principles and did join Masonic lodges; but their organization was entirely distinct from Masonry.

The real split in Masonry, as J. M. Roberts explains in his fine study *The Mythology of the Secret Societies*, was between the sober Anglo-American lodges and their unrestrained cousins on the Continent.

DANIEL PIPES
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wilfrid Mellers replies:

I got my Masonry from a source different from that referred to by Daniel Pipes, and it may be wrong. The matter doesn't seem to me very important; at least, it doesn't make any difference to my case about Mozart.

DEPARTURES

Thank you so much for Jill McCorkle's short story, “Departures,” in the December issue. It is the first writing in recent memory to bring tears to my eyes. McCorkle clearly understands—and cares about—people.

ROBERT BITTNER
South Elgin, Ill.

“Departures,” by Jill McCorkle, is simply the best short story you have ever published.

LINDA K. PAAR
Chambersburg, Pa.

BACKLASH

Wendy Kaminer's review of *Backlash*, by Susan Faludi ("Put the Blame on Mame," December *Atlantic*), highlights the reason for mistrust of radical feminists by those of us who call ourselves feminists but regret the confrontational stance that begets violence. The book may be great, and I hope to read it, but the poor scholarship of both Faludi and Kaminer concerning Carol Gilligan's research is disappointing.

Kaminer's description of Carol Gilligan's *In a Different Voice* as an "unsubstantiated paean to women's 'different voice'" tells me she didn't read that book at all. The statement is as inaccurate as it is unfair.

The second glaring inaccuracy in Kaminer's review is that of linking Gilligan with the anti-abortion movement. A large part of Gilligan's book is dedicated to explaining why a decision for abortion may well be (according to Gilligan's research) the most morally responsible one, in spite of the fact that abortion is killing.

Gilligan's thesis that the feminine basis for decisions rests in relationships rings true with many of us older-than-middle-aged feminists who believe that equality need not be synonymous with carbon-copydom. This is what angers me most about some feminists: the idea that I, as primarily a homemaker, am beneath consideration because I haven't bought into the myth that women must think and act like white male authority figures in order to achieve validity. I *do* count. Different experience begets different perceptions, and no one will convince me that just because I have not lived up to society's expectations my perceptions are false.

GAIL SUDMAN
Rapid City, S.D.

Wendy Kaminer replies:

I described Carol Gilligan's assertions about women's different moral sensibilities as unsubstantiated because the evidence offered by *In a Different Voice* is highly subjective, anecdotal, and one-sided: Gilligan interviewed twenty-nine women on the subject of abortion and not one man confronting any comparable dilemma.

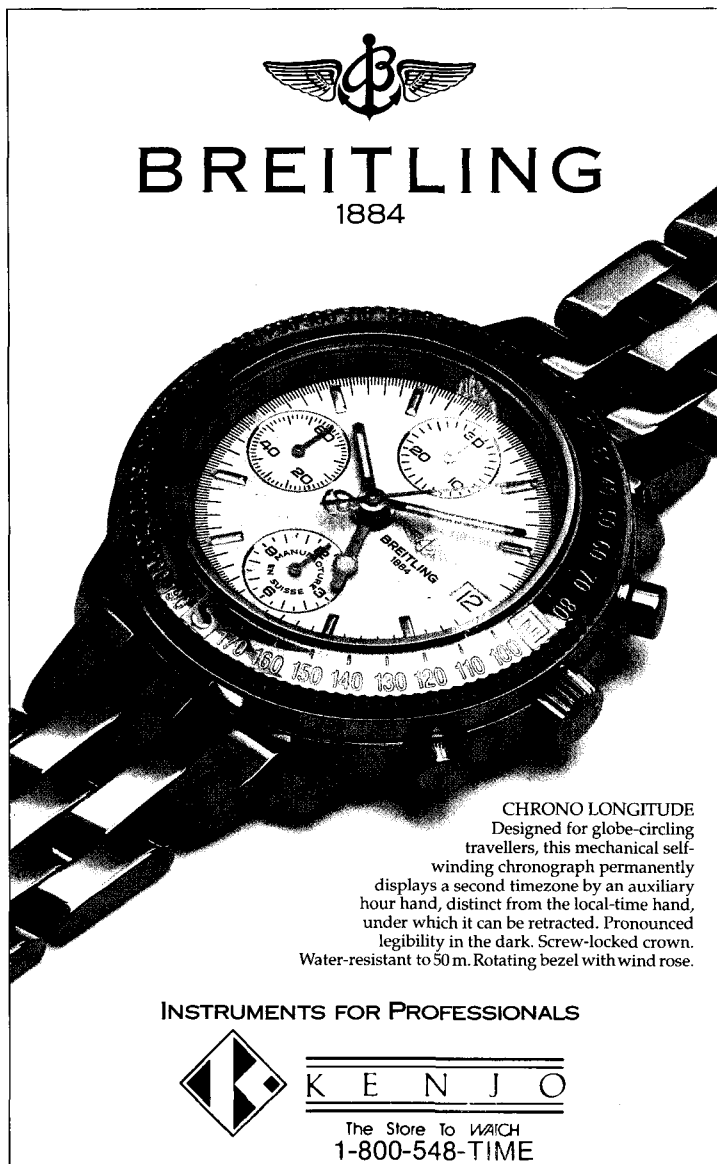
the particular people interviewed. Nor do these interviews tell us much about moral behavior: people don't always act in accordance with what they say when considering moral problems in the abstract.

I did not and would not suggest that Gilligan has ties to the anti-abortion movement. I simply pointed out that the popular view of women as naturally

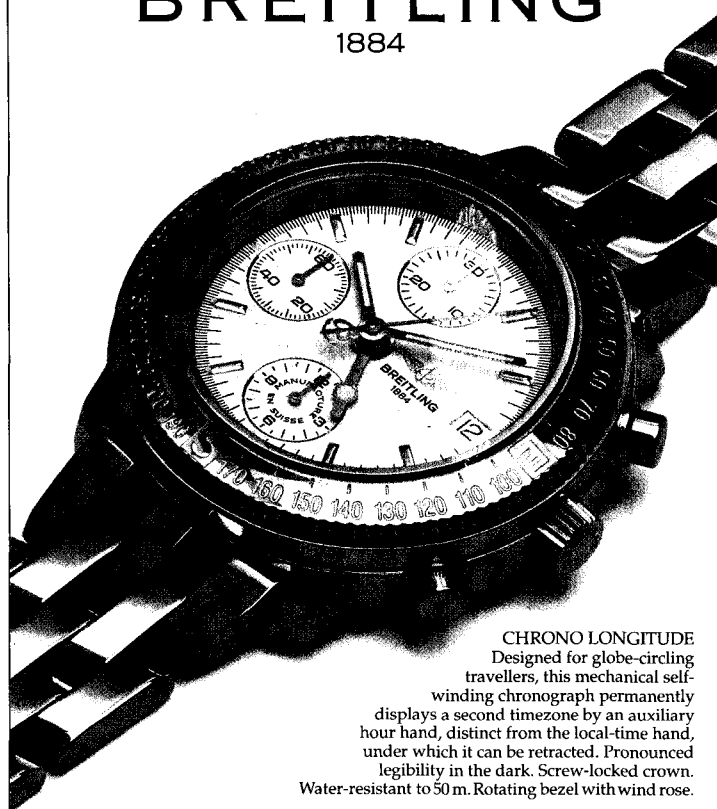
more nurturant than men and more concerned with relationships than rights is easily exploited by anti-abortion activists, who decry abortion as selfish and lay the blame for it on an "unnatural" feminist preoccupation with individual rights instead of interpersonal responsibilities. I also suggested that defining the feminine self primarily in terms of motherhood may make it difficult for some women to admit that, given the choice, they prefer not to be mothers at all.

I'm sorry that Gail Sudman infers from my review a disdain for homemakers (which was never intended), but her anger at me does poignantly illustrate the tenacious myths about feminism which I discussed. Twenty-five years ago some radical feminists did rail against homemaking, but the mainstream feminist drive for equality has long fought for the rights of homemakers as well as careerists, seeking more equitable divorce and pension laws, day care and family leave, and legal protections for battered wives.

Finally, Ms. Sudman invokes the myth that equality requires sameness. Of course men and women are not "the same," as opponents of equality triumphantly declare. But not all women are the same either. It is the notion that women share a different voice that implies sameness and condemns as male-identified women who speak in other voices they call their own.




BREITLING
 1884



CHRONO LONGITUDE
 Designed for globe-circling travellers, this mechanical self-winding chronograph permanently displays a second timezone by an auxiliary hour hand, distinct from the local-time hand, under which it can be retracted. Pronounced legibility in the dark. Screw-locked crown. Water-resistant to 50 m. Rotating bezel with wind rose.

INSTRUMENTS FOR PROFESSIONALS

K E N J O
 The Store To WATCH
 1-800-548-TIME

She also refers to a study that posed a classic moral dilemma to male and female subjects, offering a few of their responses as indications that men subscribe to an ethic of rights, whereas women embrace an ethic of caring. Even if you accept Gilligan's characterization of her subjects' responses (I don't), you still have no basis for concluding that they represent anything more than the particular moral codes of



THE APRIL ALMANAC



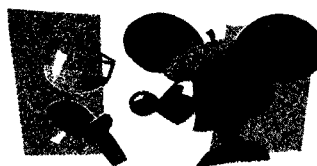
Q & A

Why do so many pencils have erasers that don't work?

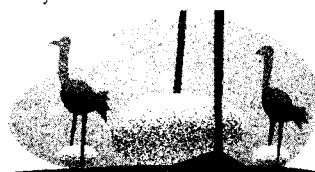
The natural rubber from which many pencil erasers are made degrades when exposed to ultraviolet light or ozone, both of which are virtually impossible to avoid. Even the small amounts of UV light emitted by fluorescent lights and of ozone found in the air we breathe can quickly take their toll, causing an eraser to form a hard skin so that it begins, maddeningly, to smudge rather than erase. An eraser left on a windowsill can lose its efficacy in two months; the high ozone levels produced by automobile exhaust in congested urban areas can also make an eraser especially short-lived. Still, there is reason for hope: some pencil manufacturers are switching to erasers made of synthetic butyl rubber, which, though perhaps less environmentally correct, is far less vulnerable to the ravages of time, and may continue to erase satisfactorily for several years. (Top-of-the-line erasers—unattached to pencils—are made not of rubber but of a plastic compound that does not deteriorate.)

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

April 12, opening day for Euro Disney, a 5,000-acre entertainment complex approximately 20 miles east of Paris. It will include six hotels (with a total of 5,200 rooms), a golf course, a wooded campground, and, of course, a theme park. Most Disney character names have been translated into French: the Seven Dwarfs, for exam-



ple, will answer to Timide, Prof, Simplet, Grincheux, Joyeux, Dormeur, and Atchoum, and will call their matriarchal organizer Blanche-Neige. Donald Duck (who will be simply Donald) will address his nephews as Riri, Fifi, and Loulou. And Goofy, Tinkerbell, Cinderella, and Captain Hook will be known as Dingo, Clochette, Cendrillon, and Capitaine Crochet, respectively. In contrast, the attraction It's a Small World will retain its English title. Also this month the outdoor-adventure-oriented *Men's Journal*—the newest brainchild of *Rolling Stone's* founder, Jann Wenner—joins the burgeoning ranks of publications specifically aimed at the aging men of the postwar generation. Other relative newcomers—most of a more spiritual nature—include *Wingspan*, *The Talking Stick*, *Man!*, *Men's Health*, *Thunder Stick*, *Dragon-smoke*, and *Journeymen*. Together they constitute one more reason to be grateful that there are only two sexes.



FOOD

This month the egg-laying season begins in earnest on the nation's ostrich ranches. If the hatchlings survive their first six months of life—during which time they grow to be about six feet tall—they are quite hardy. The U.S. herd, which has grown rapidly in the past several years to more than 10,000 birds, is found in states as climatically diverse as Minnesota and Texas. An average bird will yield a hundred pounds of meat that looks and tastes like beef but is lower in fat and cholesterol than chicken. By-products include boot leather and feathers for professional-quality dusters. The fledgling U.S. ostrich ranches won't begin to slaughter their birds until they

have much larger stocks, in five years or so. Ostrich meat is eaten as commonly as veal in many Western European countries. The world's supply has thus far come primarily from South Africa, which has managed to keep the bulk of its ostrich-raising information top secret (the most recent genetic study was published in 1916). But zookeepers' experience suggests that a hen is capable of producing 50 eggs a year for more than 40 years—which suggests why at the moment a pair of ostriches can cost up to \$80,000.

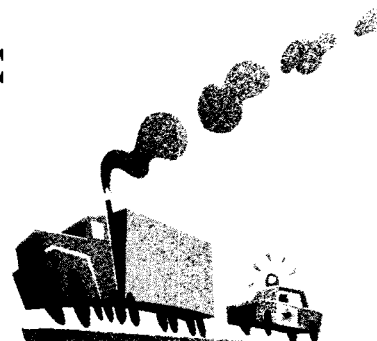


THE SKIES

April 3, New Moon. 5, Daylight Saving Time begins at 2:00 A.M. Turn clocks ahead one hour. 16, Full Moon, also known this month as the Grass, Planting, and Little Frogs Croak Moon.

GOVERNMENT

April 1, as of today each of the nation's four million truck drivers must have a license that meets federal standards; any of them pulled over by the police and found without one could lose the right to drive a truck. The new license was mandated by the Commercial Motor Vehicle Safety Act of 1986, because of the large proportion of fatal accidents involving trailer trucks and the discovery that many truck drivers held licenses in several states: when a license from one state was suspended for violations, the driver could simply switch to one from another state. To obtain the new license, a driver must pass a driving exam, which can be waived for experienced drivers with clean records, and a test of driving knowledge, which is phrased in sixth-grade-level language and can be taken orally, in writ-



ing, or on a computer. 7, presidential primaries in Kansas, New York, and Wisconsin. 15, tax returns due. In Ohio up to 1.2 million taxpayers will be eligible to file by telephone. Single people with incomes under \$50,000 can use a toll-free number to enter information by push button, and then mail in a five-line return along with their W-2 forms. 28, presidential primary in Pennsylvania.

125 YEARS AGO

Bayard Taylor, writing in the April, 1867, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "The ear of the public has been so stuffed with compliments to American enterprise, American self-reliance, and American practical talent, that the public has not yet discovered how incomplete and fragmentary is the practical side of our character. We are swift in all things, but thorough in very few. We are practical, it is true, up to the demands of our most pressing necessities, but beyond that point chaos begins. There is something sublime in the courage with which we confront great physical obstacles, and that astounding faith in the future which, abolishing the pioneer, plants full-blown civilization, with all the modern improvements, in the very heart of the wilderness. So long as we are content to behold general results, we are dazzled, and this is our most coveted state; for the genuine American has little taste for the examination of details which may subdue, if not overcloud, his visions."



Only one TV series presents Tom Stoppard's

view of Shakespeare



Lawrence did after Arabia, brings you

conducting by Claudio



Abbado, features

dancing by



Lubovitch and



Momix,

and cowboys



singing Puccini.

ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD. *Tom Stoppard looks behind the scenes of Hamlet.* Wed., April 22

A DANGEROUS MAN: LAWRENCE AFTER ARABIA. *Peace is hell for T. E. Lawrence.* Wed., May 6

ABBADO IN BERLIN: THE FIRST YEAR. *Profile of the dynamic conductor.* Fri., May 8

DANCE IN AMERICA: LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE CO. AND MOMIX: PICTURES ON THE EDGE.
The innovative modern dance masters. Wed., May 13

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST from the Metropolitan Opera. *Puccini's Wild West love triangle.* Wed., June 10

ENCORE PERFORMANCE: SPIKE & CO.: DO IT A CAPPELLA. Wed., April 1

If it's worth watching, it's on **Great Performances.**

**Catch all these
Great Performances
on PBS.**



Funded by Texaco,
The Corporation for Public Broadcasting,
The National Endowment for the Arts,
and Public Television Stations.

Consult local listings for time and channel.
Schedule subject to change.

A national presentation of Thirteen/WNET in New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

The Last Resort

A guide to its amenities

WHEN Erich Honecker, seventy-nine, the former East German Communist leader, was spirited out of Germany in March of last year and smuggled into the Soviet Union, he may have believed that his troubles were over. In Germany, Honecker was facing manslaughter charges in connection with a standing "shoot-to-kill" order he issued many years ago, under which East German border guards were authorized to kill East Germans trying to flee to the West. Seeing Honecker's predicament, the Soviet Union, which had long been a friend to East Germany, did the fraternal thing. It took Honecker in.

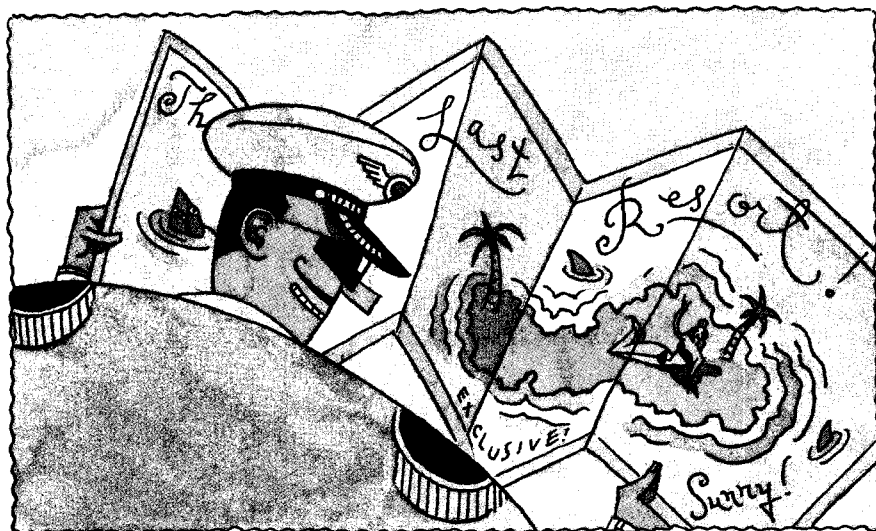
And then, abruptly, the Soviet Union ceased to exist. Honecker suddenly found himself under the jurisdiction of the newly independent Russian Federation, which last December responded favorably to a request by Germany, Russia's banker, for Honecker's extradition. Honecker fled to the Chilean embassy—the ambassador was an old friend—and began casting about for a country where he could settle permanently (provided that he could get safe passage out of Russia). Honecker and his wife, Margot, eventually came to realize that the countries willing to give them permanent asylum were only three: Chile, North Korea, and Cuba.

This is but the most recent episode

in a long-running series in which discarded rulers of oppressive states have sought to grope their way to a globally sanctioned limbo. It is a sorry spectacle whenever it occurs, and deeply bothersome for somewhat contradictory reasons. First, on the level of principle, the fact that leaders on the lam manage to find safe haven at all means that they have eluded the clutches of justice. Second, as pragmatic observers have frequently pointed out, the fact that finding safe haven can prove difficult or impossible sometimes keeps autocrats clinging to their jobs longer than they otherwise might. Beyond those considerations is the fact that these people and their families seldom just go away. The Marcoses, the Duvaliers, the Amins, the Somozas—they make news for the rest of their lives, often while living in galling comfort and continuing to involve themselves unhelpfully in events back home.

This state of affairs is untidy, unsatisfying, and inefficient, and each frenzied new departure of an odious head of government prompts editorialists to

throw up their hands and wonder if there must not be some better way. A few years ago, at a time when Panama's recent ruler, Manuel Noriega, was clinging desperately to sanctuary in the local Vatican embassy, *The Economist* suggested that perhaps the solution was to put people like Noriega and Romania's Nicolae Ceausescu "all together in a remote spot" where they could pass their days comfortably under United Nations supervision. This idea owes much to Viscount Castlereagh, who in 1815 oversaw Napoleon's successful dispatch to the island of Saint Helena, in the South Atlantic, and it has always had much to recommend it. But no concrete steps in that direction have yet been taken, perhaps for lack of firm answers to some fundamental questions. Where in the modern world, precisely, should that "remote spot" be? Should we not try to strike a balance between pragmatism and justice: offering refuge with the one hand, yes, but exacting retribution with the other? And if so, by what means can this be accomplished?





*As Jim philosophized about
women, I continued to sip my
Baileys and coffee and read.
Between
the lines.*



BAILEYS RAISES THE ART OF THE EVERYDAY.™

Baileys Original Irish Cream Liqueur® Imported by ©1992 The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ. 17% alc. by vol. Baileys is a registered trademark.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAPPILY, THE answer to the first of these questions may have just come, inadvertently, from Fidel Castro, who has reason of late to be thinking about such things. According to an article by Benito Alonso Artigas in a recent issue of the Cuban émigré newspaper *Diario Las Americas*, which was brought to my attention by a friend, "The criminals Fidel and Raúl Castro Ruz have tried to rent, buy, or receive a grant of the Island of Socotra, in the Indian Ocean." The intention, apparently, is to secure a place of asylum in the event that life in Havana becomes untenable. Socotra is a windswept island of temperate climate that lies in shark-infested waters midway between the Horn of Africa and the Arabian Peninsula. It is mountainous, has only a small airstrip to which there are no scheduled flights, and is inaccessible to shipping during the monsoon season. It is sparsely inhabited—cattle outnumber people—and is known in the region mostly for its superior ghee, which is a kind of clarified butter. Socotra is owned by Yemen, and if Yemen is seriously interested in selling, the new Secretary-General of the United Nations, Boutros Boutros Ghali, should as one of his first official acts arrange for the UN to outbid Cuba, acquire the island, and turn part of it into a permanent homeland for deposed or weary despots. It could perhaps be known as The Last Resort.

Here is the lure: Tyrants could check in at The Last Resort at any time in their careers, and could bring with them as much money as they wished, no questions asked. Their persons and their fortunes would be off limits to law-enforcement agencies. The accommodations at their disposal, for which they would pay a high monthly rent, would be luxurious, and the management would make available various basic services, including a modern hospital and modern communications. Neither journalists nor tourists would be permitted on the island. The United Nations would widely publicize all these features of life on Socotra, and

would guarantee the world community's acquiescence (however grudging) in the basic arrangement. All in all, Socotra would probably be seen by many of its potential guests as an attractive proposition—the option of first choice in the event of job-threatening hostilities at home.

So much for the enticements. It remains to be noted that certain features of life on Socotra—the fine print, as it were—would not be widely publicized. Indeed, many of these features would become apparent only as time unfolded. To begin with, having arrived on

Socotra, the former heads of government would never be allowed to leave. (Accompanying staff and family members, on the other hand, would be free to leave, even encouraged to do so—but never permitted to return.) There is also the matter of the help. None of the natives currently living on Socotra can offer quite the right background for employment at The Last Resort, except maybe in the ghee shop, so labor would have to be imported. Because Socotra would be a United Nations operation, it would make sense to award various functions to selected member states. This could be done by bearing in mind the old joke about which nationalities will be doing what in heaven and in hell. The medical-care system, for example, might appropriately be run by the Russians, and the telephone system by the Irish (though the Mexicans could be asked to make the wake-up calls). All the servants at The Last Resort should be French. Complaints could be handled by bureaucrats seconded from Italian government ministries. The lifeguards would be Mongolian, the sommeliers Iranian, the meter maids from Singapore. Robert J. Lurtsema would

control the public-address system.

It would be natural to have the English run the kitchens, but responsibility for the cooking might in fact be handled a little differently. One promising suggestion is that each newly arrived fugitive would get to have his cooks prepare all the meals at The Last Resort until the next fugitive arrived. Thus, if Mengistu Haile Mariam were to show up, the cuisine would suddenly become Ethiopian. Some time later, with the arrival of, say, Jerry Rawlings, it would become Ghanaian. The advent of the occasional alleged anthropophagite, like Jean-Bédél Bokassa, would be a culinary event. If nothing else, such a regime in the kitchen would ensure rapt attention on Socotra to news of the latest coup. The English could be compensated for the loss of the menu by being given charge of the staff's trade union.

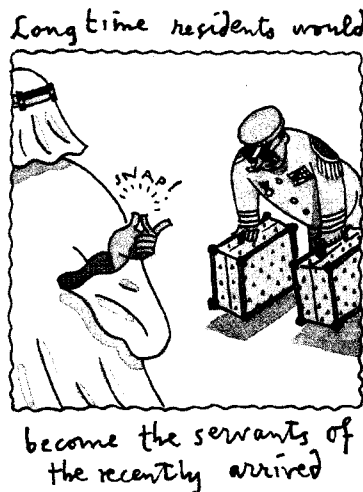
There would have to be a bank. In one of his books, *The Getaway*, the novelist Jim Thompson imagined a bank owned by a man known as El Rey, who operates a community in Mexico where criminals in hiding can safely run to ground with their assets.

The bank makes no loans, of course. Who would it make them to? So the only available source of revenue is interest, paid by the depositor rather than to him. On balances of one hundred thousand dollars or more, the rate is six percent; but on lesser sums it rises sharply, reaching a murderous

twenty-five percent on amounts of fifty thousand and under.

Thompson's novel was published in 1958, and the dollar amounts will thus seem quaint. But the overall way of doing business would be appropriate for the Bank of Socotra. All profits would accrue to the UN High Commissioner for Refugees.

As long as the guests at The Last Resort had money, they could spend as much of it as they pleased on imports, through a UN facility to be established in Hadibu, Socotra's one harbor, and operated jointly by Lebanese account-





ants and the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. However, one friend suggests the following stipulation: the money could be spent only on items native to or manufactured in a guest's country of origin. The stipulation would apply to everything: furniture, electronics, clothing, art, literature, television programs. One result would be a much-needed influx of capital from Socotra into some very poor economies. Guests on Socotra would also no doubt start praying fervently for the rapid modernization of their native lands.

What would happen when one or more residents of The Last Resort ran out of money, as the procedures of the Bank of Socotra virtually guarantee? Obviously, these people would have to find work. The local economy has little to offer, save for the job of tending the island's 20,000 distinctive humpless kine. Perhaps a pattern would evolve whereby impoverished longtime residents would become the indentured servants of still-wealthy recent arrivals. Thus, for example, Idi Amin might wind up in the employ of a newly arrived Saddam Hussein—his cooks, after all, would be needing an extra sous-chef or two for a while—who in turn might one day labor in the service of a Mobutu Sese Seko or, God forbid, a Hafez al-Assad. Upon a guest's death, any funds remaining in his account would revert to the United Nations.

TO BE SURE, several operational matters concerning The Last Resort remain to be worked out. The day-to-day social dynamics of the establishment would almost certainly be problematic, deriving as they must from its peculiar demographics. There would be feuds, a black market, occasional bloodshed. The world, perhaps, can live with all that. On the whole, the advantages of the proposed arrangement, or some variant on it, seem clear. There is no reason, moreover, why its benefits could not one day be extended to cover international terrorists and rapacious multinational executives. And tinkering will surely introduce further refinements.

Did I mention that the lingua franca of The Last Resort would be Sanskrit? That is the language from which the name Socotra derives. It means "island abode of bliss."

—Cullen Murphy



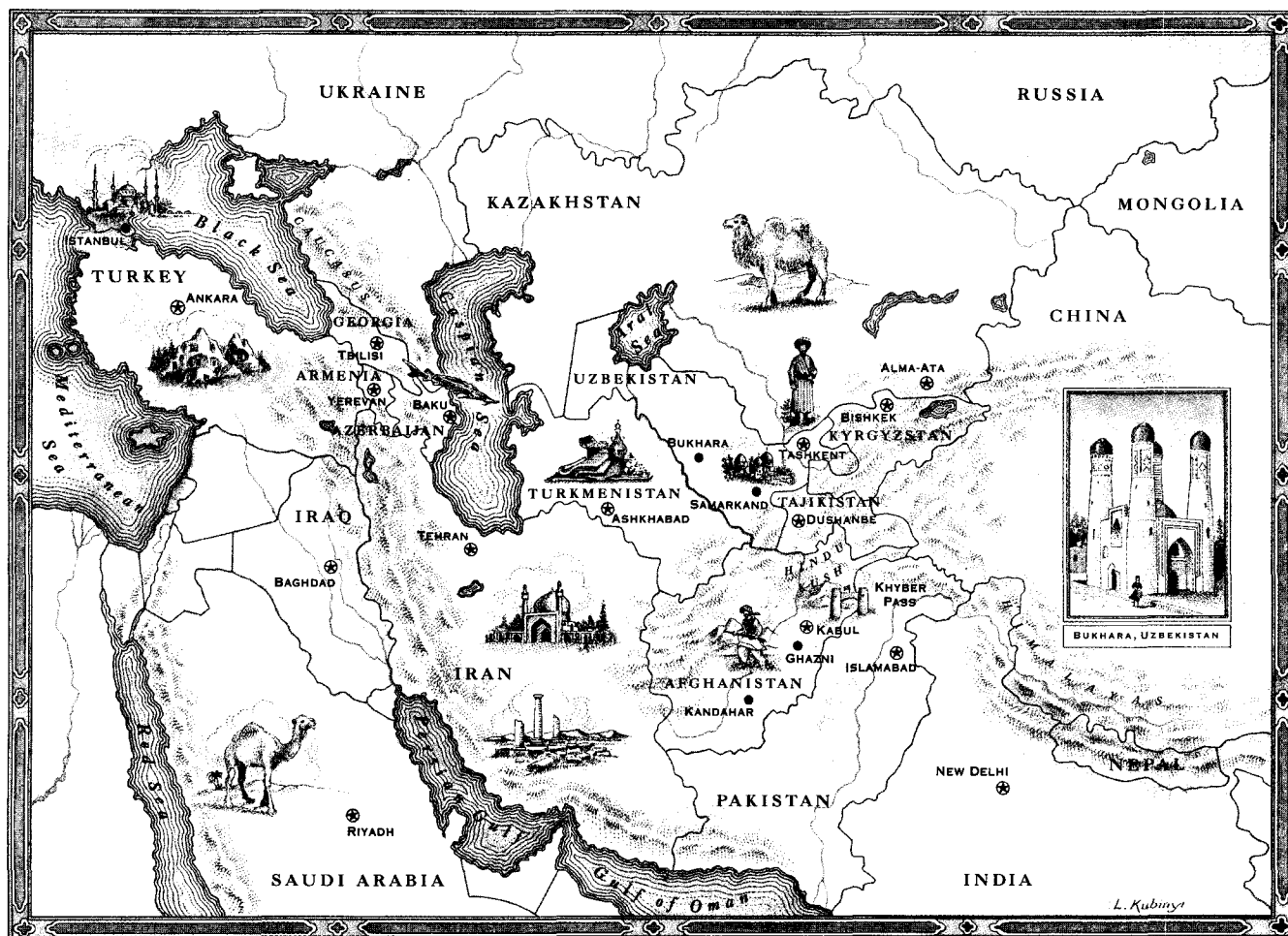
*"Boat shoes are like boats.
The beauty lies in the details."*

Ted Hood's Little Harbor Yachts are legendary for their attention to detail. Dovetail joiner work and custom stainless deck hardware reflect the standards of a very particular man. Which only makes it more gratifying to us that Ted has enjoyed the handsewn comfort of Sebago Docksidess® for years.



SEBAGO

America's World-Class Footwear™
Sebago Docksidess, official footwear of the 1992 US SAILING TEAM.



CENTRAL ASIA

Shatter Zone

It has been a long time since the world was preoccupied with "the Turks," but we may be hearing from them again soon

FORTY YEARS ago, when most of northern Central Asia was strapped into a Soviet straitjacket, most of eastern Central Asia was isolated behind Mao's Bamboo Curtain, most of southern Central Asia had been absorbed into India and Pakistan, and Afghanistan was a forgotten mountain fastness, a zone unto itself, William O. Douglas, the Supreme Court justice and intrepid traveler, pointed out an abiding truth in his book *Beyond the High Himalayas* (1952): all these parts of Central Asia, no matter in what jurisdiction they may happen to lie, "are one world."

It is, in fact, primarily a Turkic world, one that with the recent political dislocations throughout Eurasia is beginning to re-emerge. If a fluent Turkish-speaker were to set out overland from European Turkey, with several exceptions he could communicate with everyone he met along the way from the Balkans to a point a thousand miles inside China, where the Turkic Uighurs still use the Arabic script, as in the days of the Ottoman Empire. That is because Turkish is part of a subfamily of closely related languages called Turkic, whose reach extends to the northern parts of Iran and Afghanistan, all the former Muslim Soviet republics save Tajikistan (where Persian is dominant), and China's Xinjiang Province. Sir Aurel Stein and other great Central Asian travelers of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries used Turkic languages everywhere, at a time when the whole region was known simply as "Turkistan," a word that is quickly coming back into vogue. "There is one cultural world based on the Turkic languages," says Almaz Estekov, a Kazakh

and a former Soviet dissident. "Turkey, having achieved modern nationhood, is the head of this world. The Crimean Tatars and the Azeris are the neck and shoulders. The Kazakhs are the heart. The Uzbeks and Turkomens, with their nomadic traditions, are the legs. Though the body is torn apart, the old roots and languages are still there." Estekov and others explain how the creation of Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Turkmenistan, Azerbaijan, and the "autonomous regions" of the Karakalpaks and the Crimean Tatars was just the Stalinist method of divide-and-rule, whereby "nationalities" were ordained out of tribal and linguistic subgroups of the same Turkic people, most of whom once shared a common literary language.

THE TURKIC people reach far back in antiquity. The Great Wall of China, begun in the third century B.C., may have been built to keep these tribesmen at bay. But the word "Turk" first makes its appearance in the sixth century A.D., in



the Chinese form *Tu-Kiu*, to denote a nomadic group that founded an empire stretching from Mongolia to the Black Sea, and spoke an agglutinative tongue that, like Mongolian, Hungarian, and Finnish, comes under the heading of Ural-Altaic. The succeeding centuries are a drum roll of Turkic migrations on the Central Asian steppe which involve such dimly known horsemen as the Uighurs, the Oghuz, and the Khazars. Empires briefly coalesced, leaving little residue as they compounded with yet another onslaught. Turkic groups like the Pechenegs, the Kipchaks, and the Seljuks, along with the Huns and the Mongols (peoples distantly related to the Turks), are slightly better known because of the fact that they penetrated Eastern Europe and the Middle East. The conquests of Genghis Khan, in the thirteenth century, had only a limited effect on the Turkic people, since most of the original Mongols went home; the remainder interbred with the local population. It was the Russians who first lumped together the Mongols and their Turkic subjects under the name "Tatar."

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Europe was still emerging, Ottoman Turkey and China were the most important states in the world, with Central Asia the link between them. A string of Islamic centers, fusing Turkic and Persian cultures, constituted a strategic caravan network. But the Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama had discovered the sea route to India in 1498. History soon bypassed Central Asia, leaving the bulk of it to the mercies of czarist Russian and, later, Soviet imperialism. Stalin exterminated the Muslim intelligentsia and deliberately moved whole populations around, bedeviling each republic with illogical borders and huge minorities in a region where, owing to a lack of natural frontiers, imperial boundaries had always been volatile and arbitrary. In the Middle East, Egypt, Syria-Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Yemen are easily identifiable as age-old civilization clusters around which regions could be organized. Central Asia has only a loose string of cities and towns—Bukhara, Samarkand, Ghazni, and so on—supported by adjacent agricultural areas. Robert L. Canfield, a professor of anthropology at Washington University, in St. Louis, has noted that even these

primordial city-states embody "composite" identities—for example, Persian language, Turkic race, and Muslim religion—that don't easily separate out into a modern form of ethnicity or nationality.

During a recent interview Jon Anderson, an anthropologist at Catholic University, in Washington, D.C., traced overlapping circles on a map that depicted an area stretching from eastern Turkey to western China. He defined Central Asia as "a vast shatter zone of peoples and cultures," an unorganized world where "national identities are multiple and polycentric." He spoke of it as "the greatest thought experiment in international politics." Whereas in Eastern Europe "history" has in some sense resumed after a half century of dormancy, in Central Asia it is resuming after a half millennium.

The pivotal question for Central Asia is this: How might the sudden reappearance of the Turkic peoples as political forces affect Russia, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, and China?

AMERICAN journalists and academics have tended to see the collapse of Soviet communism from a Eurocentric viewpoint, comparing it to the French Revolution and the end of the Hapsburg Empire. Yet the events in the former USSR bear a much closer resemblance to the gradual collapse of Ottoman Turkey, when the reformer Enver Pasha—attempting to preserve the empire by liberalizing it—succeeded only in hastening its demise. Various parts of the Ottoman Empire declared their independence, and the heartland of Anatolia became a modern, almost wholly Turkish state. It is from this Turkic-Asian perspective that Russia's past and future are, in terms of historical process, clearly glimpsed. In his book *For Lust of Knowing*, Archie Roosevelt, a former Near East operative for the Central Intelligence Agency, writes,

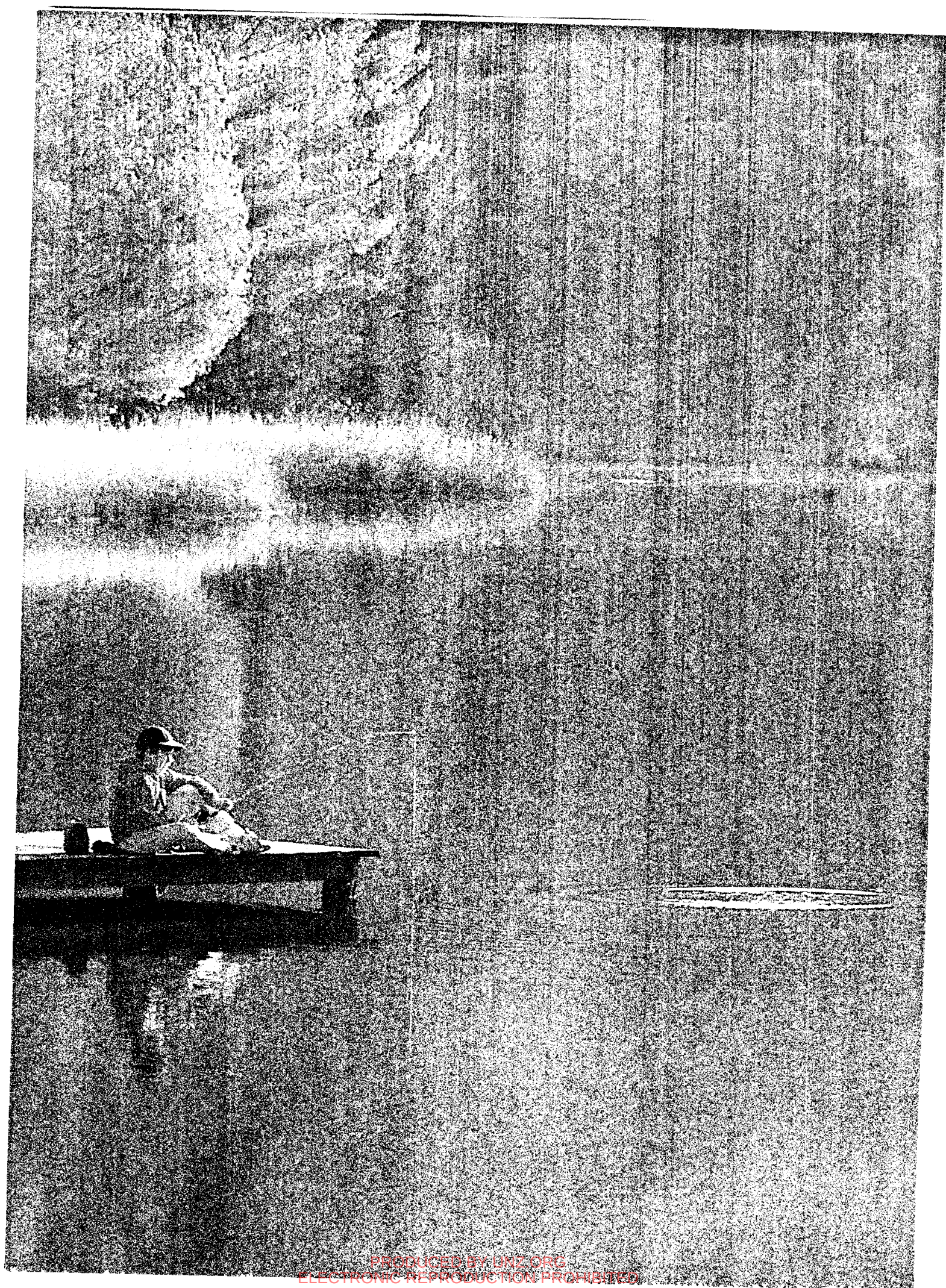
Much of Russian history concerns the struggle between the Slavs and the Turkic peoples on their borders, which dates back to the foundation of the Russian state more than a thousand years ago. In the Slavs' millennium-long confrontation with their eastern neighbors lies the key to an understanding not only of Russian history, but Russian character. To understand Russian realities today one has to have a concept of

the great Turkic ethnic group that has preoccupied Russians through the centuries.

Roosevelt notes that Genghis Khan's successors subjugated Russia for a century and a half, shielding it from the Renaissance and other developments in Europe. The Tatars were, by and large, responsible for orientalizing Russia. And ever since the days of Ivan the Terrible, in the sixteenth century, the Russians, burdened with an inferiority complex and a need for revenge, have been on the offensive against the Turkic peoples. Stalin's assault on Turkic unity and his forcing of the Cyrillic alphabet on his Turkic subjects, in order both to Slavicize them and to cut them off from fellow ethnics in neighboring countries, are manifestations of this legacy.

Will economic and other practical considerations move the leaders of the various Turkic states that have been formed out of the southern tier of the former Soviet Union to participate, despite the weight of history, in a new Slavic-dominated commonwealth? For the moment it seems so. But scholars emphasize that the agreements leading to the creation of the Commonwealth of Independent States inside the former Soviet Union have been, and are being, made by power networks in the various Turkic capitals which came into being during Communist rule or in its immediate aftermath. A societal sea change is under way in these former Soviet republics which is sure to result in a new politics. In the long run, the direction taken by Turkic society will be more important than today's political deals. And that direction will largely be determined by the future role of Islam in Central Asia.

ALTHOUGH the Mediterranean Sea and the mountainous Balkan peninsula act as a territorial buffer between Christian Europe and the Muslim Middle East, the religious revival in both the Slavic and Turkic halves of the former Soviet Union has brought Orthodox Christianity and Sunni Islam face to face on a long land border. Experts observe that whereas Central Asians themselves may be confused about whether they should be defined broadly as Turkic or more narrowly as, for example, Uzbek, or both, they are not confused about their religion. Islam is the one unifying factor



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is it safe to fish
here anymore?

1.800.624.4321 ext.75
The CMA Answer Line

The real answer to preserving our lakes and rivers isn't to clean them up after the fact. It's to stop hazardous waste from reaching them in the first place. That's why member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association have voluntarily initiated a pollution prevention code. Since 1987, we've cut the amount of waste we release to water by 56%. Clearly, we're only partway there. To track the progress of chemical companies in your area, call us. We'll help you find the answers you need. We'll also send you information on this and our other Responsible Care® initiatives.

**The Chemical
Manufacturers Association.**

We want you to know.



throughout Central Asia, bridging ethnic and class differences. More than Turkic racial identity or the various Soviet-created nationalities, it has the capacity to create political legitimacy.

What this means depends on what Islam becomes here. In Central Asia now there is a renewed interest in learning Arabic script, which was the means of writing Turkic until Stalin's day and is still used among the Turkic peoples of Iran, Afghanistan, and China. Though Central Asian Islam is fiercely traditional, it is not at present fanatical. Islam in these mountains and steppes is simply a way of life: the natural, apolitical outgrowth of a materially poor existence. But the situation could change as a result of missionary activity by fundamentalist Iranians and by the very different fundamentalist "Wahhabi" groups from Saudi Arabia.

The Turkic world represents a new frontier for Middle Eastern fundamentalists. For Iran, there are opportunities but also difficulties and dangers. Whereas Iran is mostly Shi'ite, formerly Soviet Central Asia is Sunni, including the Persian-speaking Tajiks. This will severely limit the appeal of the mullahs. Culturally, the three million Sunni Tajiks have a strong sense of having been cut off from their Persian heritage and thus welcome closer contact with Iran. But Iran's integrity as a nation is threatened by the Soviet collapse, because much of its northern tier is, like Afghanistan, inhabited by Turks—Azeri Turks in the west and Turkomans in the east—who in the future could be ripe for pan-Turkism.

More than Iran, however, it is our ally Saudi Arabia whose citizens may demonstrate a real influence in the emerging Turkic world. During the Afghan war Saudi religious groups were active among both Afghan *mujahidin* and Pakistanis, handing out large sums of money as part of an effort to convert these traditionalist Muslims to Wahhabism.

Muhammad ibn Abdul Wahhab was an eighteenth-century Arabian religious leader who led a back-to-the-roots Islamic movement, away from the calcified orthodoxy of Ottoman Turkey and the pre-Islamic paganism practiced by some desert tribes. Though almost all Saudis today are nominally Wahhabis, it is the most extreme Wahhabi fundamentalists who have been active in Afghanistan and

Pakistan. I'll never forget leaving the Afghan city of Kandahar with a group of *mujahidin*, with gunfire all about, and being stopped by two Wahhabi missionaries who tried telling the *mujahidin* that they were not pure enough Muslims. Because these Wahhabis are very aggressive activists, their message was not well received among Afghans, whose Islam is steeped and traditional. The Wahhabis' success came among the most unsavory and extreme elements within the *mujahidin* movement: the Afghans who during the Gulf War supported Saddam Hussein instead of their own Saudi financiers. Though one would assume that the Saudi government learned a lesson from this experience, the Wahhabis are now extending their activities throughout the former Soviet Muslim republics, armed with Korans and plenty of cash. "The defeat of communist ideology," coupled with the awful economic conditions in the region, "may permit the Wahhabis to fill the ideological vacuum," says Almaz Estekov, who was taught by Wahhabis in Kazakhstan. This is not necessarily a development that the West must fear, but it is certainly one that should be understood.

MUDDYING the waters for Iran and for Saudi Wahhabis in Central Asia will be the influence of Turkey, the surviving remnant of the Ottoman Empire, whose Turkic people are said to descend from Osman, the third chief of a small tribe who brought his kinsmen westward, out of the lands devastated by the Mongols, and established them in Asia Minor. Rather than religion, Turkey will be promoting a secular and racially based nationalism in its role as the only Turkic society thus far to have evolved into a modern nation-state. "If the U.S. and the Europeans can train the Slavic Christian world, why can't Turkey train ours?" says Rusi Nasar, an Uzbek who runs a consulting firm in Washington, D.C., which specializes in Central Asian matters. He notes that the leaders of almost all the former Soviet Turkic republics have recently made official visits to Turkey. Turkey is now opening banks and establishing air links throughout Central Asia. It has signed contracts to buy natural gas from Turkmenistan and cotton from Uzbekistan. Instead of the Arabic type-writers that Iran is sending to the re-

gion, the Turks are dispatching Latin ones. Turkic Central Asians today discuss Turkey's internal politics and its historical enmity toward the Greeks and the Armenians as though these concerns were their own. But again, as in the case of Iran, the opportunities for Turkey may be equaled by the dangers.

Turkey's internal situation is perhaps more fragile politically than it has been at any moment since the 1980 military takeover that ended the administration of Suleiman Demirel, who was recently re-elected Prime Minister. Demirel has a weak parliamentary power base and a reputation for populist demagoguery. Though Turkey returned to civilian rule in 1983, it has been able to maintain stability only through a dictatorial style of governance. Demirel and the President, Turgut Ozal, are known to despise each other. Prior to the 1980 coup Turkey was wracked by armed conflicts among various extremist groups. Some of these groups espoused pan-Turkism, which at the time represented a theoretical pipe dream. But no longer. Pan-Turkism suddenly has a practical flavor in Turkey, where Attila and Ghengiz are common first names. There is little consensus on this inflammatory issue now that Turkey, for the first time ever, must quickly articulate a policy toward the greater Turkic world. The founder of modern Turkey, Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, was an opponent of pan-Turkism. Thus the debate gets tangled with the one over Atatürk's philosophy—another issue that is highly sensitive in the country.

AT LEAST Turkey and Iran are distinct national entities, more or less easily defined by means of language and culture. But farther to the east identities are multiple and no border can ever be right.

Take the case of Afghanistan. In the mid-eighteenth century the Pathans, a Muslim people probably of Indo-Iranian stock, created a buffer between the Safavid Persian Empire and the Moghul Empire, established by Turkic invaders in India. This buffer zone—Afghanistan—kept moving around as the czars extended their control southward while in the east the Moghul Empire gave way to a Sikh empire and then a British one. Afghanistan came to consist of a fragile balance of Pathan,



**WHEN IT'S BUDGET CUTTING TIME, THEY
ALWAYS START WITH THE EASIEST TARGETS.**

Children can't stand up for themselves. Which makes them an easy mark for politicians when they're cutting back. Give children a voice. Yours. Kids can't vote, but you can. **THE CHILDREN'S DEFENSE FUND**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Investing Made Simple

by Albert R. Grace Jr.
Selected Financial Services, Inc.

• QUESTION •

What's the difference between a "load" and a "no-load" mutual fund? How does a "load" affect my initial investment?

• ANSWER •

A *load fund*, or a fund with a sales charge (that can cost as much as 8.5% of your initial investment), is generally sold to an investor via a broker. A *no-load fund*, on the other hand, is normally sold directly to the investor from the fund company, *without* a sales charge.

Here's an example of how investing in a mutual fund with and without an upfront sales charge can affect the true cost of purchasing shares. If you invest \$10,000 in a load fund with a 6% sales charge, only \$9,400 is credited to your account, with the other \$600 going toward the sales commission. However, if you invest that same \$10,000 in a comparable no-load mutual fund, the *full* \$10,000 goes to work for you immediately.

With over 3,500 mutual funds to choose from, it can indeed be difficult to identify a good value. However, if you're like many investors, you'll see the benefit of a no-load: The less it costs you to invest, the more money there is to put to work in your investment.



For people who'd rather
invest money than time.

Albert Grace is President and Chief Operating Officer of Selected Financial Services, Inc. ("SFS"). SFS offers a family of no-load mutual funds to help make the investment process both simple and profitable. For current performance information and an easy-to-understand prospectus for the Selected Funds which contains more complete information, including investment objectives and management and 12b-1 fees and expenses, call 1-800-4A-NO-LOAD (1-800-426-6562). Please read it carefully before investing.

7200

Turkic, and Persianized (Tajik) tribesmen, surviving finally as a buffer between the British and czarist or Soviet empires. British rule in the Indian subcontinent ended in 1947. Soviet rule in Central Asia ended a few months ago. As a result, the psychological links uniting Uzbeks, Turkomans, and Tajiks living on both sides of what was once the Soviet-Afghan border have been invigorated.

Eight of Afghanistan's nine northern provinces abutting the former Soviet Union are largely Turkic. The internecine fighting among Afghan *mujahidin* is taking on the air of an ethnic struggle between, on one side, Tajik and Turkic guerrillas from northern Afghanistan, whose politics are increasingly oriented toward the former Soviet republics, and, on the other, Pathans from southern Afghanistan, whose military and political base has since 1980 been in ethnic-Pathan areas of Pakistan.

These divisions are mirrored in the regime of Najibullah, Afghanistan's President, which is also fracturing along Pathan-Tajik lines, even as fighting between the regime and the *mujahidin* dies down. As Afghanistan evaporates, the border between Central and South Asia is effectively shifting northward from the Khyber Pass to the Hindu Kush mountains, which separate the Turkic world from the Pathan one. No doubt we will be hearing more about "Pakhtunistan," meaning a separate nation for the Pathans. That was a notion one heard little about in the 1980s, while the challenges of expelling the Soviets from Afghanistan were being met. In the 1990s it could become a rallying cry for ethnic upheaval in both Afghanistan and Pakistan.

Pakistan is where the fault lines of Central Asia join up with those of the Indian subcontinent. Pakistan, like Iran, is an Islamic republic. But its regional subdivisions, unlike Iran's, have little in the way of a shared history and ethnic identity. The very word *Pakistan* is said to be an acronym invented by a Muslim intellectual for Punjab, Afghanistan (the Pathan-inhabited Northwest Frontier Province), Kashmir, Iran, Sind, "Tukharistan" (a region no scholar seems able to locate), Afghanistan, and Baluchistan (which donates the *n*)—attesting to the unwieldy and artificial nature of this austere "ideological

state" where religion was meant to serve in place of nationality. After a long bout of military rule, which clamped a lid on ethnic-regional divisions, civilian rule in Pakistan has led to mob violence and anarchy on a monumental scale. Though India, too, is plagued by intercommunal strife, India has the advantages of a territorial logic and an institutionalized democracy that is more than four decades old. Following the collapse of ideological states from Berlin to Samarkand, and the outbreak of civil war in Yugoslavia (a state deliberately created, like Pakistan, out of disparate groups), one must seriously worry about this volatile society whose political establishment is hell-bent on acquiring a nuclear arsenal.

Finally we come to China, whose communist gerontocracy is close to a historical reckoning similar to that which has occurred in the former Soviet Union. *Perestroika* in China—which must sooner or later take place—will involve the liberation of several million Tibetans and perhaps also the 12 million Turkic Uighurs who inhabit western China. Besides the Uighurs, there are Kazakh, Uzbek, and other Muslim minorities in western China, which was in fact independent of Chinese rule for brief periods in the 1930s and 1940s. The founder of Nationalist China, Sun Yat Sen, recognized the right of these Muslims to self-determination. To this day the secretary-general of the national government in East Turkistan in the 1940s, Isa Yusuf Alptekin, lives in exile in Istanbul. He meets regularly with the leaders of all of Turkey's major political parties. In Alma-Ata, the capital of Kazakhstan, a Uighur "liberation organization" has just been established. Reports of demonstrations in Muslim China continue to reach the outside world.

WHAT DOES the future hold for Central Asia? "Had the Bolsheviks not come to power, you would have had a pan-Turkic nation take shape earlier in the century," says Martha Brill Olcott, a professor of political science at Colgate University. "But now I'm not so sure. The decades in between, though not creating new nations in the traditional sense, have created different interests and cleavages. The Kazakhs, who have a large Russian population to think about, are focusing on ties to Russia. The Uzbeks

Dave Golden would rather immerse himself here than in the Market.



The feeling is mutual.

For all of you who would really rather spend your time living than investing, the Selected family of no-load mutual funds can help.

You see, with professionals managing your investments, you save time. And without any sales charges, you also save money. So call toll-free for our prospectus with more complete information, including management and 12b-1 fees and expenses, and please be sure to read it carefully before you invest.

The Selected Funds. Today's simple way to invest.



For people who'd rather
invest money than time.

C A L L 1 • 8 0 0 • 4 A • N O • L O A D E X T. 2 4

The Subaru SVX

For
the sports
car
enthusiast
with lots
of
friends.

(Which explains why we're only making 12,000 of them.)



THE CLASSIC sports car enthusiast tends to be a solitary creature. That's because most of their free time is usually spent alone trying to repair their sports car and when they finally get it running there's often little room or comfort to take anyone along for a ride.

Which leads us directly to the new Subaru SVX.[™]

The Subaru SVX is a different type of sports car. For starters, it won't break down every other Thursday. It has room for more than one, possibly two emaciated adults. And it's also loaded with the comfort features and amenities you'd only expect from an obscenely-priced European luxury coupe.

Okay, let's begin with the reliability aspect of an SVX.

All we have to say is the SVX is a Subaru.^{*} And 93% of all Subaru

cars registered in the last 10 years are still on the road and running today!¹ (We like to think the other 7% are on blocks being stored as collectors items.)

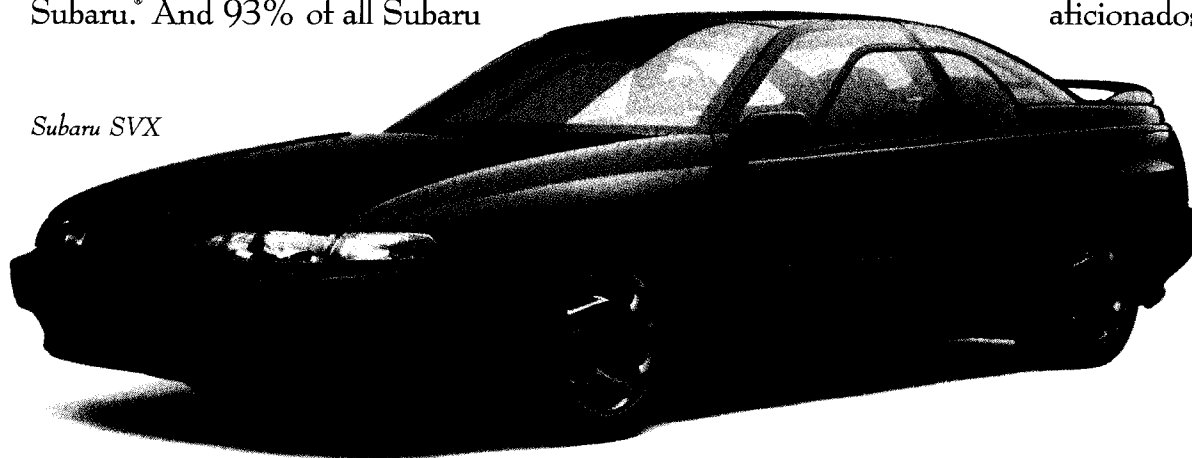
How about the room for more than two starved adults?

Well, the SVX has roomy back and front seats and over 85 cubic feet of passenger space in all. That's enough room for four adults who haven't been on a diet in years.

Lastly, the life-improving amenities. The SVX has a sunroof. A soft grain leather interior. All-Wheel Drive. A 6-speaker CD player. A 4-Channel Anti-Lock Braking System. Driver's-side air bag. A patented noise-reducing window design. And you can buy a fully-loaded SVX now for well under \$30,000*, which, in the overpriced performance category, qualifies as a remarkable deal.

The limited edition 230 horsepower Subaru SVX. It's designed for those rare well-adjusted, socially-involved sports car aficionados.

Subaru SVX



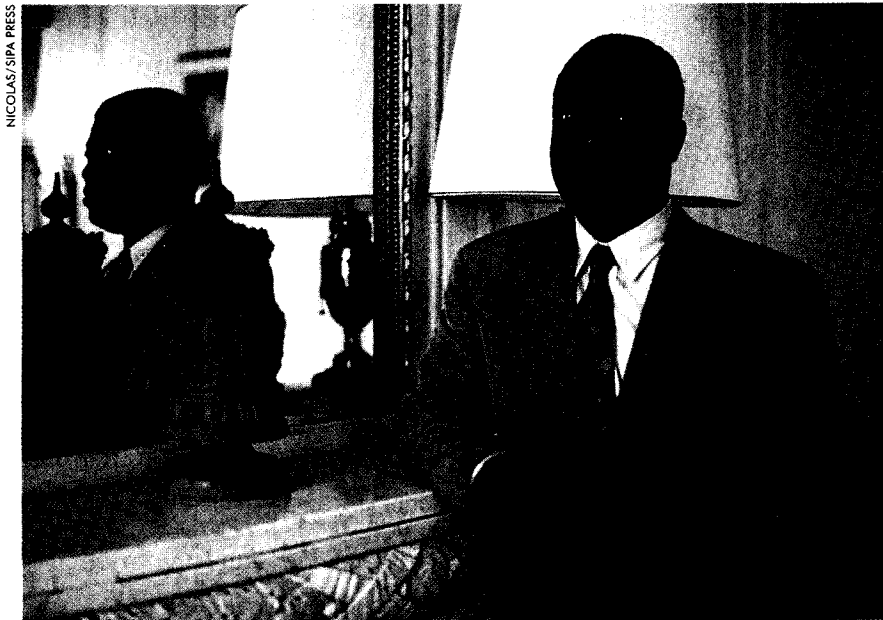
Subaru. What to drive.[™]

¹Based on R.L. Polk & Co., registration statistics. ^{*}Based on suggested retail price of \$28,350 for the SVX with optional Touring Package and Rear Deck Spoiler. Does not include dealer preparation, inland transportation, taxes, license and title fees. Dealer's actual price may vary. For additional information, 1-800-284-8584. See your participating dealer about the SVX Freedom Lease. © Subaru of America, 1991.

have a Muslim orientation. And the Azeri Turks in Transcaucasia are the focus of Turkic re-entry into the Middle East, via Iran and Turkey." Azizullah Aral, an Uzbek born in Afghanistan who now works for Radio Liberty, sees the other side of the coin: "History will force these peoples together because we know each other much better than we know the outside world. It will take ten or fifteen years, but then there will be some sort of Turkic federation of Central Asia. The comparison with the Arab world is natural."

No doubt the years ahead will see neither complete anarchy nor tidy cohesion. They may very well see a series of fractious experiments in free trade and the free movement of peoples which might offer lessons in the virtues and drawbacks of national ambiguity. And they may rescue from hyperbole (inspired, no doubt, by the adrenaline of travel) Justice Douglas's prediction that Central Asia would become "one of the most dramatic and important political stories of the century."

—Robert D. Kaplan



Kofi Yamgnane, Togolese by birth, in his government office in Paris

FRANCE

Through Kofi's Eyes

The new French under-secretary of state for integration, a black African immigrant, rejects multiculturalism in favor of what he calls "republican citizenship"

THE FRENCH (or, rather, the politicians and intellectuals and journalists who presume to speak in the name of their country) do not like to think of themselves as racist, and they have expended a good deal of rhetorical energy over the years demonstrating that others, including Americans, are more racist than they.

And yet appeals to racial fears have made good politics lately, across party lines.

Last June, for example, Jacques Chirac, the mayor of Paris and the leader of the Gaullist party RPR (Rally for the Republic) made an intemperate speech in which he said that the French workingman had had an "overdose" (he used the English word) of polygamous North African welfare bums, whose "noise and odors," he added, were an aggression against ordinary decent people. His popularity ratings immediately rose; although he is still viewed as an underdog in a presidential contest, he leads the crowded field of conservative potential candidates.

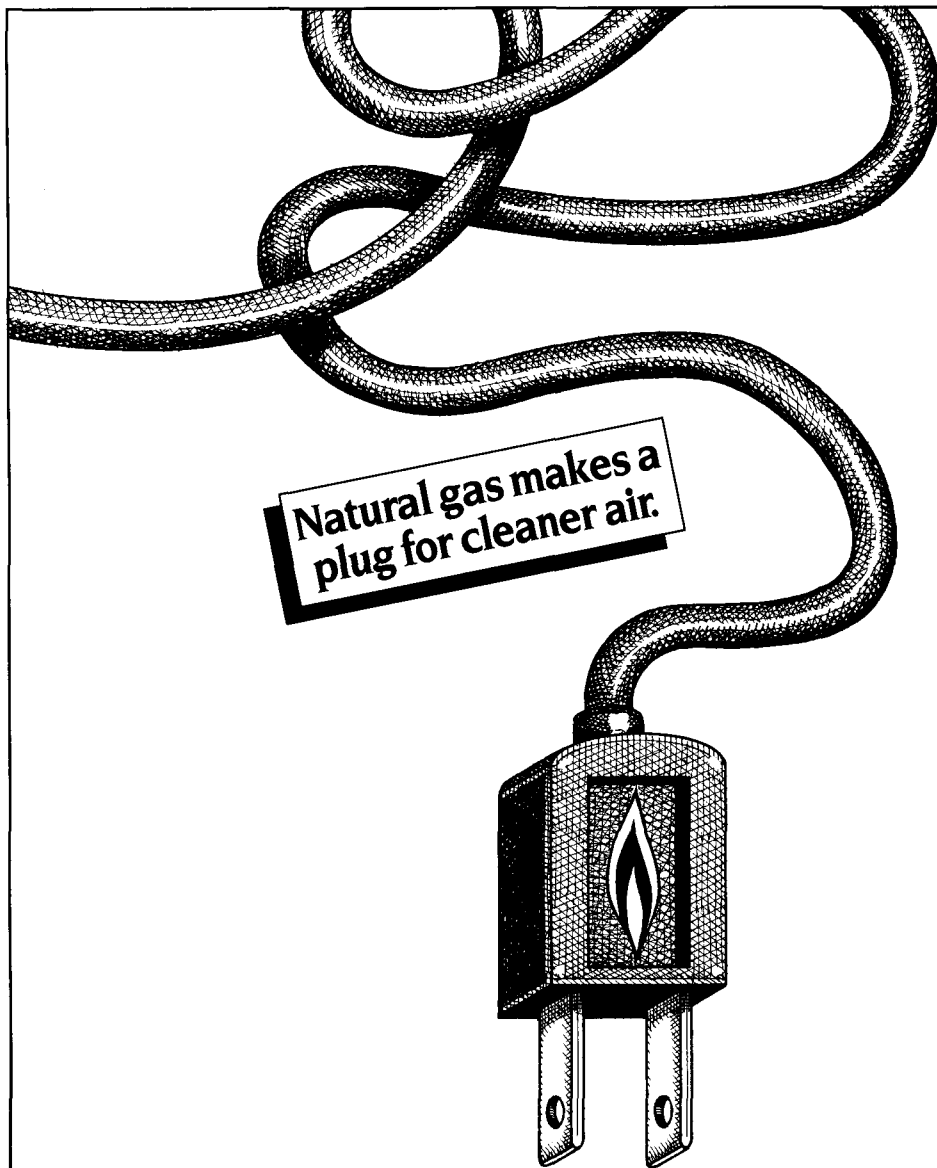
Chirac's words were still echoing off editorial pages when the newly appointed Prime Minister, Edith Cresson, whose approval ratings have been very low despite her novelty value as a woman in France's No. 2 job, said that

she would not hesitate to charter private planes to get illegal immigrants out of the country. Surveys showed that voters approved her tough line on immigration in general, though her Socialist colleagues feared a departure from leftist principles.

In mid-September, with children returning to school and politicians seeking ways of calling attention to themselves, Jacques Chirac's perennial rival for the conservative leadership, former President (1974–1981) Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, chose to get back into the game by claiming, first in a Sunday-magazine article and then on a popular political talk show, that the country was facing an "invasion" of dark-skinned immigrants and that something has to be done about it. The prescription he offered was to institute into citizenship legislation a "right of blood."

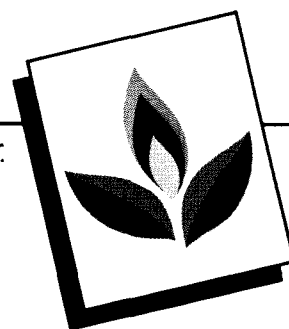
Now, all this is a bit perplexing. There is nothing overtly racist about French society. Its naturalization laws are among the most liberal in the world—it is easy to become a French citizen. Strict laws against discrimination in housing exist. Welfare benefits, which are generous in France, are readily available to foreign nationals, including of course immigrants of color, at the same levels as to citizens. Individual success stories suggest that people of color are taking advantage of the educational and economic opportunities of French society and are not kept from their goals by the barriers of bigotry. The rate in France of intermarriage between Muslims and non-Muslims is one of the highest in the world, and a Muslim in France is almost invariably black or brown. Moreover, by comparison with other Western European countries, France has experienced very little racial violence lately. In Germany, Vietnamese and black Africans have been attacked, and children have been maimed by bombs. In Italy, which has long enjoyed a reputation as the most tolerant country in Europe, riots and even murders with racist motivations have occurred. (See "No Blacks Need Apply," by Alexander Stille, in the February, 1991, *Atlantic*.) How, then, is one to assess the new situation in France?

ONE MAN who has given a good deal of thought to this question is Kofi Yamgnane, an immigrant from Togo who was appointed under-secretary of state for social affairs and



Some of today's power plants are a major pollution problem. But we don't have to wait for tomorrow to have cleaner air. Natural gas is the cleanest burning fossil fuel today. With far less carbon dioxide emissions, no sulfur dioxide and no particulates. And today's new gas technologies are more efficient than conventional coal or oil-fired systems. What's more, with North America's abundant supply—and a million miles of pipeline to deliver it—natural gas can put an end to the shocks we keep getting from foreign oil.

Use natural gas. We'll all breathe easier.



integration by Prime Minister Cresson last spring. His story provides an illustration for those who would claim that France is the least racist of nations.

Kofi (as everyone calls him) was born in an agricultural village in northern Togo in 1945. Missionaries recognized him as a bright child and encouraged his parents to send him to their school. This was a major decision, which could mean taking the boy away from his family, so the Bassar tribe's ancestral spirit, residing in the body of a crocodile, had to be consulted. As custom demanded, Kofi's family offered the spirit a chicken—a gift he was by no means bound to accept, since plenty of people brought him offerings, and on a given day he was as likely as not to have a full stomach. But he took the chicken, and the little boy, who owned neither shoes nor pants, went away to school.

The missionaries did their job well. Kofi read Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Michelet, Charles Péguy. There was nothing in his religion to prohibit baptism, and he remains a sincere, if non-practicing, Catholic to this day. "Actually," he says, "my skin stayed black, but I was completely whitened inside by the missionaries."

I pointed out that such a statement would be politically imprudent in the United States. Kofi agreed, but observed that owing to the communal nature of race relations in U.S. history, blacks found it necessary to assert their ethnic identity. This, he said, was diametrically opposed to the French tradi-

tion of respecting people as individuals and citizens but not as members of a group apart from the generality of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen.

No one among the Bassar viewed it as a sign of inferiority, let alone a cause for embarrassment, to recognize that the white man had something useful to offer and to accept what amounted to a full scholarship in order to learn his ways. Kofi was good at school, and an American Peace Corps volunteer urged him to pursue his studies at an American university. Instead, he stayed with the fathers and went to school in Brest, and from there to an advanced engineering college at Nancy. He graduated into an elite corps and returned to Brest, where he had left his sweetheart.

Kofi claims that his experience is exceptional—"luck every step of the way," he says. "Brittany, where I was first sent to school in the 1960s, had very few immigrants from Africa or anywhere else; one black face was a curiosity, but it did not scare them. I could have chosen not to study at Nancy and get my advanced degree. And of course I could have not fallen in love with Anne-Marie."

And yet there is a sense in which Kofi's life is not exceptional. To be sure, he was unusually bright, unusually successful. He rose rapidly in the civil-engineering hierarchy and became responsible for coastline conservation in Finistère, Brittany's westernmost department, and later for all bridge-building and repair (the sym-

bolism of which he fully savors). He found time for an active family and civic life, and in 1989 his neighbors in the village of Saint Coulitz, a farming town that was becoming a bedroom community for professionals with jobs in Quimper, elected him mayor. A Socialist Party activist, he was elected vice-president of the national association of local officials, and he became famous throughout France not only for being a black Breton mayor but also for instituting an elected "elders council," which functioned somewhat like a senate next to the municipal council. This practice has been imitated by more than 400 towns around France.

It is important to understand that this is the way French colonialism was supposed to work. Say what you will about it, the French Empire after the fall of Napoleon III, in 1870, was a republican and meritocratic creation of idealistic equal-opportunity hard-liners. From the 1880s to the 1950s men who believed that their nation had a "*mission civilisatrice*" and that French values, which they deemed universal, could be learned and acquired and freely chosen, made a determined effort to turn Africans and Asians into Frenchmen. They often succeeded. They encouraged the development of elite corps of engineers, functionaries, and teachers, along with the flowering of the French language overseas as the truest expression of their nation's influence. It is no accident that Léopold Senghor, who sat on the Socialist benches in the French Chamber of Deputies before becoming the leader of independent Senegal, was in his young manhood a poet of the very first rank, or that the Martiniquais Aimé Césaire, also a French deputy, and the long-serving mayor of Fort-de-France, is considered one of the literary geniuses of the century. In 1989 his greatest play, *Le Roi Christophe*, was added to the Comédie Française repertory, where it resides alongside the works of Racine and Claudel.

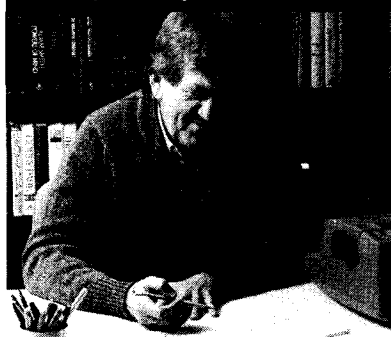
As Kofi himself reminds visitors, Third Republic colonialism had a direct and significant relationship to metropolitan education policy. Public school instructors were as militant as the Jesuits of other times and places. Their mission was to form educated and civilized Frenchmen out of wild and unlettered provincials, and they took it very seriously. Children were forbidden to speak their local languages



A demonstration in France to protest increasingly vocal anti-immigrant sentiment

Announcing...a better way to learn how to Write for Publication!

The cornerstone of the program is its one-on-one method of teaching: each student has a personal writing coach and they work together as a team.



A "New" Way to Learn

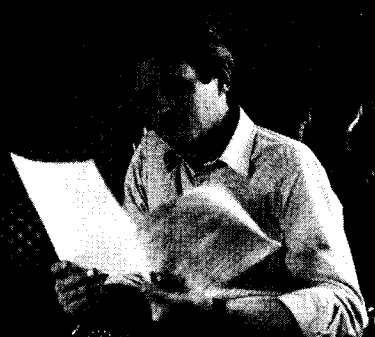
An important feature of any writing program designed for today's adult is flexibility—not one tied to a classroom, but a program that fits *his* schedule.

The student must also be free to work at his own pace. Yet his personal writing coach must always "be there" for him—constructive and supportive.

These are the hallmarks of *Breaking into Print*, a new correspondence study program offered by the Long Ridge Writers Group®.

Correspondence study—established at Yale and the University of Chicago over 100 years ago—is today's "new" way of learning. According to the U.S. Dept. of Education, it's the way 1,403,000 busy adults are learning new skills right now!

This unique program teaches you how to write, helps you to find your own writing niche—then shows you how to market your writing.



IF YOU WANT TO WRITE LIKE A real professional, begin at the beginning. Start with the basic building blocks used by successful writers—no matter what their specialties may be—and once you master these basics, you can write for any market that interests you.

You've already seen enough, known enough people, experienced enough relationships and accumulated enough facts, special knowledge and wisdom to fill a five-foot shelf.

But what you may not have in equal depth is the professional training and techniques you need to get it all down on paper and put it across to the editors and publishers who decide what will appear in print.

Where does a beginner turn for help?

Most aspiring writers "go it alone"—not because they prefer to struggle in isolation, but because they don't know where to turn for help, or because the only help available is in a seminar, classroom, or lecture hall. They need personal, individual attention—not stiff competition from their classmates for the few minutes an instructor has available for questions. There *had* to be a better way to learn!

The challenge was taken up by a group of writers and editors whose inspired coaching over the last 20 years has produced hundreds of published writers. The program they developed, *Breaking into Print*™, combines two basic forms of creative writing: articles and short stories. Virtually every piece of writing in the English language that you admire was created with these same basic building blocks.

Your coach works with you one-on-one

To be a good writer, you need a winning coach. If you qualify for *Breaking into Print*, your coach will be a pro—a widely published author of short stories, books and articles or an experienced editor. His one-on-one coaching will help you develop your strengths, overcome your weaknesses, and guide you through the tough spots.

You progress at your own pace, on your schedule. Your personal writing coach fits his

schedule to yours: he's always there, ready to work when you are.

These master writers and editors know how to teach and how to coach aspiring writers to bring their writing up to publication standards. They also know that getting published demands accurate knowledge of specific markets—as well as solid writing tailored to editorial requirements.

We help you to find your own writing niche

For these reasons, *Breaking into Print* not only teaches you how to write articles and short stories—it also guides you to your strongest form of writing, the writing niche that's best for you.

But it doesn't end there. Your coach will stick with you after you find your niche and show you how to market your finished work to that segment of the market. You're a team: he's a winning coach training you to become a winning writer.

This one-on-one teaming of a beginner with a skillful mentor offers you a quality and intensity of training in writing and in *marketing* your writing that we have not found in any school, college or university anywhere!

You must qualify for the team

But first you must qualify for the team. You must demonstrate the necessary potential and the capacity to accept constructive criticism from your coach, learn from it, and turn it into a winning performance. If you have the aptitude and the maturity to qualify, and if you decide to enroll, you'll get our commitment in writing:

Your personal coach will teach you how to—

1. Write articles and short stories, the building blocks of all good writing;
2. Find the writing niche that's right for you; and
3. Market your writing effectively.

By the time you finish the program, you will have written at least two manuscripts ready to send to a publisher.

The building blocks of success

America's appetite for writing is enormous. There are over 60,000 publishers who produce two billion books, and hundreds of millions of newspapers, magazines, trade papers, specialty publications and newsletters every year. They all need writers to keep them going—staff writers or freelancers, or both. And these writers use the same building blocks you'll master in *Breaking into Print*.

While many institutions offer classes and courses in writing, *Breaking into Print* is a unique program that pairs you up with a skillful coach who teaches you how to write, helps you to find your writing niche—then shows you *how to sell what you write!*

To identify men and women who are qualified for this exceptional program, we have developed a writing sampler, "Your Writing Evaluation." To receive your free copy and a program brochure, mail the coupon below today.

When you return your sampler, our staff will evaluate it at no cost to you. If it reveals true writing potential, you will be eligible to enroll. But that's entirely your decision.

Long Ridge Writers Group
Long Ridge Road
West Redding, CT 06896-0802

Yes, I want to find out if I can qualify for *Breaking into Print*! Please send me—FREE—"Your Writing Evaluation" with an illustrated brochure describing your program.

I understand that if my Evaluation shows true writing potential, I may enroll—but I am under no obligation and no salesman will visit me.

Mr. Mrs. Ms. Miss P1033
(PLEASE CIRCLE ONE)

PRINT NAME CLEARLY

STREET

APT.

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Approved, Connecticut Commissioner of Education

COPYRIGHT © LRWG 1992, A DIVISION OF THE INSTITUTE, INC.



An African family camps out at the foot of the Sacré-Coeur, in Paris

even in the yard during recess; Breton, for example, commonly spoken in the late nineteenth century, was virtually stamped out in the space of two generations. Indeed, teachers were called the "Hussards de la République," and with the collapse of Marxism, the Jacobin republicanism that they incarnated and propagated is once again becoming one of the most important reference points of the French left.

Kofi's modest insistence that he was "lucky" reflects the fact that he came along a generation or two after stories like his were supposed to be possible. For in the years he was growing up, the French were giving up or losing their empire, and the confident assumption of the *mission civilisatrice* was being replaced among the left by a feeling of guilt about the damage done to the Third World. If the whole imperial enterprise was suspect, was there not something shameful, or at least embarrassing, about someone who displayed an eagerness to learn French ways? Intellectuals of Kofi's generation went back to their "roots." Aimé Césaire's son created an African cultural and linguistic center in Martinique and took to wearing African garb, in contrast to the gray or navy-blue suits his father favors.

Indeed, having been marked by his times as well as by the *mission civilisatrice*, the mayor of Saint Coultz used municipal funds to support Breton-language instruction in the schools, aware as he was that one of the reasons the Bassar had no difficulty accepting

French culture was that they were perfectly happy with their own. (In the 1956 plebiscite on Togo's independence, the Bassar voted to remain within the French Community.)

UNTIL A decade or so ago, the question of racism in France and how (or whether) to fight it was not of widespread interest. Color was simply not a French problem. It certainly was not a problem for the French nationals who continued to serve overseas, in both the private and the public sector. It was not a problem for ordinary Frenchmen in France, who simply expected that Africans or Asians would come to work on time, pay the rent, and observe other basic local mores. Kofi says, when he is asked about his personal experience of racism, that he *once* was refused service in a restaurant and he *once* encountered a woman who acted insulted when he offered her his seat in the subway. These were unpleasant experiences, but probably every foreign visitor to France, of whatever color, has encountered Gallic rudeness at this level, and Kofi knows this as well as anyone. In recent years Kofi and everyone else have sensed a heightened consciousness of color, which of course signifies a deterioration in race relations. For example, Jean-Marie Le Pen, the leader of the xenophobic National Front, has publicly insulted him.

To be sure, North Africans—and Algerians in particular—were and are a

sensitive subject, but how could they not be? Algeria for a century was an integral part of France, and the French experience there ended in a bitter and terrible war in which prisoners were tortured and civilians massacred on both sides. To cite only one example, near the end of the war a pro-independence demonstration in the streets of Paris was savagely repressed by the police with live ammunition and drownings in the Seine. At least 200 people were killed, yet the Algerian trauma is so deep that to this day it has never been officially acknowledged that so many deaths occurred. People of diametrically opposite politics told me how astonished they were that "the Muslims" did not "move" during the Gulf War, so firm is the belief that the Algerians still crave revenge for the way they were treated.

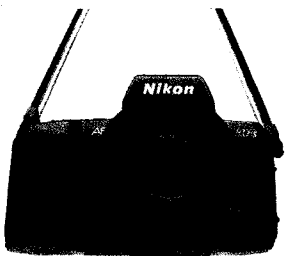
For years, what has come to be called "anti-racism" prevailed mainly among left-wing intellectuals and political activists. Articulate and well-focused as such people tend to be, they were influential out of proportion to their numbers. From about the mid-seventies—when the United States, which had left Vietnam and could no longer, even in caricature, be credibly represented as a nation of redneck segregationists—the focus of French "anti-racists" became France itself.

This was possible, sociologically speaking, because of something else that had happened in the preceding years. In the 1960s, as the French economy took off, numerous sectors found themselves with manpower shortages. Georges Pompidou, the President from 1969 to 1974, was convinced that France had to become a major industrial power. The well-known journalist and *Nouvel Observateur* editor Jean Daniel wrote in a recent book that during the Pompidou presidency "the number of immigrants kept growing. Giscard, then Minister of Finances, asked Jacques Chazelle to go to Morocco and Mali and round up all the labor he could find." Chazelle, a top-ranking civil servant in the Ministry of Labor, warned Giscard that his immigration policy would lead to social problems down the road.

The immigrants, who came overwhelmingly from North and sub-Saharan Africa, were hardworking and law-abiding, but they were not predisposed to "choose France," as Kofi had, not

This message will not be of interest to everyone.

It may, however, be of interest to those of you who have ever considered any of the following:



Above: The Nikon N8008S. Below: Photo courtesy Matrix Metering, the N8008S, and Richard Hamilton Smith.

1. Everything you see is only a reflection. This page. The photo below. Everything.

2. This reflection is created by light waves from space travelling at 186,000 miles per second.

3. Stopping these waves is more

By our count, the N8008S presents you with at least forty-five possible focusing, metering, and exposure combinations. In light as dim as a single match, its two hundred CCD sensors detect fine details even on low-contrast subjects. When shooting oncoming subjects, Focus Tracking can actually predict where the subject will be at the moment of exposure.

The N8008S has Spot Metering,

By adding the Nikon SB-24 AF Speedlight, you can automatically balance the flash illumination with ambient background light without calculating fill-flash ratios. Using the infrared autofocus illuminator, you can even shoot a properly exposed and focused photograph in a pitch-black room.



And you can do all this using the amazing autofocus Nikkor lenses, part of the largest, most legendary system



© 1991 Nikon Inc.

fun than playing golf or fishing.

In fact, it's worth having people think you're a nut, standing out there on the median at rush hour. It's worth finding the courage to say to a stranger, "Excuse me, would you mind if I..."

It's worth buying a new camera for, and worth reading a little further to see if the Nikon N8008S might be the new camera to buy.

It can do everything with light.

Except find it.

Center-Weighted Metering, and Nikon's exclusive Matrix Meter, that instantly compares the light patterns in the scene you're about to shoot with those from 100,000 photographs.

of optical lenses in the world.

We confess, however, that for all its technological firepower, the N8008S has no idea what a great picture looks like. Or where to find one.

Or what it's like to feel like a nut standing out there on the median.

There is no machine capable of leading you to the decisive moment.

As you depress the shutter release, however, we have one that can help you do almost anything.



See the N8008S at authorized Nikon Dealers where you see this symbol. For more information on the N8008S, and the benefits of the exclusive Nikon MasterCard, call 1-800-NIKON-35.

Why reforming our liability America is to succeed

EXCESSIVE LIABILITY AWARDS MAKE IT TOUGH FOR U.S. COMPANIES TO COMPETE.

We are a compassionate society. We want to compensate those who have suffered.

But when our courts expand the traditional concepts of liability, causing defendants to pay excessive compensation, we add to the costs we all pay for goods and services. We encourage companies to stop research and development on new products. And we even make it harder for American companies to compete overseas.

PAYING A HIDDEN TAX.

In reality, the American system of liability has become the source of a hidden tax on our economy—a tax that can account for as much as 50% of the price paid for a product.

What's worse, it has been estimated that this hidden tax amounts to \$80 billion a year—a sum equal to the combined profits of the nation's 200 largest corporations.

Our economic competitors' legal systems do not encourage litigation to the extent we do. Consider, for example, that there are 30 times more lawsuits per capita in the U.S. than in Japan.

Is it any wonder that America is having a tough time competing in overseas markets?

UNCERTAINTY STIFLES ENTERPRISE.

The unpredictability of our liability system is also enormously costly to American competitiveness. For example, in a recent survey of CEOs, the Conference Board found that worry about potential liability lawsuits caused 47% of firms surveyed to discontinue one or more product lines. What's more, 25% stopped certain product research and development, and 39% decided



against coming out with a new product. Meanwhile, our overseas competitors continue to research and develop new products at an ever-increasing pace.

ARE WE CONTROLLING RISKS OR INCREASING THEM?

When we give a drunk driver the right to sue an automaker or highway engineer for a million dollars after a crash, are we controlling risk?

Or just encouraging risky and careless behavior?

If you are a manufacturer, you can be sued even if your product has state-of-the-art safety features. Even if your customer misused it against your instructions. Even if the risks of misuse were obvious.

When fear of lawsuits causes physicians to limit

ity system is essential if in overseas markets.

services to patients—or worse, to abandon their practice altogether—lack of adequate treatment means greater risks for everyone.

Is this controlling risk or increasing it?

It's an unhealthy and dangerous situation that needs correcting.

WE MUST REFORM OUR "DEEP POCKETS" APPROACH TO LIABILITY.

Specifically, we need to change our approach and base liability suits on fault.

Our current system often encourages the frivolous suing of those with the ability to pay—in other words, those with "deep pockets." But does it make sense to hold such parties entirely liable, even if they were only minimally at fault?

A MORE RATIONAL APPROACH.

Those who suffer economic losses because of another's negligence should be fairly reimbursed. No one could argue with this principle. There should also be just compensation for pain and suffering resulting from real and severe injuries.

But can we afford to continue a system that encourages litigation and financial judgments bearing little direct relationship to fault or to the actual cost of injuries suffered?

Clearly, a better approach is needed.

CONGRESS HAS A ROLE.

Legislation providing a uniform product liability standard would allow American companies to compete without the burdens of excessive liability risks. And this would unclog the courts and put American business in a stronger position as barriers to international trade and investment fall.

There is proposed legislation before Congress

dealing with these issues. A solution to the liability crisis is vital to American competitiveness, and Congress can play a role in restoring the right balance.

SO DO THE COURTS.

When all is said and done, our courts are the interpreters of our laws and our values. It's our values as a society that count, especially as reflected in the courts and individual jury decisions.

Together our legislative and judicial branches must recognize the damage being done to American competitiveness from the current liability system. And help America restore the proper balance.

WHY IS AIG RUNNING ADS LIKE THIS?

AIG (American International Group) is the largest underwriter of commercial and industrial insurance in America, and the leading U.S.-based international insurance organization.

Since we deal every day with issues affecting the future of the world economy, it's understandable that we champion reform designed to strengthen the competitive stance of American business in global markets.

Perhaps you'll want to keep the ball rolling by contacting your elected officials—judges and legislators—with your own views.

Or if you prefer, write Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, AIG, 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

AIG World leaders in insurance
and financial services.



because they had anything against France but because they did not exist in a mental or cultural universe where such a choice meant anything. Giscard had assumed, rather cynically, that they could be sent home when they were no longer needed; Chazelle had warned him that it was a misjudgment of human nature—and French society—to believe that matters would be this simple. After all, the Germans had made a similar assumption when they recruited Turks, and if a kind of Teutonic “Bracero” program could not work—if the Turks went German in an almost Germanic way—certainly the experiment could not work in France, where deliberate segregation is unheard of and where children, wherever they come from and whatever their religion, until very recently were taught to read from what must surely be one of the most influential textbooks in the history of pedagogy, “Our ancestors, the Gauls . . .”

In less than a generation's time the French had three to four million non-European immigrants in their midst. They did not know exactly how many because no one could count the illegals. These people, and even more so their children, had no home other than the suburbs of Paris and Lyons, and yet they had not been educated by the missionary public school teachers of the self-confident republic or by the white fathers. They spoke French poorly and often were practicing Muslims. This meant, for example, that they were prone to slaughter sheep in their residences at the end of Ramadan. It seems no one had foreseen that when the immigrant population reached a certain density, the neighborhood would begin to change. Neighborhoods of Marseilles near the old port look like a casbah. In whole areas of the Minguettes, a suburb of Lyons that was designed with the same degree of sensitivity as was Chicago's Cabrini Green, the French language disappeared entirely.

THEN CAME the early 1980s, the glory years of the Socialist Party. Having swept into power in the spring of 1981, after twenty-three years in the wilderness, the party was determined to “change life.” The same left that had recently invented anti-racism was now in charge, and if there were ghettos where young people of

color felt alienated (the Minguettes exploded in riots just as the left was trouncing the right in the legislative elections that followed François Mitterrand's presidential victory), something must be wrong with French society: it was, in a word, racist.

Instead of taking a hard look at a situation that had been brought about largely by their opponents' shortsighted employment policies, the Socialists played the moral—one could even say moralistic—card for all it was worth. A satellite organization, S.O.S. Racisme, was created under the leadership of Julien Dray (whose family left Algeria when he was a boy) and a charismatic Martiniquais with the improbable name of Harlem Désir. Its slogan, “Hands off my buddy,” did not reflect a diplomatic approach to communal relations. On the contrary, the implicit assumption was that the French were only too likely to turn on the “buddies” to vent their frustration over a chronically difficult economic situation. (Since the late 1970s France has been stuck with high unemployment, a problem that has consistently worsened over the past ten years. The government has acknowledged that the unemployment rate reached nine percent last October. When Mitterrand campaigned for the presidency ten years ago, he said that the policies of his opponent, Giscard, were conducive to high unemployment.)

S.O.S. Racisme did not do much to diminish the level of racial bigotry, nor was it active as a conventional civil-rights organization, encouraging naturalization and registering people to vote or bringing anti-discrimination lawsuits. (Another organization, France Plus, engaged in that less glamorous but rather more meaningful work.) However, with its chic and often wealthy sponsors and its insistence on the “right to be different”—that is, to be French without conforming to any of the traditional ways of being French, to which color surely has little significance—S.O.S. Racisme did give many ordinary people the impression not only that they were being accused unjustly of possessing heinous sentiments but also that the Socialists, who after all were in charge of the government, did not care about their problems. Yet the problems were real: although in every serious study immigrants have been shown to be an economic and social as-

set, paying more in taxes, for example, than they take back in social security and welfare benefits, in the short term some neighborhoods have become unrecognizable, crime has risen, school standards have fallen, and so forth. These neighborhoods are mainly in the Paris metropolitan area, around Lyons, and in Marseilles and the south of France.

In the heyday of S.O.S. Racisme some people seriously proposed that France should become a multicultural society, complete with bilingual education and all it would imply. This is an example of how far from reality ideological prejudices can lead, because it is difficult to think of anything further removed from the French tradition than bilingual education. The idea made headway, however, and in 1989 a nearly surrealistic controversy regarding the right of three teenage girls to wear their *hijabs* (the veils with which Muslim women cover their heads and faces when they go out) to school captured the country's attention.

In point of fact, all outward religious signs—including crosses visibly worn around the neck—are banned from the public schools of the republic, but in heavily foreign neighborhoods headmasters are allowed to apply the law with some discretion; after all, the key objective is to keep kids in school. The headmaster at this particular school, who is black, ruled against the veils. Kofi, from his mayor's office in Brittany, supported him. Désir and Dray supported the girls, and so did the President's wife, who remarked that cultures should not impose their values on others. The Ministry of Education came up with a compromise (veils in school but not in classrooms) that did not really satisfy anyone. Some analysts have suggested that the government's mishandling of the affair contributed to a National Front victory in a by-election a few weeks later.

But the remarkable thing was the passion that was aroused. It was as if the French had suddenly awakened to the fact that they had a significant poorly integrated, non-European population—twenty years, if not more, after any alert observer could have pointed it out to them. Throughout the eighties the major parties had done little to address the subject except to waffle about it or create moral fronts like S.O.S. Racisme.

A MINOR PARTY, however, had tackled it head on. Since the early 1970s the National Front had made xenophobia, neighborhood security, and the safeguarding of the "French identity" its major themes. The fact that from 1983 on it was able to maintain a steady grip on 10 to 20 percent of the electorate, depending on the region, persuaded most observers by the beginning of the 1990s that the Front was not "just" a protest movement (like the anti-tax Poujadist phenomenon of the late 1950s, in which Le Pen, the Front leader, had broken into politics).

Up to a point the Front rendered an objective service to the left, inasmuch as its small but significant electoral success prevented the right from returning to power. In French national elections, either for the presidency or for a seat in the National Assembly, if no candidate garners a majority in the first round of voting, top-ranking candidates will enter a second round. Of course, those obliged to drop out after the first round need not endorse another candidate. Thus, so long as the other conservative parties did not make electoral pacts with them, the "Frontistes" were in a position in many districts—and nationally in 1988—to let the left win. Surveys have shown that France is sociologically, so to speak, on the right. But the only surveys that count in democracies take place at the polls, and the left kept winning.

Now it appears that after ten years in power, the Socialists are due to get the boot, regardless of the popularity of Le Pen. The normal wear and tear of governance has left its mark, and many Socialists admit privately that a spell in opposition would be good for their party's health. In this context the Gaullist RPR has made it a point of honor to insist that it will cut no deals with the National Front. Jacques Chirac, despite his remark about odors (which he made toward the end of what is pleasantly called a "well-sprinkled" banquet), has widespread and deserved credibility as a decent man well within the Gaullist tradition on race—that being French is a matter of choice.

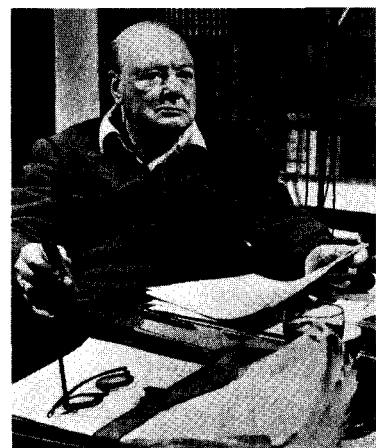
In contrast, there can be no doubt that Giscard, arguably the most impersonal, calculating, and cynical man in French politics, chose his code words—"invasion," "blood"—very carefully. He is aware of the increase in racist and

xenophobic activity throughout Europe: special committees of the European Parliament, where Giscard sits, have twice looked at the issue and have concluded that matters are getting worse. Giscard voted against adopting the conclusions of the last report presented to the full parliamentary assembly, and although it is true that the document was heavily criticized by the right and center-right as being poorly prepared and redolent of leftist partisanship, it is difficult not to see in his strategy a deliberate effort to position himself on the hard right with a view toward capturing the conservative nomination for the French presidency next time around. (Although an election is not required to take place until 1995, Giscard believes that Mitterrand will not serve out his term.)

Giscard was elected President in 1974 after a campaign in which he identified himself with a France that "aspired to be governed from the center." If nothing else, his recent statements appear to confirm the view of the anti-racists that the wolf is at the door. Kofi, while reacting vigorously to Giscard's statement ("If anyone has a right to talk about invasions, it is my ancestors"), insists that the French scene is not more racist today than it has been in the recent past, and is probably less so.

THE HARD right is confusing, not to say contaminating, a serious social issue, Kofi believes, with talk about a "national identity" that is supposedly threatened by people whose only sin is to want to take part. It would make a lot more sense, he observes, to talk about "republican citizenship." That is the relevant criterion in the French tradition, from long before the republic. Historians generally agree that the idea of France as a place to which people assign their loyalty, rather than the home of a *Volk* to which people belong by blood, dates from the sixteenth century. This means, Kofi adds, that you have to insist on the rules, you have to instill civic virtue in school, and so forth.

In a sense Kofi Yamgnane is symbolic of a kind of "republican reaction" on the left, one that rejects any sort of concession to the ideology of "the right to be different." It is a view that only lately has been recognized by the mainstream of the Socialist Party, deeply influenced as that now-aging in-



© 1992 All-World Vintage Photos, Palm Beach, FL

now available!

Wartime Speeches of Winston Churchill

Historic recordings of his world broadcasts and speeches, 1939-1945
Powerful and inspiring

2 cassette set \$16.00 + 3.50 s/h
Visa, MC, Amex accepted
order toll-free 800.370.1066

DAVIS & CO.
P.O. Box 3816
Portland, Maine 04104
207.780.1607

satisfaction guaranteed

EUROPE SUMMER '92

The Shakespeare Institutes

Explore the world and works of Shakespeare;
Stay at 16th century Wroxton Abbey
by Stratford-upon-Avon
Study with staff from the Folger Library and
the Royal Shakespeare Company;
Attend three RSC productions at
Stratford-upon-Avon.

The New Europe

Integration, Democracy, Nationalism
Travel through the heart of a changing Europe;
Study with leading politicians, diplomats and
scholars in three locations:
Strasbourg, Karlovy Vary, Czech. and
Berlin;
Explore and enjoy local culture, folklore, and
gastronomy.

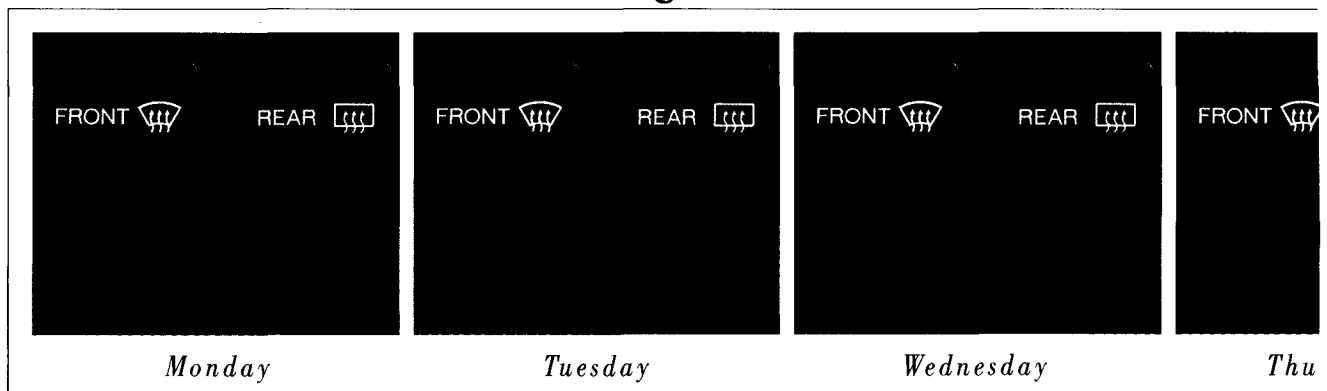
Board of Advisors, partial

Roland Barth
Lecturer in Education, Harvard Univ.
Rudolf Bewer
Founder, The John F. Kennedy School - Berlin
Joshua Milner, III
The Founding Trustee, Outward Bound, USA
Philip Niles
Professor of History, Carleton College

Distinctive Study Programs for Thoughtful Travelers

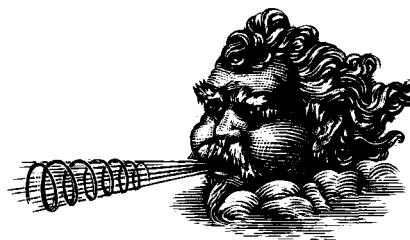
For more information write:
Adventures in Learning
Suite 2142, 1420 N.W. Gilman Blvd.
Issaquah, WA 98027
or call: 1-800-437-3488

Maybe It's Time You Injected Some Monotony Into Your Life.



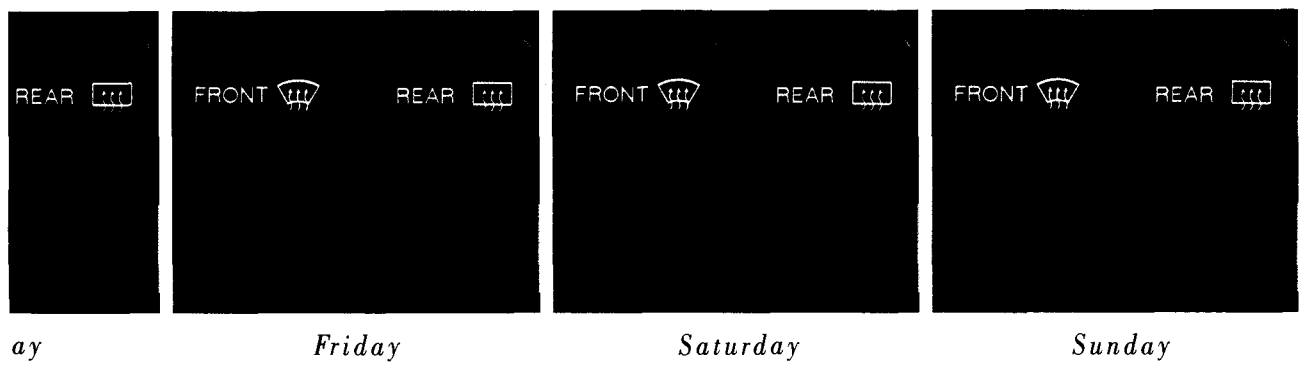
The ES 300

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose,
 the more things change, the more they remain the same. Lexus engineers are firm believers in this quip, at

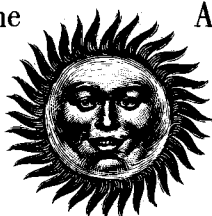


information. This information is then relayed to the climate control microprocessor, which has at its disposal sixteen air vents in order to either cool you down or warm you up.

The result? The weather may not be predictable, but



least when it comes to the way the automatic climate control of the Lexus



All this may sound highly technical (indeed it is), but it runs like a



the cabin of the Lexus ES300 surely is. Day in, day out, it's always the same old story. Which, when

Four sensors, including a solar sensor that can measure ambient light from the sun's rays, are used to help gather

readout is an illuminated liquid crystal display; the controls are large and conveniently placed; the airflow warms or

you think about it, is quite a pleasant surprise.



LEXUS
The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.



stitution likes to say it is by the “ideas of May 68.” Kofi’s view does, however, likely represent the deepest feelings of a solid majority of the French people, who are worried about their future and their children’s, and about the kind of country they will live in (as who is not?). So they may tell a telephone pollster that an allusion to odors, or a plan to send ’em home in chartered planes lest the country suffer an “invasion,” does not strike them as wicked. But they will enduringly recognize themselves in the kind of rhetoric that François Léotard, Giscard’s erstwhile lieutenant, threw at the former President in an essay that was published in *Le Monde* under the title “*Lâchetés*” (“Cowardice”):

From the Swiss Guards falling before the Tuileries, to the Foreign Legionnaires of all races fighting man-to-man in the ditches of Dien Bien Phu, including the Manoukian network [an allusion to a Second World War Resistance unit made up of immigrant workers], can we even count the numbers of those who, in dying for France, gave our people, by the blood they shed, far more than they received?

AS FOR KOFI, he says he will succeed in his new job “to the extent I render it unnecessary.” He believes that the problem is social, not racial, and that it can be solved by using reason and good will—values that deeply characterize him—rather than abstract and hysterical rhetoric about blood and invasions. He also feels very strongly, as do a great many of his compatriots, that the worst mistake the Socialists have made during their years in power has been to assume arrogantly that they have all the answers. Thus he has spent as much time in the provinces as in Paris, listening to people and finding (without surprise) that they are far more interested in being included in French society than in being “different” outside.

Speaking with me not long ago in improvised offices in a seventh-arondissement apartment (which is typical of the French habit of starting something first and worrying about the resources afterward), Kofi claimed, “It is not only immigrants of color who have problems, but everyone who is excluded from French society.” Although this argument runs the risk of drowning

the issue of race in a larger one, it contains at least one very strong point. It underscores the fact that French society has become less cohesive than it was a generation ago. Unexpected categories of people find themselves on the margins. If unemployed (or, for that matter, employed) young people do not know where they stand, why should immigrants from Mali or Senegal? Demographers point out that there are not proportionately (or, indeed, in some studies absolutely) more immigrants today than there were in the 1930s, when France last underwent a xenophobic scare. But in those days it was a relatively simple matter to turn Italians and Poles and Eastern European Jews into Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, because the schools and the labor unions and the Catholic Church offered institutional channels toward fitting in.

Despite his own Catholicism (he describes himself as a “Christian Democrat, with the emphasis, for political purposes, on Democrat, but with all the communal ethos that Christianity implies”), Kofi is well aware that the Church is not going to assimilate millions of non-Christians, particularly the Muslims. He is aware of the declining role of trade unions in French society—their negligible influence in the areas where new jobs are likely to be created. This leaves the schools.

Kofi reminds people that he supported the school authorities during the veil controversy. “There can be no compromise with the secular rules of the republic, beginning with the schools. Muslims must understand that France is a country where the laws of the republic apply to everyone, whatever his religion. On this basis we can talk about creating institutions that will allow Muslims to regulate religious life, just as such institutions exist for the Jewish community and just as there has been since the beginning of this century a concordat with the Church.” At present Islam is regulated by imams appointed by foreign governments—Algeria and Morocco are the most important. This extraordinary situation is a consequence of French guilt about the way France exited North Africa in the fifties and sixties, and although virtually everyone has agreed for many years that it should not continue, no one has dared to do anything about it. Kofi, supported by various official commissions that were created in the wake of

the veil controversy, has insisted on the necessity of returning to a “republican” norm for regulating Islam in France.

This tough-minded championing of the republican values of the left on which he was raised is accompanied by an unwillingness to let the right depict his side as soft on immigration. Even while heaping scorn on Giscard for his cynicism, Kofi has produced an unapologetic left-wing line on the issues, such as security and “control of one’s borders,” that the right was using as red flags. “Of course we are a land of welcome,” he said, “but we have no need to apologize for an immigration policy that would be governed by our own economic requirements.” This is not to reduce the matter to the National Front’s simplistic slogan “Two million immigrants out, two million fewer unemployed.” “There are sectors where we need to import labor,” Kofi explains, “and will for years to come—and not only at the low end.”

As to security, he has no compunction, as many leftists do, about telling young delinquents how much he despises them. “You will pay for your bad behavior,” he tells young people. “You will learn to follow the rules, or you will get out of this country if you are not citizens, or you will live in jail if you are.” He is not terribly surprised when young people respond positively.

Kofi Yamgnane is not a pie-in-the-sky good guy but, rather, a profoundly straight man. He is well aware, for example, that there are sections of French cities and suburbs that are in urgent need of rehabilitation, of social workers, of school equipment—investments that the bankrupt French government will be unable to provide in the near term. He is aware that a sensible labor policy requires intense coordination with a foreign-aid program, administered in close cooperation with the other Mediterranean countries of the European Community—Italy and Spain in particular—aimed at helping the countries of the Maghrib deal with the combined crises of high unemployment and explosive population growth.

None of this, it should be said, will get done tomorrow. It will not get done after tomorrow either. The French state is broke, and hardly has the money for ambitious foreign-aid programs. Cresson has had to retreat from the grand industrial-policy goals with which she entered office and, perhaps



taking a cue from Kofi, has proposed an apprenticeship and retraining program designed to attract unemployed or potentially unemployable young people to industry and the skilled trades. "There are lots of jobs that need doing," Kofi has said, "that would give young people a sense of doing meaningful work—and this is the real integration—and that would give old people a sense that they are not being shunted aside and neglected." He is referring here to a proposal that would get young people involved in home care for the elderly.

No doubt this will help, if it happens. It will not be enough, in the short term, to appease passions that have

been aroused by the neglect for too many years of the virtues on which the French believe they founded their republic. France is entering an electoral period, with "regionals" this spring, followed by "legislatives" next year, the whole thing driven by a presidential competition that, like our own, seems incessant. The context is not conducive to the sort of calm good will that the under-secretary of state for integration knows is needed. The Socialists have in the past muddied the waters by suggesting that immigrants should be allowed to vote in local elections—a tactic that has panicked, but also divided, their right-wing opponents. Kofi does not like this. "Voting is

a privilege and a duty of citizenship," he says. "That is what we have to talk about—citizenship. Work, duty, country. What is there in these words to scare the left?"

Nothing, really, and I believe that the French know this—they know it simply and they know it deeply. But how well the message gets across in a France that is worried about its future is a big question—a question that surely is not unrelated to the fortunes of my friend Kofi, the improbable black mayor of a little town in Brittany, most of whose inhabitants have blue eyes and a ruddy Celtic complexion, like the demagogue Jean-Marie Le Pen.

—Roger Kaplan

GILBEY'S® LONDON DRY GIN, 40% ALC. VOL., DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. BOTTLED BY W & A GILBEY, LTD., FRANKFORT, KY. © 1992 W & A GILBEY, LTD.

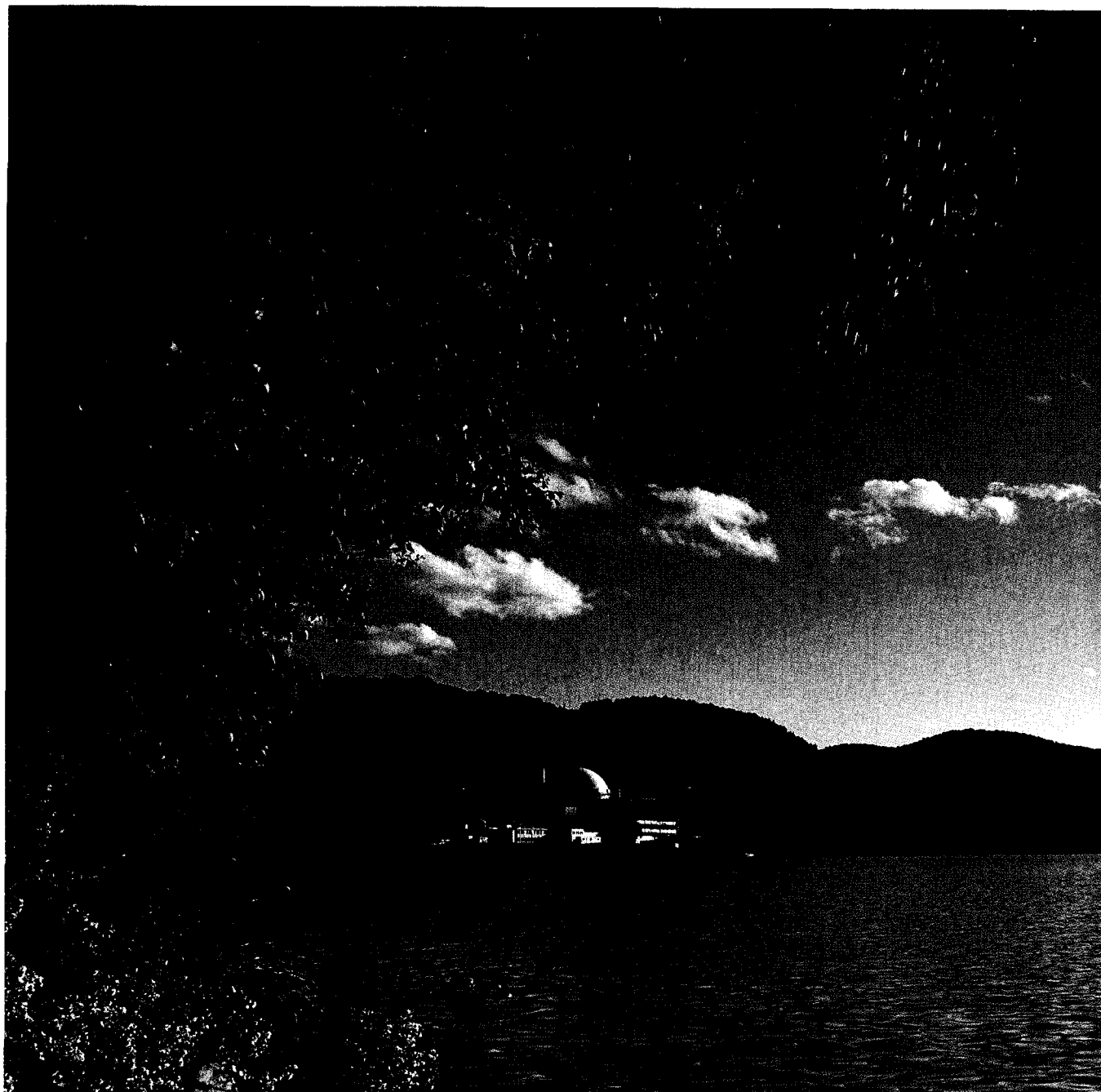
It shook up a nation.



MAKE RESPONSIBILITY PART OF YOUR ENJOYMENT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gilbey's. The Authentic Gin.™



Trees aren't the only plants that are good for the atmosphere.

Because nuclear plants don't burn anything to make electricity, nuclear plants don't pollute the air.

In fact, America's 111 operating nuclear electric plants displace other power sources and so reduce certain

airborne pollutants in the U.S. by more than 19,000 tons every day. Just as important, nuclear plants produce no greenhouse gases.

But more plants are needed—to help satisfy the nation's growing

need for electricity without sacrificing the quality of our environment. For a free booklet on nuclear energy, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 66080, Dept. HP29, Washington, D.C. 20035.

Nuclear energy means cleaner air.

With the long U.S. involvement in the Philippines about to end, The Atlantic, through the eyes of Mark Twain, looks back at the Philippine-American War of 1899–1902, a war that many Americans saw as not only a calamity for the Filipinos but also a betrayal of our anti-imperial past. Twain's angry essay serves to remind us that some of the assumptions that drove U.S. foreign policy in the Cold War—foremost among them that we should spread our way of life to the world—go back to a time before communism, and might therefore live on into a world without communism

MARK TWAIN ON AMERICAN IMPERIALISM

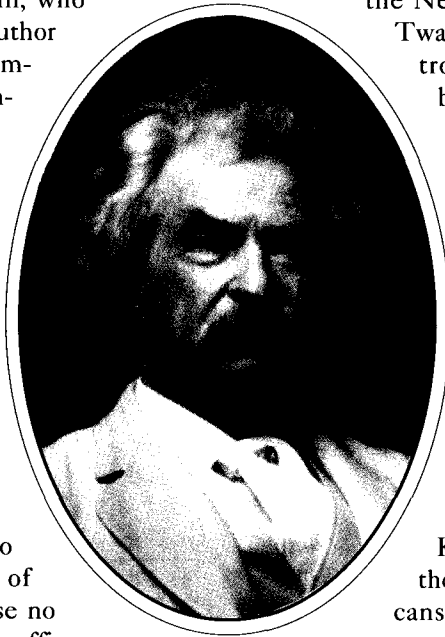
IN SEPTEMBER OF 1901 EDWIN WILDMAN, A WAR CORRESPONDENT, sent Mark Twain a copy of *Aguinaldo*, his biography of Emilio Aguinaldo, the Filipino guerrilla leader and the President of the new Philippine Republic, which U.S. soldiers were then about the business of crushing. Wildman hoped for an endorsement of his book by Twain, who was not only America's most famous author but also a vice-president of the Anti-Imperialist League—an organization of intellectuals and educators founded to protest U.S. annexation of the Philippines. Twain had just finished work on an essay called "The United States of Lyncherdom," and the reader can easily see the continuity of outrage between that piece and the review-essay printed below.

Unfortunately for Wildman, Twain's appreciation did not find its way into print. Twain finished it, but in February of 1902 carved out a slice (including the excerpt from Wildman's narrative which begins on page 62) to complete a third piece, "A Defence of General Funston," which was of course no defense but a satiric excoriation of the officer who had captured Aguinaldo by resorting to an ignoble trick. So his review of *Aguinaldo* was never published. What looked to be an uncompleted manuscript under that title sat in the Twain papers at the University of California at Berkeley for decades. Finally, in 1989, Jim Zwick, an independent researcher compiling an anthology of Twain's writings on the Philippine-American War, noticed that four pages in the Funston piece had canceled page numbers corresponding to the pages missing from the "Aguinaldo" typescript. He restored the

pages, and, ninety-one years too late to help sales of Wildman's book, *The Atlantic*, which first published one of Twain's stories in 1874, is pleased to present this previously unpublished essay.

In "Salutation Speech from the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth," which was distributed as a card by the New England Anti-Imperialist League, Twain wrote: "I bring you the stately matron called CHRISTENDOM—returning bedraggled, besmirched and dishonored from pirate raids in Kiaochow, Manchuria, South Africa and the Philippines; with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of boodle and her mouth full of pious hypocricies. Give her soap and a towel, but hide the looking-glass."

That the European branch of "Christendom" could not look in that glass for the horrors it had perpetrated while spreading "pity and science and progress," in Joseph Conrad's words, to the peoples Rudyard Kipling called "lesser breeds without the law" was taken for granted by Americans in the 1890s. They were imperialist powers; we were a republic. By definition, by tradition, by the pull of our heritage as an anticolonial people conceived in a revolution against an empire, we could not be imperialists. Then Cuban rebels launched an insurrection against Spanish colonial rule in Cuba, the battleship *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor, and the United States sent troops to Cuba to aid the rebels. Was this imperialism? Mark Twain didn't think so. "It is a worthy thing to fight for one's freedom," he wrote to a friend; "it is another sight finer to fight for another man's. And I think this is the first time it has been



done." But in the course of fighting the Spanish Empire, Admiral George Dewey sank the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, in May of 1898, and the Philippines, a Spanish possession for over 300 years, was ceded for the sum of \$20 million to the United States in the treaty ending the Spanish-American War. The United States was now the equal of the imperialist European powers: at last it had an overseas possession of its own. It was, as Twain said in a speech introducing the twenty-six-year-old Winston Churchill to a New York audience, "kin in sin" to the Europeans—and the nation's most celebrated writer was stirred to years of passionate dissent.

In "The Philippine Incident," Twain re-created the scene at President William McKinley's Cabinet meeting as word arrived of Dewey's victory.

Several questions were placed before the cabinet.

First. What is Manila? A town, continent, archipelago, or what? This was found difficult. Some members believed it was one of these things, some another. The President reserved his opinion.

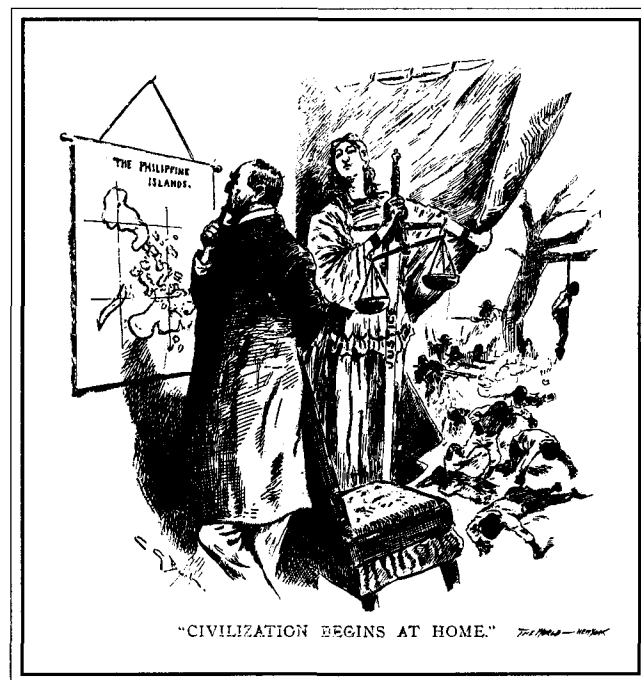
Second. Where was it? Some members thought it was somewhere, some thought it was elsewhere, others thought not. Again the President declined to commit himself.

A rebellion parallel to the one in Cuba had been going on against the Spanish authorities in the Philippines since 1896, but the native peoples of the islands were deemed incapable of self-rule, so in an act of "benevolent assimilation," to use McKinley's contemporary euphemism, the United States absorbed the Philippines and, in February of 1899, began a war of suppression against the Filipino "rebels" led by Emilio Aguinaldo.

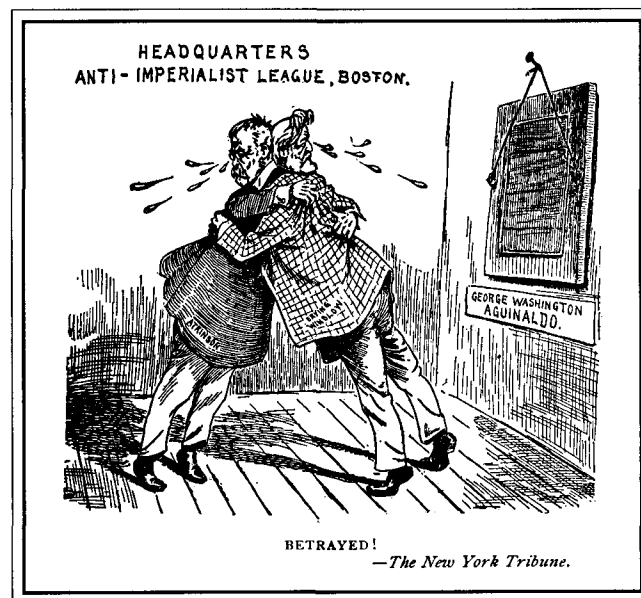
Twain described the war as "a mess, a quagmire." It was not the only foreshadowing of Vietnam and the Cold War to come out of a conflict that Twain and his associates in the Anti-Imperialist League saw as serving the twined interests of the "trusts" and the armed services, a pre-Cold War version of the military-industrial complex.

"I am opposed to having the eagle put its talons on any other land," Twain wrote. And he imagined a "person sitting in darkness" in the Philippines trying to understand how the United States had gone from playing the democratic "American Game" in Cuba to playing the imperialistic "European Game" in the Philippines. The person says to himself, "There must be two Americas: one that sets the captive free, and one that takes a once-captive's new freedom away from him, and picks a quarrel with him with nothing to found it on; then kills him to get his land." Eighty-odd years later the Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes would still be using the two-Americas trope to explain how it was that a nation free and democratic at home could so often act so wantonly abroad, and particularly among the countries of a hemisphere that it treated as its own.

The Philippine-American War lasted officially until



U.S. POLICY IN THE PHILIPPINES AS DEPICTED
IN EDITORIAL CARTOONS FROM 1898 (TOP) AND 1901



July of 1902, although fighting dragged on; perhaps as many as a million Filipinos died in combat and from war-related diseases. The fundamental question raised by the war, in Twain's view, was this: "Shall we go on conferring our Civilization upon the peoples that sit in darkness, or shall we give those poor things a rest?"

Aguinaldo tracks the life story of a man Twain compared to George Washington and Joan of Arc, and it relates the circumstances under which he was caught. Readers will be curious to know what happened to him after his capture. The rest of his story is simply told. After being held under house arrest until the war was over,

ever reached before in any age, even with flood and famine and massacre to help. Thirty thousand killed a million. It seems a pity that the historian let that get out; it is really a most embarrassing circumstance. Of course we do want military glory, but this is getting it by avalanche. With the achievement of our 30,000 before us we recognize that the renown of it can never fade from human history so long as wars shall remain the pastime and the admiration of men. It will take its rightful place, and live forever, in that wee small list of imperishable things--- the Things which Have Happened but Once.

Our first achievement must be Funstonism.

but not yet hopeless, etc.
 "The war was over"--end of 1890. A month later the mountain refuge of the defeated and now powerless Filipino chief was discovered. His army was gone, his Republic extinguished, his ablest statesman deported, his Generals all in their graves or prisoners of war. The memory of his worthy dream had entered upon a *historic* life, to be an inspiration less unfortunate patriots in other centuries; the dead beyond resurrection, though he could not.

Now came his capture. *An* admiring author. His account can be trusted, for it is correctly *made by him at the time* sy. Funston's own voluntary confession, *The italics*

"It was not until February, 1901, that his actual discovered. The clue was in the shape of a letter from manding his cousin, Baldormero Aguinaldo, to send him. + "Aguinaldo." By Edwin M. ...

TYPESCRIPT PAGE (LEFT) OF THE PORTION OF THE ESSAY PUBLISHED HERE WHICH TWAIN REMOVED, EDITED, AND PUBLISHED AS PART OF ANOTHER ESSAY, "A DEFENCE OF GENERAL FUNSTON." BELOW, A CARD DISTRIBUTED BY THE ANTI-IMPERIALIST LEAGUE, OF WHICH TWAIN WAS A VICE-PRESIDENT

A Salutation Speech from the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth

Taken down in shorthand by MARK TWAIN

"I bring you the stately matron called CHRISTENDOM—returning bedraggled, beamirched and dishonored from pirate raids in Kiaochow, Manchuria, South Africa and the Philippines; with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of boodle and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies. Give her soap and a towel, but hide the looking-glass."

Dec. 31, 1900.

Give her the glass; it may from error free her
 When she shall see herself as others see her.

Copies supplied by Albert S. Parsons, Lexington, Mass.

he retired to his village in Kawit and managed his family's plantations there for decades. In the 1930s he ran for the presidency of the Philippines, which by then had been promised independence by the United States, but he lost, and returned to obscurity. During the Second World War his understandable aversion to the United States led the Filipino George Washington briefly to become a Filipino Benedict Arnold, broadcasting Japanese propaganda to the besieged U.S. forces on Corregidor under the command of Douglas MacArthur, whose father, Arthur, as U.S. commander in the Philippines, had personally approved General Funston's treacherous

plan. Aguinaldo was not prosecuted after the war, and on Philippine Independence Day, July 4, 1946, he appeared in a parade carrying the revolutionary flag that he had first raised in 1898, against the Spanish. For almost half a century he had worn a black bow tie, in mourning for the Philippine Republic of 1899. That day he took it off. He lived until 1964, dying just short of his ninety-fifth birthday.

Sometime this year the United States is scheduled to withdraw from Subic Bay, which became its principal naval installation in the Philippines in 1901, the year Twain's essay was written.

"THIRTY THOUSAND KILLED A MILLION"

BY MARK TWAIN

I. Aguinaldo*

THE PHILIPPINES ARE OURS, THE INCIDENT IS CLOSED; but whether we like their late President or dislike him, he is still an interesting figure, and Mr. Wildman's book should find a welcome with us all. The book is not friendly to Aguinaldo; but no matter, the author struggles to be just to him, and there is large merit in that. The struggle is not always successful, but frequently it is; sometimes it misses the victory by only the closest shave—misses it by the mere shading of a word. For instance, the subtitle of the book is "A Narrative of Filipino Ambitions." When we consider that by the evidences laid before us in the book itself these "ambitions" were identical with those of Washington, Tell, Joan of Arc, the Boers, and certain other persons whose names are written large in honorable history and whose ideals are held in reverence by the best men and women of all the civilizations, we recognize that the word is by a shade unjust, and that it should have been raised the thickness of that shade to a fairer and more gracious altitude and rechristened "aspirations." That uncourteous word "ambitions" slipped out of Mr. Wildman's heart—which it would not have done if his head had been noticing.

But in spite of his prejudices—which are almost overfrank and cordial—he has given us a vivid and living presentment of Aguinaldo, and even the unfriendliest spectator can perceive that it is a remarkable figure.

II. An Incurable

ON PAGE 14 WE FIND THIS CONCISE SKETCH OF AGUINALDO as a boy.

Aguinaldo was born some thirty-two years ago (about 1869) in Cavite Viejo. His father was a native of the farmer class, whose principal employment consisted in selling vegetables to the Spanish and native inhabitants of Cavite. Being a man of more than average ability, and possessing considerable force of character, he rose to some little local prominence among his townsmen, and was thrice elected mayor of his native borough. Aguinaldo's mother was a Mestiza, her father being a Chinaman, of whom I have heard it said, he was a descendant of a Mandarin of considerable influence and power in China. From this celestial lineage Aguinaldo

also probably inherited his craft and stoical demeanor.

His early life was spent on the farm or running about the streets playing with the native children of the neighborhood. He never learned Spanish sufficiently to converse fluently. When he became of suitable age he attended the Tagalog school at Cavite, where only the most meagre rudiments of education were taught. With this limited preparation he went to Manila and spent part of three years taking a secondary course of instruction in the Jesuit school of Santa Thomas, "without any benefit to himself," said Archbishop Nozelada in speaking of Aguinaldo. The reflection, however, may be applied, I think, with equal justice upon the school, for Aguinaldo showed himself quick to learn, and there was no school under the Spanish system in which a Filipino, unless a rich half-caste, was encouraged to perfect his knowledge. Popular education was discouraged. Ignorance was at a premium. The Spanish denied the Filipino the remotest semblance of equality. It was many years before a Filipino dared to put on shoes or stockings, to wear his shirt inside his trousers—even to learn Spanish.

It is clearly limned, and we can see him. Grandson of a Chinaman, a race held in aversion out there—one handicapped. Son of a peasant vegetable-peddler—another. Not fluent in the tongue of the masters of the country, under whose jealous guard was the one existing ladder to advancement—another. Allowed but a mean and meager schooling by the masters of the land—another. "Denied the remotest semblance of equality" with the master race—another. Barefoot by compulsion, and not even allowed any authority over the southern extension of his own shirt—certainly another.

Where would a bright but uneducated American, English, or German young fellow have arrived—at twenty-one, twenty-five, twenty-eight, thirty-one—under the drag of these all-comprehensive disabilities? Is that the question? Is that a competent basis from which to project our estimate of the subject of this biography? It is not. The situation is not possible, and so we cannot realize it, cannot make it live before us. Will a New England kitchen-garden Negro youth furnish us a workable basis? No. We have the right and realizable basis, but it is not there. We must choose a Negro in a Gulf state, where his race is despised, detested, and kept down with a master hand.

*Aguinaldo, by Edwin Wildman. Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Co., 1901.

So, then, in estimating Aguinaldo and his work, large or small, and the weight of such faults as we may find in his character, we must diligently and constantly imagine him a Negro youth from a Gulf state; otherwise we shall measure him by an unfair standard, and fail to get at the rightful stature and just proportions of his merit. On page 16 I find (the italics are mine)

Aguinaldo showed himself to be a young man of more than ordinary spirit. Hardly was he of age before he became Captain Municipal of Cavite. In the Spanish civil list of 1895 I also found his name registered as Captain Municipal of Cavite. So he twice took the oath of office *under the Spanish*. I am told that the second appointment was given him in order to wean him over to the Spanish rule, for he began to show *strength as a leader*, and his connection with the secret Katipunan Society became known.

His father was dead, his mother must be cared for, and he had to go to peddling onions and garlic himself, and he did it.

In order to keep our standard in view, we note that when he is hardly of age the Negro lad has already climbed to a high civic post in his (say) Alabama town—and *by consent of the whites*. It is an achievement which we are not permitted to regard as a small thing. In his twenty-sixth year he is occupying that post again—and still by consent of the race by whom his own is despised, obstructed, and hated.

We should divine that love did not put him in that place; the book has indicated a more likely influence: he is become a force to be reckoned with and kept in a good humor; he is showing strength as a leader in his people's revolutionary organization. The book explains that this society was a "very exalted and honorable union, and had become very powerful." It was a league of patriots. Its hope and purpose were to free the country of the bitter tyrannies and shames which had been inflicted upon the helpless nation by the official Spaniards and the friars during three hundred years. The book is not respectful toward the crude symbols and ritual of the Katipunan and the vulgar superstitions connected with them, but a high-

er order of things would have gone over those people's heads, for the friars had kept them ignorant and degraded and had made superstition a second nature with them. The leaders chose to use the most effective material at hand, and their wisdom was justified by the results—the society was "powerful." Its purposes and intentions were worthy of all respect; its methods and externals must be judged by the standards of the time and place, not by ours or heaven's—which are much the same, no doubt.

"Although the friars opposed the Society *with relentless violence, arresting, torturing and banishing suspects*"—even mere suspects, you see—the patriot blood was up, the people took their medicine like men, and the Katipunan prospered and grew.

I have italicized these words with a purpose. For a year or two we have been accustomed to hearing the cruelties and murders practiced by the Katipunan immeasurably denounced, and I wish to put the real blame where it belongs. The pupils were not worse than the friars who taught them these things. And they were not worse than were our Christian Ku Klux gangs of a former time, nor than are our churchgoing Negro-burners of today. And these native-American torturers and assassins have not the Katipunan's excuse, for *they* had no teachers; they in-

vented their brutalities themselves.

Although numerous arrests were made and "suspects" tortured, the conspiracies against the government grew, rather than diminished. Aguinaldo was one of the foremost of the incorrigibles. The Spanish governor employed spies and the friars to obtain incriminating evidence against him, but they failed in ferreting out and proving their suspicions against him and the men whom they believed to be the heads of the insurrectionary element.

He was "one of the foremost of the incorrigibles"—and was to remain so. The tortures and banishments broke the spirit of weaker men from time to time and they gave up, but he never did. It marks *character*. In an Alabama Negro, so to speak—or in any man, for that matter.

He baffled the spies and the friars, and kept his skin. It



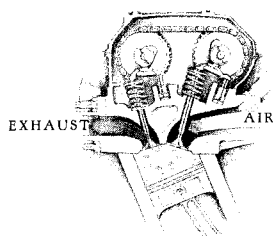
EMILIO AGUINALDO, 1898

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

THE 6TH UNWRITTEN LAW
OF DRIVING

WHERE THERE'S A HILL THERE'S A MOTOR HOME.

DUAL OVERHEAD CAMS.
MORE AIR MORE FUEL MORE BANG
MORE POWER.



The new Isuzu Trooper has been thoughtfully redesigned to include a powerful 190 horse, dual overhead cam,

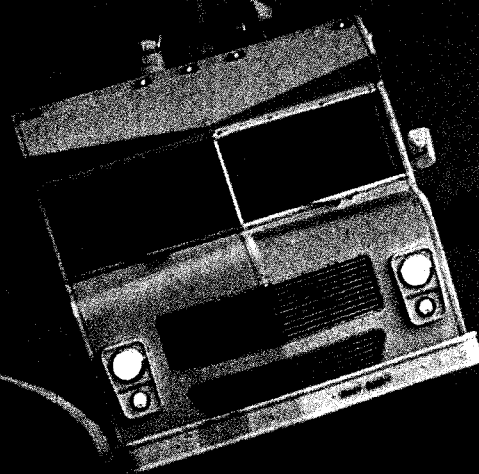
24-valve V6 engine*, which can eat up a stretch of highway pretty quick.

Even that steep part. You know, the one that every slow moving vehicle in the world knows you're going to be on so they go there just to irritate you?

Well, dust'em with that new

Trooper of yours.


ISUZU
Practically/Amazing



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*LS model. Always wear a seat belt. And please, treat the environment with respect. Available in Mexico only. ©1997

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suggests alertness, intelligence, fertility of resource and invention.

Further along the book says there was "a plot in which the five Katipunan leaders proposed to organize an expedition, sack the Cavite convents, secure the arms hidden there by the priests, and arouse the people to revolution."

The plot leaked out, but got no further than to one enemy, a Spanish sergeant. "It is reported" that Aguinaldo proposed a lot-drawing to elect a man to dispose of the sergeant, and drew the long straw himself; and the man was found dead in the morning—stabbed. An ancient custom of the country, and it can have happened. By our standards we cannot approve it. We have to judge it by Napoleon-Enghein standards and by the standards of the friars and the Spaniards, and remember that the sergeant had many men's necks in a halter and that the wisdom of stopping to pray over guidance was doubtful. We should not have done it, but those people out there have not had our advantages.

The friars, however, were Aguinaldo's deadly enemies, as they were irrevocably against the Katipunan. A trap was set, and he was arrested as a "suspect." But before they were able to initiate him in their methods of extracting information and administering punishment, he escaped incognito to Hong Kong, where, passing himself off as a Chinaman, he enlisted in the Marine Police, a body of harbor guards made out of Chinese subjects of the English colonial government.

They keep the young Alabama "nigger" moving; he gets plenty of exercise. Do not wince at the word; I note that many of our people out there use it to describe the Filipino.

Against the powerful Katipunan organization the friars pitted the confessional, proclaiming that the vows of the order were anti-Christian, and could not be reserved in the confession. But so vicious and cruel was the persecution that followed, that the Tagalog, though Catholic in faith, defied the edict of the archbishop and clung to the vows of the Katipunan. The friars employed the confessional to frighten women into betraying their husbands, and enlisted native spies to join the order and learn the secrets of the priests. In this manner they succeeded in informing themselves of the inten-

tions and movements of the organization, and shrewdly attempted to arouse religious natives against the order, warning them that to join the Katipunan was to insure their eternal damnation. But all their threats and machinations were in vain. The organization grew in numbers and power, the friars implored the officials to take active measures against it, and arrests and tortures followed, the friars being ever ready to administer the punishment.

Aguinaldo came back now. The authorities were "thoroughly aroused," and were "executing *hundreds* of suspects" on the public common outside of Manila. The head of the revolution "advised caution and urged the leaders to abandon their immature plans to overthrow the Spanish authority." According to the book, "it is told" that Aguinaldo assassinated him, took the headship himself, and ordered an instant attack on the priests' houses and outlying military posts. Thus "the outbreak of 1896 was precipitated before the Spanish militia could interfere"—good military sense, apparently. Then

Aguinaldo swept through Cavite province, being reenforced by native Spanish guards who revolted. Thousands of Filipinos, armed with bolos, bamboo spears, and bows and arrows, eagerly joined in the raid to avenge their wrongs, punish the friars,

and share in the plunder of war.

Following up his first victory, he captured the villages of San Francisco de Malabon, Novelete, and Silan, and established headquarters at Imus. The Spanish general Aguirra, with two companies of infantry, a troop of cavalry, and two field-guns, attempted to dislodge him, but was successfully repulsed with considerable loss. The young chieftain then took affairs into his own hands, and organized and equipped an army with remarkable rapidity.

There, now, the untaught and untrained young Alabama Negro (so to call him), something over twenty-six years old, is launched. With his rabble of peasant patriots armed with obsolete antiquities he has stood up against trained soldiers, equipped with formidable modern arms and commanded by a Spanish general, and has held his own.

He is the civil and military head of his nation now, and is to remain so until a nation of 75 million people, grown



THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX, 1901

Electricity May Be The Best Chance We Have Of Getting Where We Want To Go.

Transportation is one of the glories of our century. We travel faster, farther and more comfortably than at any previous

ries of rapid travel, while reducing environmental impact.

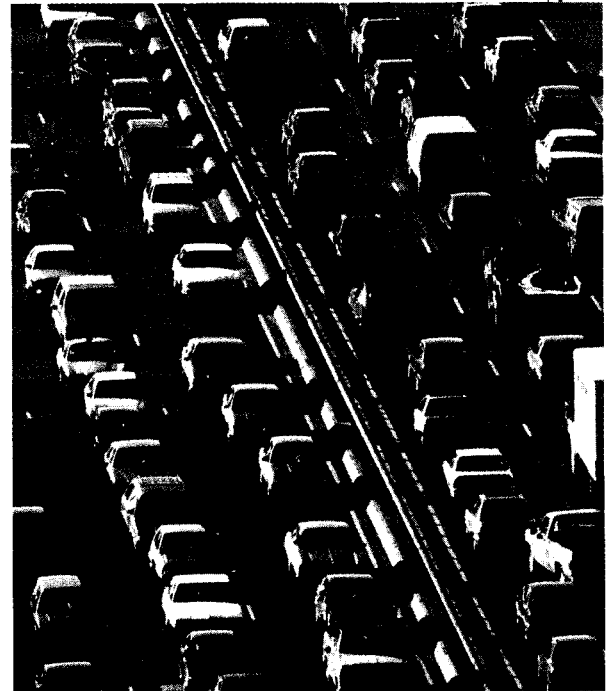
Electric vehicles will use half the energy of today's models, while cutting emissions by as much as 50% to 98%. The same

holds true for electrically powered buses, trains, vans and light rail systems.

The technological capability is here, ready to be tested, refined and implemented. We need not sacrifice quality of

life or quality of transport to

maintain quality of our environment. Electricity can take us anywhere we want to go. For more information, call the Edison Electric Institute at 1-800-438-8334 or, in Washington, at (202) 508-5002.

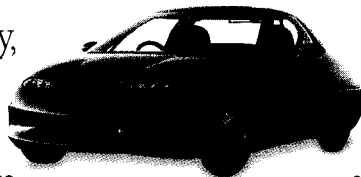


Electric trains will significantly reduce emissions levels. Yet as we enjoy

advances in transportation technology, we must remain sensitive to their impact on our environment.

That's why the electric utility industry, along with the automotive industry, is de-

veloping innovative technologies that retain the glo-



Electric vehicles use half the energy of today's models, while cutting emissions by as much as 50% to 98%.

 **ELECTRICITY**
Taking you into the future.

tired of trying to dislodge him by legitimate military methods, shall at last accomplish it by methods of another sort.

III. *The Spanish Betrayal*

FROM THE BOOK:

Spanish garrisons were attacked by overwhelming numbers of natives, and arms and ammunition seized, strongholds and public property confiscated and burned, and riot and incendiarism was rampant throughout Luzon.

No less vicious were the Spanish troops. Large detachments were sent out of Manila and routed the insurgents, bayoneting the prisoners *and non-combatants*, and murdering the population *without regard to age or sex*. The Spaniards pushed the Insurgents as far north as Nueve Ecija, and in the heaviest engagement of the insurrection, succeeded in temporarily repulsing Aguinaldo's forces. The Spanish General Nunez was carried off the field severely wounded.

The rainy season stopped operations now. When it was ended, the war was fiercely resumed.

Aguinaldo gained ground fast. His purposes were not hidden under a bushel. He made "demands"—and they were of a sort to commend them to our high respect and to our warm sympathy.

These were: the expulsion of the friars and the return of the land that they had occupied; parliamentary representation in the Cortes; freedom of the press; equality in treatment and in pay with the Spanish officials; abolition of the power to banish citizens; and legal equality of all people in civil and criminal proceedings.

Aguinaldo then issued a manifesto setting forth his first cry for independence and demanding the expulsion of the friars from the Islands.

According to the book, Aguinaldo was in these days showing "*such ability as an organizer*, that the Spanish officials began to cast about for a means of checking his power."

It is a considerable compliment.

The Spanish officials did not succeed in that project. On the contrary, Aguinaldo carried his revolutionary war against Spain to a successful conclusion and *compelled a peace with that ancient European power*, on terms granting to his people the several liberties which in their name he had demanded.

It is certainly a creditable achievement for a young fellow who started life under all the obstructing disadvantages of his fellow unfortunate the despised young Negro of Alabama.

From Spain he got everything for his people, nothing for himself—except banishment. He consented to that. He had broken that heartless tyranny of three hundred years, and set his people free. That was enough. Washington, Joan of Arc, or any of that great breed would

have gone happy into banishment on the same terms.

Spain did not keep her engagement. When did she ever keep one? The patriot leaders gone, the patriot army back in its work fields, she put on the old tyrannies as savagely as ever. And woke up the spirit of patriotism again, of course. The insurrection broke out anew.

IV. *Enter the United States*

THE BOOK NOW ARRIVES AT MANILA WITH THE UNITED STATES. We fetch the exile home in a warship to help us take Manila. His heart is full of gratitude to us, and he speaks it out frankly and feelingly; his great dreams for his country are about to be realized once more, and made permanent this time, as he thinks.

He was now in military alliance with Dewey against a common enemy. Senate Document 62—it is Dewey who speaks: "I never treated him as an ally, except to make use of him and the other natives to assist me in my operations against the Spaniards."

"Except." The alliance was not religious, not social, not literary. It was strictly limited, sharply definite. It was a military alliance. It was never anything but that. Dewey says so himself.

The partners were to pool their capital of blood, life, and treasure, and spend it in the joint enterprise. As to what was to be done with the dividend, in case one resulted, the senior partner was reticent. The junior partner had an idea of what his share ought to be, and that idea had gone to our Secretary of State from our consul at Singapore twenty-one days before Aguinaldo's arrival in Manila; therefore there could be no occasion for uneasiness while waiting for our government's response—*vide* Senate Document 62, official: "The General (Aguinaldo) further stated that he hoped the United States would assume protection of the Philippines for *at least long enough to allow the inhabitants to establish a government of their own.*"

It was what we stood pledged to do in Cuba—therefore there was no occasion to be uneasy; our character was good and we could be depended upon to act in the same way in the Philippines as we were acting in Cuba.

Two months after Aguinaldo's arrival at Manila, Major Bell placed his character and standing before General Merritt, our new commander-in-chief, in an official report, Senate Document 62: "Honest, sincere, and poor; not well educated, but a natural leader of men, with considerable shrewdness and ability; has the power of creating among the people confidence in himself, and is undoubtedly a very popular man, highly respected by all."

A natural leader of men, honest, sincere, and highly respected by all—by everybody.

Consul Pratt, in an official dispatch (quoted in Senate Document 62), says of him that he "enjoyed above all others the confidence of the Filipino insurgents and the respect alike of Spaniards and foreigners in the islands, all of whom vouched for his high sense of justice and honor."

Even exile did not impair the authority of his leadership; from his retreat in Singapore he still directed his revolution (Consul Pratt, in Senate Document 62). And he had the natural leader's eye for selecting capable subordinates. Consul General Wildman, brother of our author, officially reports him and two of his associates as being "men who would all be leaders in their separate departments in any country."

Aguinaldo and a number of his chiefs arrived at Manila in a warship of ours on May 19, 1898; we received them well, and they went to work. They did good fighting, and by the end of twenty-seven days they had achieved the investment of the city on the land side "so completely that all supplies were cut off" (General Greene, Senate Document 62). Even General Otis was willing to concede, officially, that during three and a half months Dewey and the insurgents on land "had kept Manila tightly bottled."

Manila was captured in the second week of August. Our author offers this testimony:

The services of the insurgents were valuable; they made our victory over the weak colonial forces of the Island easy, and therefore deserved, at that time, more consideration than they received.

There is plenty of official American evidence in Senate Document 62 to establish the truth of both of these statements.

Then followed the estrangement. It became serious in time, and resulted in war between us and Aguinaldo's government five and a half months after the taking of Manila.

V. "The People Worshipped Him"

FOR HE HAD A GOVERNMENT, AND WAS THE HEAD OF IT—by acclamation, as one may fairly say. He was President and Generalissimo, he was even Dictator during the first few days—five, to be exact. He had his government in good shape and working order within a month after his arrival, and nearly two months before the capture of

ANTI-IMPERIALIST HOMECOMING

MARK TWAIN'S HOMECOMING from Europe on October 15, 1900, was a national event. He was among the country's most famous personalities, and, because he had lived abroad for nearly ten years and traveled extensively, was considered a popular authority on foreign affairs. The following interview appeared in *The New York World* the day before his arrival.

You ask me about what is called imperialism. Well, I have formed views about that question. I am at the disadvantage of not knowing whether our people are for or against spreading themselves over the face of the globe. I should be sorry if they are, for I don't think that it is wise or a necessary development. As to China, I quite approve of our Government's action in getting free of that complication. They are withdrawing, I understand, having done what they wanted. That is quite right. We have no more business in China than in any other country that is not ours. There is the case of the Philippines. I have tried hard, and yet I cannot for the life of me comprehend how we got into that mess. Perhaps we could not have avoided it—perhaps it was inevitable that we should come to be fighting the natives of those islands—but I cannot understand it, and have never been able to get at the bot-

tom of the origin of our antagonism to the natives. I thought we should act as their protector—not try to get them under our heel. We were to relieve them from Spanish tyranny to enable them to set up a government of their own, and we were to stand by and see that it got a fair trial. It was not to be a government according to our ideas, but a government that represented the feeling of the majority of the Filipinos, a government according to Filipino ideas. That would have been a worthy mission for the United States. But now—why, we have got into a mess, a quagmire from which each fresh step renders the difficulty of extrication immensely greater. I'm sure I wish I could see what we were getting out of it, and all it means to us as a nation.



"THE AMERICAN LION OF ST. MARK'S"

(From Mark Twain's *Weapons of Satire*, edited by Jim Zwick, forthcoming from Syracuse University Press.)

Manila. A dictatorship is a rather formidable power to put into any man's hands, but this one's people had every confidence in him, and he never lost that confidence or betrayed it. Consul General Wildman explained to our government (Senate Document 62) that the dictatorship was necessary to the success of our alliance with Aguinaldo.

He organized a government of which he was Dictator, an absolutely necessary step if he hoped to maintain control over the natives, and from that date until the present time (July 18) he has been uninterruptedly successful in the field and dignified and just as the head of his government.

"Uninterruptedly successful in the field": it indicates creditable soldiership. "Dignified and just": apparently he knows the dues of his high position. As to what it was he was governing and what strength he had at his disposal for the needs of the situation, our author is able to offer this testimony:

Aguinaldo had kept together his army of from thirty thousand to forty thousand men, had equipped them from all possible sources; had taken up the reins of the Spanish government and *controlled the Island of Luzon outside of Manila*; had complete telegraphic communication with the chieftains of the provinces; had uniformed his troops and established a revolutionary government which was apparently acceptable to the Filipinos of the Island.

As we see, his government held dominion over the Island of Luzon outside of the city of Manila. That island (57,000 square miles) is somewhat larger than the state of New York (49,000 square miles). On page 363 our author estimates its population at about six million. The population of the state of New York is also about six million.

General Anderson, our first commander-in-chief out there, enlarges the dominion of Aguinaldo's government far beyond these limits. According to him, it covered substantially all the 1,200 islands and their ten or twelve million inhabitants: "We held Manila and Cavite. The rest of the island was held not by the Spaniards, but by the Filipinos. On the other islands the Spaniards were confined to two or three fortified towns."

Finally, as to the character of the government, something more than three months after Aguinaldo assumed the reins as President, and six weeks after the capture of Manila, Paymaster W. B. Wilcox of our Navy, and Mr. Leonard R. Sargent, a naval cadet, began a journey in Luzon which covered much territory and cost two months of their time. Mr. Sargent says of the Filipino government (*Outlook*, September 2, 1899),

It cannot be denied that in a region occupied by many millions of inhabitants, for nearly six months it stood alone between anarchy and order. . . . We traveled more than six hundred miles in a very comprehensive circuit through the northern part of the Island of

Luzon, traversing a characteristic and important district. In this way we visited seven provinces. . . . As a tribute to Aguinaldo's government and to the law-abiding character of his subjects, I offer the fact that Mr. Wilcox and I pursued our journey throughout in perfect security, and returned to Manila with only the most pleasing recollections of the quiet and orderly life which we found the natives to be leading under the new regime.

It was evidently a good and wise and capable government. We haven't a better one even in the city of New York (September 1, 1901), although we live under the latest and most effective form of dictatorship and have our tried and trained Mr. Croker upon its throne.

We arrive now at the final question: Was the President of the Filipino Republic satisfactory to his people? Did they think well of him? The author of this biography says, "The people worshipped him and covered his path with flowers, the children dropped on their knees at his approach and the natives doffed their hats in reverence."

We do no more for our Mr. Croker. Remark, on page 161, "Aguinaldo made triumphal tours in the cities along the railroad line, his appearance arousing the Filipinos to a fervor resembling religious frenzy."

These two quoted paragraphs exactly describe the way the adoring peasants acted toward the young girl Joan of Arc, Restorer of the Liberties of France, when she made her historic march down the borders of the Loire, leaving peace and contentment behind her where only war and misery had been known for eighty years.

Joan of Arc and Aguinaldo were peasant-born and poor, uneducated and obscure, without friends and without influence, in the beginning. They were sincere, honorable, just; both wrought for the same great ideal, both earned the trust of their peoples, both had it to the full—even to worship—and kept it to the end. For the cause the one suffered death, the other a harder fate—life, with captivity.

VI. *Before the Fall*

AGUINALDO'S RISE, FROM BIRTH AND BOYHOOD TO THE summit of his career, now stands clearly outlined before the reader. The materials have been furnished not by friends and admirers of him and the cause for which he labored but almost exclusively by witnesses who disapproved of both.

These are all reputable witnesses. They are American consuls, American commanders-in-chief, a major in the American Army—all these speaking officially to our government except in the case of General Anderson, who spoke through the *North American Review*—and added to these we have the testimony of a naval cadet and that of the author of this biography. As is right and fair, we have judged this career by a standard which infinitely enhances the difficulties in its way and adds to its several achieve-

ments a due and legitimate luster far beyond what could be claimed for them if they had been the work of a man who had started upon his mission with the average white lad's equipment of education, political equality, social position, and dignity of birth. He started with only such chances as a southern Negro lad has today, and climbed up, step by step, to the rulership of a nation and the unshared authority over its armed forces. Not any other person in history, ancient or modern, Christian or pagan, began upon so humble and obstructed a plain and climbed to the like summit. If nothing else shall preserve Aguinaldo's name, this curious and picturesque fact will do it; and not even the sponge of ten centuries will be able to wipe it from that little list of names which the dramatic instinct in man moves him to store up and permanently keep—the little list of names connected with *Things Which Have Happened But Once*.

VII. *Two Years of War*

THE WAR BETWEEN US AND THE FILIPINOS BROKE OUT in the first week of February, 1899. Month after month the fighting continued. While our historian's hostile feeling toward Aguinaldo and his people is constant and candid, he does not allow it to blind him to their merits, but scatters many good words for them through his narrative. I will do him the justice to quote several of them. He records the fact that at the end of August, Aguinaldo *released all his American prisoners*. A month later (Mr. Wildman is speaking of some others whom Aguinaldo had returned to us) we have this remark:

The prisoners said that they had been well treated, been fed on chicken, beef, pork, fish, bread, vegetables, and all the fruit they could eat, and had been given twenty cents a day for tobacco. "They treated us like kings," was the remark of one of the men.

This after five months of war, and a losing fight against stronger fighters. For an uncivilized race, incapable of governing themselves—according to our verdict—this is very well, and promises that we shall be able to make something creditable out of this material in the course of time. They kept up this sort of behavior to the end, and did not become hardened and cruel through continuous and monotonous defeat: "The testimony of the released soldiers, both at that time and subsequently, until our troops drove the Filipino army pell-mell into the mountains, was creditable to Aguinaldo's command."

If they did not win victories they were at least brave and enterprising:

At Angeles the insurgents vigorously attacked our outposts, indifferent to the fact that we had over 4,000 men there. . . . The natives rushed into the town and fought in the streets, but were driven back after an almost hand-to-hand encounter. . . . After several daring

charges up the zig-zag trail, the Americans routed the insurgents and killed the audacious little General Gregorio del Pilar, who, though a mere boy, was one of Aguinaldo's most trusted brigadiers.

We drove them, and still drove them, giving them no rest for the soles of their feet. And now their patriotism and their devotion get this compliment; history has paid to a broken and defeated enemy and a lost cause few finer ones:

But in spite of the onward march of our troops; in spite of a hundred defeats and not a victory; in spite of the superiority of our army, our equipment and our tactics; in spite of argument, unwritten armistices, and the generous treatment of their families and relatives and prisoners, and the preservation and restoration of their property, the employment of their people in civil and military capacities, and in the face of disaster and death, they remained uncompromising and defiant, their government annihilated, their army fugitives, and their people poverty-stricken and bowed down with the sorrows and misfortunes of war.

They were patriots; they were fighting for their country's independence, the highest and noblest of all causes, and that is an inspiration which is able to lift up even little people and make them fine and great. "Aguinaldo refused to become reconciled. . . . 'I have sworn (he said in a letter to a friend in Manila) that as long as life lasts I shall labor until I gain the acknowledgment of the independence of the Philippines.'"

One by one the subordinate leaders were captured and taken to Manila—all but Aguinaldo. He was shut up in a limited area in the mountains, "but it was not until February 1901 that his actual hiding-place was discovered."

The discovery was made in February of 1901. The war was already over. "It was over before the year 1901 saw birth." It had lasted two years.

VIII. *"Thirty Thousand Killed a Million"*

IN HIS CHAPTER XIX OUR HISTORIAN SUMS UP ITS COSTS. In money it had cost us "several hundred millions of dollars." Add the dead (the italics are mine): "It took the lives of *four thousand* American boys to establish American sovereignty," and "It is impossible to estimate [the Filipino] loss on the field, but one officer has estimated it at *one-sixth of the population*, which would be *over a million*."

We can accept the figures of our loss as correct, for the official record was at hand. As Mr. Wildman makes no comment upon the estimated Filipino loss, we must conclude that he has convincing reasons for believing it to be trustworthy.

One million. We have had as many as 60,000 men out there at a time—but not in the field. Half were in the field, possibly, but not more; of the other half many were in hospital, the rest were distributed everywhere on garrison duty. *Thirty thousand killed a million*. They must



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

FILIPINO CASUALTIES IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA, 1899

have killed all; a population of six million can by no possibility furnish more than one million fighting men. *Thirty thousand killed a million.* In eighteen months. It is 100 percent of the opposing force. And all killed dead in the field. It is 85 percent above any figure ever reached before in any age, even with flood and famine and massacre to help. *Thirty thousand killed a million.* It seems a pity that the historian let that get out; it is really a most embarrassing circumstance.

Of course we do want military glory, but this is getting it by avalanche.

With the achievement of our 30,000 before us, we recognize that the renown of it can never fade from human history so long as wars shall remain the pastime and the admiration of men. It will take its rightful place, and live forever, in that wee small list of imperishable things—the Things Which Have Happened But Once.

IX. *To Live Forever Upon the List*

THE WAR WAS OVER—END OF 1900. A MONTH LATER THE mountain refuge of the defeated and now powerless Filipino chief was discovered. His army was gone, his

republic extinguished, his ablest statesman deported, his generals all in their graves or prisoners of war. The memory of his worthy dream had entered upon a deathless life, to be an inspiration to less unfortunate patriots in other centuries; the dream itself was dead beyond resurrection.

Now came his capture. Our admiring author shall tell us about it. His account can be trusted, for it is correctly synopsisized from General Funston's own voluntary confession.

It was not until February, 1901, that his actual hiding-place was discovered. The clew was in the shape of a letter from Aguinaldo commanding his cousin, Baldormero Aguinaldo, to send him four hundred armed men, the bearer to act as a guide to the same. The order was in cipher, but among other effects captured at various times a copy of the Insurgent cipher was found. The Insurgent courier was convinced of the error of his ways (though by exactly what means, history does not reveal), and offered to lead the way to Aguinaldo's place of hiding. Here was an opportunity that suggested an adventure equal to anything in penny-awful fiction. It was just the kind of a dare-devil exploit that appealed to the ro-



THERE'S A PLACE IN THIS WORLD FOR UNUSUAL PEOPLE.
ADELPHI.

Approximately 12.6 million high school seniors will be applying to college this year.

Approximately six or seven hundred of them look at this magazine every now and then.

Approximately fifty or sixty check out the ads.

And maybe four or five, at best, bother reading them.

Congratulations. You're part of that last group. This is an ad for you.

Being significantly different from the average American high school student, perhaps you'll be interested in a significantly different university:

A school that questions the value of a typical 20th century college education as much as you probably do, and a school that attempts to provide answers to your questions with questions of its own.

And a school whose ads, instead of blathering on and on, simply invite you to learn more by calling the number below.

We sincerely hope all four or five of you flood us with replies.

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY For more information call 1-800-ADELPHI.

mantic Funston. It was something out of the ordinary for a brigadier-general to leave his command and turn into a scout, but Funston was irresistible. He formulated a scheme and asked General MacArthur's permission. It was impossible to refuse the daring adventurer, the hero of the Rio Grande, anything; so Funston set to work, imitating the peculiar handwriting of Lacuna, the Insurgent officer to whom Aguinaldo's communication referred. Some little time previous to the capture of the Tagalog courier, several of Lacuna's letters were found, together with Aguinaldo's cipher code. Having perfected Lacuna's signature, Funston wrote two letters on February 24 and 28, acknowledging Aguinaldo's communication, and informing him that he (Lacuna) was sending him a few of the best soldiers in his command. Added to this neat forgery General Funston dictated a letter which was written by an ex-Insurgent attached to his command, telling Aguinaldo that the relief force had surprised and captured a detachment of Americans, taking five prisoners whom they were bringing to him because of their importance. This ruse was employed to explain the presence of the five Americans: General Funston, Captain Hazzard, Captain Newton, Lieutenant Hazzard, and General Funston's aide, Lieutenant Kitchell, who were to accompany the expedition.

Seventy-eight Macabebes, hereditary enemies of the Tagalogs, were chosen by Funston to form the body of the command. These fearless and hardy natives fell into the scheme with a vengeance. Three Tagalogs and one Spaniard were also invited. The Macabebes were fitted out in cast-off Insurgent uniforms, and the Americans donned field-worn uniforms of privates. Three days' rations were provided, and each man was given a rifle. The "Vicksburg" was chosen to take the daring impostors to some spot on the east coast near Palanan, where Aguinaldo was in hiding. Arriving off the coast at Casiguan, some distance from the Insurgent-hidden capital, the party was landed. Three Macabebes, who spoke Tagalog fluently, were sent into the town to notify the natives that they were bringing additional forces and important American prisoners to Aguinaldo, and request of the local authorities guides and assistance. The Insurgent president readily consented, and the little party,

after refreshing themselves and exhibiting their prisoners, started over the ninety-mile trail to Palanan, a mountain retreat on the coast of the Isabella province. Over the stony declivities and through the thick jungle, across bridgeless streams and up narrow passes, the footsore and bone-racked adventurers tramped, until their food was exhausted, and they were *too weak to move*, though but eight miles from Aguinaldo's rendezvous.

A messenger was sent forward to inform Aguinaldo of their position and to *beg for food*. The rebel chieftain promptly replied by despatching rice and a letter to the officer in command, instructing him to treat the American prisoners well, but to leave them outside the town. What better condition could the ingenious Funston have himself dictated? On the 23d of March the party reached Palanan. Aguinaldo sent out eleven men to take charge of the American prisoners, but Funston and his associates succeeded in dodging them and scattering themselves in the jungle until they passed on to meet the Americans whom the Insurgents were notified were left behind.

Immediately joining his command, Funston ordered his little band of dare-devils to march boldly into the town and present themselves to Aguinaldo. At the Insurgent headquarters they were received by Aguinaldo's bodyguard, dressed in blue drill uniforms and white hats, drawn up in military form. The spokesman so completely hoodwinked Aguinaldo that he did not suspect the ruse. In the meantime the Macabebes maneuvered around into advantageous positions, directed by the Spaniard, until all were in readiness. Then he shouted, "Macabebes, now is your turn!" whereupon they emptied their rifles into Aguinaldo's bodyguard. . . .

The Americans joined in the skirmish, and two of Aguinaldo's staff were wounded, but escaped, the treasurer of the revolutionary government surrendering. The rest of the Filipino officers got away. Aguinaldo accepted his capture with resignation, though greatly in fear of the vengeance of the Macabebes. But General Funston's assurance of his personal safety set his mind easy on that point, and he calmed down and discussed the situation. He was greatly cast down at his capture, and asserted that *by no other means would he have been taken alive*,—an admission which added all the



GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

more to Funston's achievement, for Aguinaldo's was a difficult and desperate case, and demanded extraordinary methods.

Some of the customs of war are not pleasant to the civilian, but ages upon ages of training have reconciled us to them as being justifiable, and we accept them and make no demur, even when they sometimes give us an extra twinge. Every detail of Funston's scheme—but one—has been employed in war in the past and stands acquitted of blame by history. By the custom of war it is permissible, in the interest of an enterprise like the one under consideration, for a brigadier general (if he so choose) to persuade or bribe a courier to betray his trust; to remove the badges of his rank and disguise himself; to lie, to practice treachery, to forge; to associate with himself persons properly fitted by training and instinct for the work; to accept of courteous welcome, and assassinate the welcomers while their hands are still warm from the friendly handshake.

By the custom of war all of these things are innocent, none of them is blameworthy, all of them are justifiable; none of them is new, all of them have been done before, although not by a brigadier general. But there is one detail which is new—absolutely new. It has never been resorted to before in any age of the world, in any country, among any people, savage or civilized. It was the one meant by Aguinaldo when he said that "*by no other means*" would he have been taken alive. When a man is exhausted by hunger to the point where he is "too weak to move," he has a right to make supplication to his enemy to save his failing life; but if he take so much as one taste of that food—which is holy, by the precept of all ages and all nations—he is *barred from lifting his hand against that enemy for that time*.

It was left to a brigadier general of volunteers in the American Army to put shame upon a custom which even the degraded friars had respected. *We promoted him for it.*

This is the first time in the annals of the human race that that gracious custom has been smitten in the face. It goes upon the list, to live forever. Its place is there—among the Things Which Have Happened But Once. Let us hope that it will not happen again.

Mr. Wildman's is a fortunate book. It has added three things to that restricted and immortal list. In all history this marvelous thing has never happened to any book before. And so, by every right it belongs in the list itself.

Aguinaldo's capture was legitimate in all details but one. But that one detail annuls the whole matter, and it seems to me that he is as cleanly and clearly entitled to his liberty as is any man in the Philippines or elsewhere.

X. "My Beloved Country"

WE HAVE SEEN THE PRISONER AS BAREFOOT BOY; ONION-peddling youth; young office-holder under the Spaniard; promoter of a revolution to cast off the Spanish tyranny and that of the friars; capable organizer of the revolutionary materials; head of the revolution and its fighting forces; bringer of the revolution to a successful issue; compeller of an honorable peace with the monarchy; exile; head of the resumed revolution; President and founder of a free and well-ordered republic; idol of a humble people's affectionate worship; patient and hopeful struggler during long months of continuous defeat against unconquerable odds of science, training, and strength; hospitable host and liberator of our soldier-prisoners; prisoner himself, at last, by unfair and unlawful means, and his hospitalities forgotten.

We have seen him on all sides but one. It only remains now to see him as a man able to accept with dignity the unavoidable and the unalterable, and—with a patriotism ever and always unassailable—forgetting himself and his dreams, still laboring for the best interest of his people, using the persuasions of his supremacy in their hearts to move them to accept with him the fate which has befallen, and without reserve give fealty and allegiance to the flag which has replaced their own. In a letter to them in which he informs them that the flag and the new conditions have been joyfully accepted by a majority of the Filipinos, he says,

In this banner they repose their trust, and believe that under its protection the Filipino people will attain all those promised liberties which they are beginning to enjoy. The country has declared unmistakably in favor of peace. So be it. There has been enough blood, enough tears, and enough desolation. This wish cannot be ignored by the men still in arms if they are animated by a desire to serve our noble people, which has thus clearly manifested its will. So do I respect this will, now that it is known to me. . . .

By acknowledging and accepting the sovereignty of the United States throughout the Philippine Archipelago, as I now do, and without any reservation whatsoever, I believe that I am serving thee, my beloved country. May happiness be Thine!

I am grateful for the book. It was well worth writing, and in spite of the author's prejudices he has intelligibly revealed to us a remarkable man and an extraordinary and (considered from the standpoint of its humble source and crippled and obstructed chances) quite unfellowed career. □

The portion of this essay which is previously unpublished is Copyright © 1992 by the trustees of the Mark Twain Foundation. Quotation is made with the permission of the University of California Press. This essay will appear in Mark Twain's Weapons of Satire, edited by Jim Zwick, to be published by Syracuse University Press.

Ford

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY FORD DIVISION

SEASON PREVIEW

On the road to Barcelona

KAYAKING/CANOEING

Raleigh, North Carolina, and
Savage River, Maryland
April 16-19 and May 16-17

Most of America's Summer Olympic hopefuls must qualify for the XXVth Summer Games in designated trials, often open to the public. If you cannot travel to Spain this summer, these events offer an opportunity to view the U.S. athletes who will compete in Barcelona. A double gold medalist in kayaking in 1988, Greg Barton hopes to make his fourth Olympic team by triumphing at the U.S. team trials for flat-water sprint racing, on Lake Wheeler. For more information: Chic Dambach, Box 13202, Research Triangle Park, NC 27709; (919) 361-3520. For canoeists, whitewater slalom racing returns to the schedule for the Games after a 20-year hiatus. The trials, on the Savage River, will decide America's entries. For more information: Olympic Trials Office, Garrett Community College, McHenry, MD 21541; (800) 695-4221 or (301) 387-6666.

WRESTLING

Concord, California, and
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
May 30 and June 6

Matt Ghaffari, a Greco-Roman wrestler seeking improvement on his 1991 World silver medal, must first win his weight class of the Olympic wrestle-offs, at the Concord Pavilion on May 30. This best-of-three contest between the top challenger and current titlist will fill the Olympic berth. For more information: U.S. Olympic Greco-Roman Wrestling, 1870 Adobe St., Concord, CA 94520; (510) 671-3324. Twelve Olympic or World medalists from Ameri-



ca's freestyle squad—including John Smith, winner of five straight world titles at 136.5 lbs.—will grapple for the 10 openings on the Barcelona team. The freestyle wrestle-offs, employing the same format as the Greco-Roman event, will be held June 6 in the A.J. Palumbo Center at Duquesne University, in Pittsburgh. For more information: Lynne Morris, Western Pennsylvania Olympic Committee, 5th Ave. Place, Suite 3026, Pittsburgh, PA 15222; (412) 255-7687.

GYMNASTICS

Baltimore, Maryland
June 6-7 and 11-13

Eight top rhythmic gymnasts from the national championships will tumble for the two slots on the U.S. team at the Olympic trials on June 6 and 7, at the Baltimore Arena. For American artistic gymnasts, especially the women, hopes are golden. Kim Zmeskal, the 1991 World all-around champion, led the U.S. squad to a second-place finish at the 1991 World Championships—the team's highest finish ever. Seven men and women will qualify for the Games at the

trials, held June 11 to 13, also at the Baltimore Arena (tickets go quickly), and televised live by NBC. For more information on both events: U.S. Olympic Gymnastics Trials, 201 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, MD 21202; (800) 800-TRIALS or (301) 576-8343.

CYCLING

Altoona, Pennsylvania, and
Blaine, Minnesota
June 11-21 and 23-28

Inga Thompson finished 21st in the 1984 Summer Games, eighth in '88, and second at the 1991 World Championship road race. She will attempt to make her third Olympic team at the Olympic trials, in Altoona from June 11 to 21. For more information: 1992 USCF Olympic Road Trials, c/o Southern Alleghenies, 541 58th St., Altoona, PA 16602; (814) 949-6507. The trials for the cycling track events, in Blaine from June 23 to 28, will provide the arena for Ken Carpenter, four-time national match sprint champion, and his peers to qualify for Barcelona. For more information: Barclay Kruse, National Sports Center, 1700 105th Ave. NE, Blaine, MN 55434; (612) 785-5600.

DIVING

Indianapolis, Indiana
June 17-21

Olympic three-meter springboard and 10-meter platform divers will be selected on the basis of their performances at the Olympic trials, held over five days at the Indiana University Natatorium. Among the hopefuls are Wendy Lian Williams, the platform bronze medalist at the 1991 World Championships, and Kent Ferguson, last year's world champion in the springboard event. A pair of athletes will qualify in each discipline. For more information (available late this month): U.S. Diving, Pan American Plaza, 201 S. Capitol Ave., Suite 430, Indianapolis, IN 46225; (317) 237-5252.

TRACK & FIELD

New Orleans, Louisiana
June 19-28

The track and field trials will burst out of the blocks on June 19, at Tad Gormley Stadium. Over eight days of competition, athletes in 36 events—contenders include Carl Lewis, Lynn Jennings, Roger Kingdom, and Jackie Joyner-Kersey—will run, hurdle, jump, throw, and walk their way onto the American team. The top trio in each event will qualify. Considering America's 1-2-3 sweep of the men's 100-meter race at last year's World Championships and the U.S. team's strength in all events, the trials are likely to be a telling preview of Barcelona results. Much of the action will be televised live by NBC and on cable television. For more information: 1992 U.S. Olympic Track & Field Trials, 601 Loyola Ave., Suite 214, Poydras Plaza Mall, New Orleans, LA 70113; (800) 683-1996 or (504) 484-1992.



**HAVE YOU WISHED
THE GOOD THINGS
IN LIFE COULD GET
EVEN BETTER?**

**HAVE YOU
DRIVEN
A FORD
LATELY?**

INTRODUCING THE NEW FORD TAURUS.

It begins with a sleek update on Taurus' legendary curves. A lower, *more aerodynamic profile* flowing down into slim new headlamps. A newly sculpted rear deck and taillights. And the graceful redesign continues inside with a *new flow-through instrument panel*. Over 200 *new improvements* specifically designed to satisfy world-class expectations.

NEWS ABOUT SAFETY.

Enhanced ride control and safety were foremost in our engineers' minds. *Available anti-lock brakes and passenger-side air bag* to

be used with your safety belt (driver-side air bag supplemental restraint system, standard) make safety a priority, along with new driver-oriented features like *remote radio controls* and illuminated switches for easy night vision.

NEW IDEAS IN QUALITY.

This was designed to be the *highest quality Taurus ever*. New discoveries in corrosion resistance and assembly techniques have now made it possible for Taurus to not only live up to its reputation, but surpass it.

Buckle up — together we can save lives.

NEW TAURUS 

More than half of black college students fail to complete their degree work—for reasons that have little to do with innate ability or environmental conditioning. The problem, a social psychologist argues, is that they are undervalued, in ways that are sometimes subtle and sometimes not

RACE AND THE SCHOOLING OF BLACK AMERICANS

BY CLAUDE M. STEELE

MY FORMER UNIVERSITY OFFERED MINORITY STUDENTS A FACULTY MENTOR to help shepherd them into college life. As soon as I learned of the program, I volunteered to be a mentor, but by then the school year was nearly over. Undaunted, the program's eager staff matched me with a student on their waiting list—an appealing nineteen-year-old black woman from Detroit, the same age as my daughter. We met finally in a campus lunch spot just about two weeks before the close of her freshman year. I realized quickly that I was too late. I have heard that the best way to diagnose someone's depression is to note how depressed you feel when you leave the person. When our lunch was over, I felt as gray as the snowbanks that often lined the path back to my office. My lunchtime companion was a statistic brought to life, a living example of one of the most disturbing facts of racial life in America today: the failure of so many black Americans to thrive in school. Before I could lift a hand to help this student, she had decided to do what 70 percent of all black Americans at four-year colleges do at some point in their academic careers—drop out.

I SENSE A CERTAIN CAVING-IN OF HOPE IN AMERICA that problems of race can be solved. Since the sixties, when race relations held promise for the dawning of a new era, the issue has become one whose persistence causes "problem fatigue"—resignation to an unwanted condition of life.

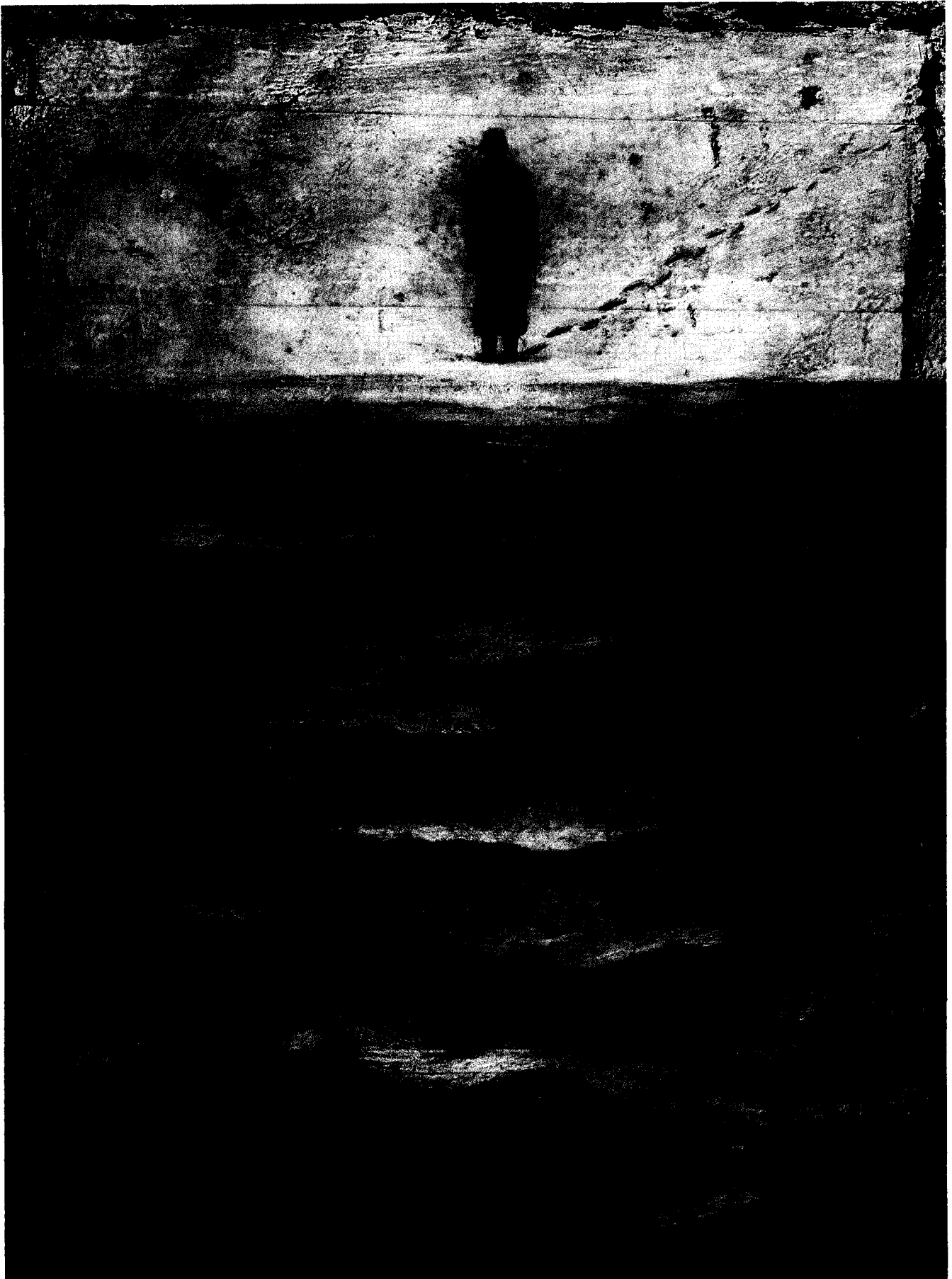
This fatigue, I suspect, deadens us to the deepening crisis in the education of black Americans. One can enter any desegregated school in America, from grammar school to high school to graduate or professional school, and meet a persistent reality: blacks and whites in largely separate worlds. And if one asks a few questions or looks at a few records, another reality emerges: these worlds are not equal, either in the education taking place there or in the achievement of the students who occupy them.

As a social scientist, I know that the crisis has enough possible causes to give anyone problem fatigue. But at a

personal level, perhaps because of my experience as a black in American schools, or perhaps just as the hunch of a myopic psychologist, I have long suspected a particular culprit—a culprit that can undermine black achievement as effectively as a lock on a schoolhouse door. The culprit I see is *stigma*, the endemic devaluation many blacks face in our society and schools. This status is its own condition of life, different from class, money, culture. It is capable, in the words of the late sociologist Erving Goffman, of "breaking the claim" that one's human attributes have on people. I believe that its connection to school achievement among black Americans has been vastly underappreciated.

This is a troublesome argument, touching as it does on a still unhealed part of American race relations. But it leads us to a heartening principle: if blacks are made less racially vulnerable in school, they can overcome even substantial obstacles. Before the good news, though, I must at least sketch in the bad: the worsening crisis in the education of black Americans.

Despite their socioeconomic disadvantages as a group, blacks begin school with test scores that are fairly close to the test scores of whites their age. The longer they stay in school, however, the more they fall behind; for example, by the sixth grade blacks in many school districts are two full grade levels behind whites in achievement. This pattern holds true in the middle class nearly as much as in the lower class. The record does not improve in high school. In 1980, for example, 25,500 minority students, largely black and Hispanic, entered high school in Chicago. Four years later only 9,500 graduated, and of those only 2,000 could read at grade level. The situation in other cities is comparable.



I have long suspected a particular culprit—a culprit that can undermine black achievement as effectively as a lock on a schoolhouse door. The culprit is stigma.



Even for blacks who make it to college, the problem doesn't go away. As I noted, 70 percent of all black students who enroll in four-year colleges drop out at some point, as compared with 45 percent of whites. At any given time nearly as many black males are incarcerated as are in college in this country. And the grades of black college students average half a letter below those of their white classmates. At one prestigious university I recently studied, only 18 percent of the graduating black students had grade averages of B or above, as compared with 64 percent of the whites. This pattern is the rule, not the exception, in even the most elite American colleges. Tragically, low grades can render a degree essentially "terminal" in the sense that they preclude further schooling.

Blacks in graduate and professional schools face a similarly worsening or stagnating fate. For example, from 1977 to 1990, though the number of Ph.D.s awarded to other minorities increased and the number awarded to whites stayed roughly the same, the number awarded to American blacks dropped from 1,116 to 828. And blacks needed more time to get those degrees.

Standing ready is a familiar set of explanations. First is societal disadvantage. Black Americans have had, and continue to have, more than their share: a history of slavery, segregation, and job ceilings; continued lack of economic opportunity; poor schools; and the related problems of broken families, drug-infested communities, and social isolation. Any of these factors—alone, in combination, or through accumulated effects—can undermine school achievement. Some analysts point also to black American culture, suggesting that, hampered by disadvantage, it doesn't sustain the values and expectations critical to education, or that it fosters learning orientations ill suited to school achievement, or that it even "opposes" mainstream achievement. These are the chestnuts, and I had always thought them adequate. Then several facts emerged that just didn't seem to fit.

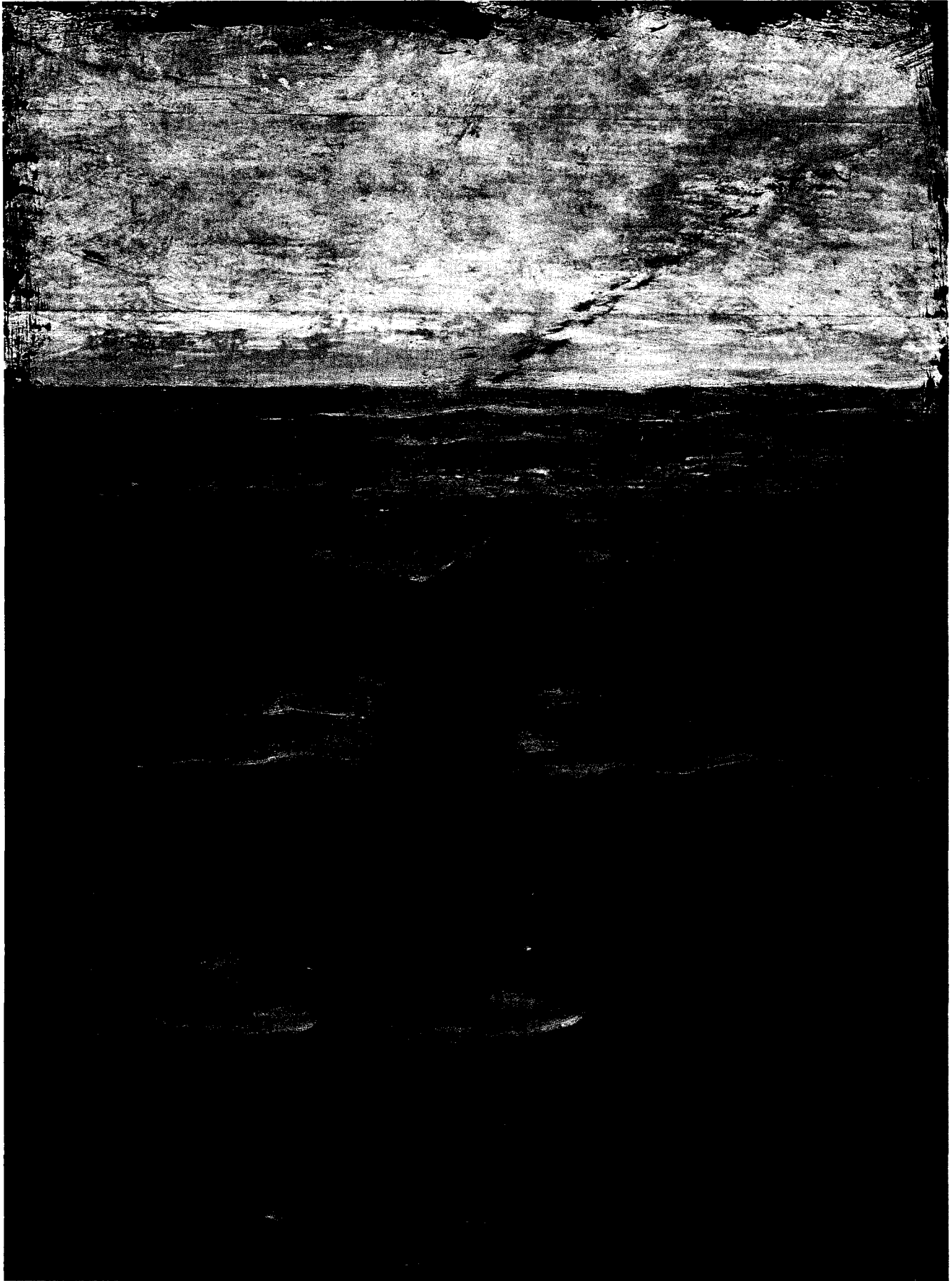
For one thing, the achievement deficits occur even when black students suffer no major financial disadvantage—among middle-class students on wealthy college campuses and in graduate school among black students receiving substantial financial aid. For another thing, survey after survey shows that even poor black Americans value education highly, often more than whites. Also, as I will demonstrate, several programs have improved black school achievement without addressing culturally specif-

ic learning orientations or doing anything to remedy socioeconomic disadvantage.

Neither is the problem fully explained, as one might assume, by deficits in skill or preparation which blacks might suffer because of background disadvantages. I first doubted that such a connection existed when I saw flunk-out rates for black and white students at a large, prestigious university. Two observations surprised me. First, for both blacks and whites the level of preparation, as measured by Scholastic Aptitude Test scores, didn't make much difference in who flunked out; low scorers (with combined verbal and quantitative SATs of 800) were no more likely to flunk out than high scorers (with combined SATs of 1,200 to 1,500). The second observation was racial: whereas only two percent to 11 percent of the whites flunked out, 18 percent to 33 percent of the blacks flunked out, even at the highest levels of preparation (combined SATs of 1,400). Dinesh D'Souza has argued recently that college affirmative-action programs cause failure and high dropout rates among black students by recruiting them to levels of college work for which they are inadequately prepared. That was clearly not the case at this school; black students flunked out in large numbers even with preparation well above average.

And, sadly, this proved the rule, not the exception. From elementary school to graduate school, something depresses black achievement *at every level of preparation, even the highest*. Generally, of course, the better prepared achieve better than the less prepared, and this is about as true for blacks as for whites. But given any level of school preparation (as measured by tests and earlier grades), blacks somehow achieve less in subsequent schooling than whites (that is, have poorer grades, have lower graduation rates, and take longer to graduate), no matter how strong that preparation is. Put differently, the same achievement level requires better preparation for blacks than for whites—far better: among students with a C+ average at the university I just described, the mean American College Testing Program (ACT) score for blacks was at the 98th percentile, while for whites it was at only the 34th percentile. This pattern has been documented so broadly across so many regions of the country, and by so many investigations (literally hundreds), that it is virtually a social law in this society—as well as a racial tragedy.

Clearly, something is missing from our understanding



of black underachievement. Disadvantage contributes, yet blacks underachieve even when they have ample resources, strongly value education, and are prepared better than adequately in terms of knowledge and skills. Something else has to be involved. That something else could be of just modest importance—a barrier that simply adds its effect to that of other disadvantages—or it could be pivotal, such that were it corrected, other disadvantages would lose their effect.

THAT SOMETHING ELSE, I BELIEVE, HAS TO DO WITH the process of identifying with school. I offer a personal example:

I remember conducting experiments with my research adviser early in graduate school and awaiting the results with only modest interest. I struggled to meet deadlines. The research enterprise—the core of what one does as a social psychologist—just wasn't *me* yet. I was in school for other reasons—I wanted an advanced degree, I was vaguely ambitious for intellectual work, and being in graduate school made my parents proud of me. But as time passed, I began to like the work. I also began to grasp the value system that gave it meaning, and the faculty treated me as if they thought I might even be able to do it. Gradually I began to think of myself as a social psychologist. With this change in self-concept came a new accountability; my self-esteem was affected now by what I did as a social psychologist, something that hadn't been true before. This added a new motivation to my work; self-respect, not just parental respect, was on the line. I noticed changes in myself. I worked without deadlines. I bored friends with applications of arcane theory to their daily lives. I went to conventions. I lived and died over how experiments came out.

Before this transition one might have said that I was handicapped by my black working-class background and lack of motivation. After the transition the same observer might say that even though my background was working-class, I had special advantages: achievement-oriented parents, a small and attentive college. But these facts alone would miss the importance of the identification process I had experienced: the change in self-definition and in the activities on which I based my self-esteem. They would also miss a simple condition necessary for me to make this identification: treatment as a valued person with good prospects.

I believe that the “something else” at the root of black achievement problems is the failure of American schooling to meet this simple condition for many of its black students. Doing well in school requires a belief that school achievement can be a promising basis of self-esteem, and that belief needs constant reaffirmation even for advantaged students. Tragically, I believe, the lives of black Americans are still haunted by a specter that threatens this belief and the identification that derives from it at every level of schooling.

The Specter of Stigma and Racial Vulnerability

I HAVE A GOOD FRIEND, THE MOTHER OF THREE, WHO spends considerable time in the public school classrooms of Seattle, where she lives. In her son's third-grade room, managed by a teacher of unimpeachable good will and competence, she noticed over many visits that the extraordinary art work of a small black boy named Jerome was ignored—or, more accurately perhaps, its significance was ignored. As genuine art talent has a way of doing—even in the third grade—his stood out. Yet the teacher seemed hardly to notice. Moreover, Jerome's reputation, as it was passed along from one grade to the next, included only the slightest mention of his talent. Now, of course, being ignored like this could happen to anyone—such is the overload in our public schools. But my friend couldn't help wondering how the school would have responded to this talent had the artist been one of her own, middle-class white children.

Terms like “prejudice” and “racism” often miss the full scope of racial devaluation in our society, implying as they do that racial devaluation comes primarily from the strongly prejudiced, not from “good people” like Jerome's teacher. But the prevalence of racists—deplorable though racism is—misses the full extent of Jerome's burden, perhaps even the most profound part.

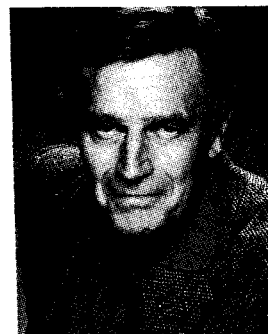
He faces a devaluation that grows out of our images of society and the way those images catalogue people. The catalogue need never be taught. It is implied by all we see around us: the kinds of people revered in advertising (consider the unrelenting racial advocacy of Ralph Lauren ads) and movies (black women are rarely seen as romantic partners, for example); media discussions of whether a black can be President; invitation lists to junior high school birthday parties; school curricula; literary and musical canons. These details create an image of society in which black Americans simply do not fare well. When I was a kid, we captured it with the saying “If you're white you're right, if you're yellow you're mellow, if you're brown stick around, but if you're black get back.”

In ways that require no fueling from strong prejudice or stereotypes, these images expand the devaluation of black Americans. They act as mental standards against which information about blacks is evaluated: that which fits these images we accept; that which contradicts them we suspect. Had Jerome had a reading problem, which fits these images, it might have been accepted as characteristic more readily than his extraordinary art work, which contradicts them.

These images do something else as well, something especially pernicious in the classroom. They set up a jeopardy of double devaluation for blacks, a jeopardy that does not apply to whites. Like anyone, blacks risk devaluation for a particular incompetence, such as a failed test or a flubbed pronunciation. But they further risk that

**INTRODUCTORY
\$1.00 OFFER**

The World's Great Philosophers *Talk To You*



**Charlton Heston
Narrates *The
Giants of Philosophy***

\$100 Trial Offer

Every 4 weeks you'll receive almost 3 hours of enlightenment and entertainment. You can receive the first selection, *Plato*, at the special price of \$1.00 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling — a savings of \$13.95. All selections are guaranteed, and you have the right to return the current album, for any reason, within 15 days. Try the Audio Classics to stimulate your mind, broaden your horizons, and enrich your life.

*"Moderation in all things."
"I think, therefore I am."
"The unexamined life is not worth living."
"And it is this that everyone understands to be God."*

In *The Giants of Philosophy*, you'll survey 13 of the world's greatest philosophers (plus others who worked with or against them). You'll see how each philosopher created a complete and coherent system of thought, including their views on ethics, metaphysics, politics and esthetics. You'll learn about their epistemology — how we know what we know. And you'll learn how each thinker related to his times and to the work of other philosophers over the centuries.

The sophisticated, complex and subtle ideas of great philosophers are now available in a dramatized format that entertains and informs. Yet like all Knowledge Products productions, the full substance and content of these ideas are presented in clear and understandable language. Each presentation invites the intelligent listener to ponder the great ideas without struggling through an academic or simplified writing style.

DRAMATIZED PRESENTATIONS

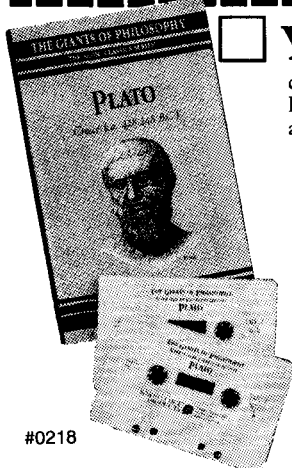
The Audio Classics are not simply readings of great books — they are dramatized condensations of philosophy, politics, economics, war, and other timeless topics. You'll hear about the lives of classic authors and great historical leaders, the influences on their work, the criticisms and praises of observers, and much more.

Each presentation combines the skill and imagination of talented actors with the narration of leading American journalists like **Charlton Heston**, **Walter Cronkite**, **Louis Rukeyser** and **George C. Scott**. The Audio Classics Series™ is an efficient, enjoyable way to acquire knowledge. You can listen to these cassettes again and again with fresh insights and renewed enjoyment each time!

THE AUDIO CLASSICS SERIES™

Hear *The Giants of Philosophy* pursue answers to life's most provocative questions. From later cassettes in the Audio Classics Series, you'll discover the insights of *The Giants of Political Thought*, relive the creation and adoption of *The U.S. Constitution* (narrated by Walter Cronkite), more keenly understand economic progress and conflict in *The Great Economic Thinkers* (narrated by Louis Rukeyser), and explore the roots of crisis and conflict in *The United States at War* (narrated by George C. Scott). Every tape in the Audio Classics Series recreates a fragment of history, brimming with the importance of our past, present and future.

**CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-876-4332
TO START YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY!**



☐ **YES!** Send me, for \$1.00 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling, *Plato*, and begin my no-risk subscription to the Audio Classics Listening Library. I will receive an album of two cassettes every month, and you'll charge my credit card \$14.95 plus \$2 shipping and handling (\$6 outside the U.S.) for each album. If I'm ever displeased, I have the right to return the current album within 15 days and owe nothing. I may drop out of the program at any time without penalty. Sales tax must be added for residents of TN and IL.

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ Charge my credit card.

☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express

EXPIRATION DATE

ACCOUNT NUMBER

**KNOWLEDGE
PRODUCTS**

SIGNATURE

Customer Service Center • Box 305151 • Nashville, TN 37230



#0218

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such performances will confirm the broader, racial inferiority they are suspected of. Thus, from the first grade through graduate school, blacks have the extra fear that in the eyes of those around them their full humanity could fall with a poor answer or a mistaken stroke of the pen.

Moreover, because these images are conditioned in all of us, collectively held, they can spawn racial devaluation in all of us, not just in the strongly prejudiced. They can do this even in blacks themselves: a majority of black children recently tested said they like and prefer to play with white rather than black dolls—almost fifty years after Kenneth and Mamie Clark, conducting similar experiments, documented identical findings and so paved the way for *Brown v. Topeka Board of Education*. Thus Jerome's devaluation can come from a circle of people in his world far greater than the expressly prejudiced—a circle that apparently includes his teacher.

In ways often too subtle to be conscious but sometimes overt, I believe, blacks remain devalued in American schools, where, for example, a recent national survey shows that through high school they are still more than twice as likely as white children to receive corporal punishment, be suspended from school, or be labeled mentally retarded.

Tragically, such devaluation can seem inescapable. Sooner or later it forces on its victims two painful realizations. The first is that society is preconditioned to see the worst in them. Black students quickly learn that acceptance, if it is to be won at all, will be hard-won. The second is that even if a black student achieves exoneration in one setting—with the teacher and fellow students in one classroom, or at one level of schooling, for example—this approval will have to be rewon in the next classroom, at the next level of schooling. Of course, individual characteristics that enhance one's value in society—skills, class status, appearance, and success—can diminish the racial devaluation one faces. And sometimes the effort to prove oneself fuels achievement. But few from any group could hope to sustain so daunting and everlasting a struggle. Thus, I am afraid, too many black students are left hopeless and deeply vulnerable in America's classrooms.

"Disidentifying" With School

I BELIEVE THAT IN SIGNIFICANT PART THE CRISIS IN black Americans' education stems from the power of this vulnerability to undercut identification with schooling, either before it happens or after it has bloomed.

Jerome is an example of the first kind. At precisely the time when he would need to see school as a viable source of self-esteem, his teachers fail to appreciate his best work. The devalued status of his race devalues him and his work in the classroom. Unable to entrust his sense of himself to this place, he resists measuring himself against

its values and goals. He languishes there, held by the law, perhaps even by his parents, but not allowing achievement to affect his view of himself. This psychic alienation—the act of not caring—makes him less vulnerable to the specter of devaluation that haunts him. Bruce Hare, an educational researcher, has documented this process among fifth-grade boys in several schools in Champaign, Illinois. He found that although the black boys had considerably lower achievement-test scores than their white classmates, their overall self-esteem was just as high. This stunning imperviousness to poor academic performance was accomplished, he found, by their deemphasizing school achievement as a basis of self-esteem and giving preference to peer-group relations—a domain in which their esteem prospects were better. They went where they had to go to feel good about themselves.

But recall the young student whose mentor I was. She had already identified with school, and wanted to be a doctor. How can racial vulnerability break so developed an achievement identity? To see, let us follow her steps onto campus: Her recruitment and admission stress her minority status perhaps more strongly than it has been stressed at any other time in her life. She is offered academic and social support services, further implying that she is "at risk" (even though, contrary to common belief, the vast majority of black college students are admitted with qualifications well above the threshold for whites). Once on campus, she enters a socially circumscribed world in which blacks—still largely separate from whites—have lower status; this is reinforced by a sidelining of minority material and interests in the curriculum and in university life. And she can sense that everywhere in this new world her skin color places her under suspicion of intellectual inferiority. All of this gives her the double vulnerability I spoke of: she risks confirming a particular incompetence, at chemistry or a foreign language, for example; but she also risks confirming the racial inferiority she is suspected of—a judgment that can feel as close at hand as a mispronounced word or an ungrammatical sentence. In reaction, usually to some modest setback, she withdraws, hiding her troubles from instructors, counselors, even other students. Quickly, I believe, a psychic defense takes over. She *disidentifies* with achievement; she changes her self-conception, her outlook and values, so that achievement is no longer so important to her self-esteem. She may continue to feel pressure to stay in school—from her parents, even from the potential advantages of a college degree. But now she is psychologically insulated from her academic life, like a disinterested visitor. Cool, unperturbed. But, like a pain-killing drug, disidentification undoes her future as it relieves her vulnerability.

The prevalence of this syndrome among black college students has been documented extensively, especially on predominantly white campuses. Summarizing this work, Jacqueline Fleming, a psychologist, writes, "The fact that

From first grade onward, blacks have the extra fear that in the eyes of those around them their full humanity could fall with a poor answer or a mistaken stroke of the pen.



black students must matriculate in an atmosphere that feels hostile arouses defensive reactions that interfere with intellectual performance. . . . They display academic demotivation and think less of their abilities. They profess losses of energy." Among a sample of blacks on one predominantly white campus, Richard Nisbett and Andrew Reaves, both psychologists, and I found that attitudes related to disidentification were more strongly predictive of grades than even academic preparation (that is, SATs and high school grades).

To make matters worse, once disidentification occurs in a school, it can spread like the common cold. Blacks who identify and try to achieve embarrass the strategy by valuing the very thing the strategy denies the value of. Thus pressure to make it a group norm can evolve quickly and become fierce. Defectors are called "oreos" or "incognegroes." One's identity as an authentic black is held hostage, made incompatible with school identification. For black students, then, pressure to disidentify with school can come from the already demoralized as well as from racial vulnerability in the setting.

Stigmatization of the sort suffered by black Americans is probably also a barrier to the school achievement of other groups in our society, such as lower-class whites, Hispanics, and women in male-dominated fields. For example, at a large midwestern university I studied, women match men's achievement in the liberal arts, where they suffer no marked stigma, but underachieve compared with men (get lower grades than men with the same ACT scores) in engineering and premedical programs, where they, like blacks across the board, are more vulnerable to suspicions of inferiority.

"Wise" Schooling

"When they approach me they see . . . everything and anything except me. . . . [this] invisibility . . . occurs because of a peculiar disposition of the eyes. . . ."

—Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*

ERVING GOFFMAN, BORROWING FROM GAYS OF the 1950s, used the term "wise" to describe people who don't themselves bear the stigma of a given group but who are accepted by the group. These are people in whose eyes the full humanity of the stigmatized is visible, people in whose eyes they feel less vulnerable. If racial vulnerability undermines

black school achievement, as I have argued, then this achievement should improve significantly if schooling is made "wise"—that is, made to see value and promise in black students and to act accordingly.

And yet, although racial vulnerability at school may undermine black achievement, so many other factors seem to contribute—from the debilitations of poverty to the alleged dysfunctions of black American culture—that one might expect "wiseness" in the classroom to be of little help. Fortunately, we have considerable evidence to the contrary. Wise schooling may indeed be the missing key to the schoolhouse door.

In the mid-seventies black students in Philip Uri Treisman's early calculus courses at the University of California at Berkeley consistently fell to the bottom of every class. To help, Treisman developed the Mathematics Workshop Program, which, in a surprisingly short time, reversed their fortunes, causing them to outperform their white and Asian counterparts. And although it is only a freshman program, black students who take it graduate at a rate comparable to the Berkeley average. Its central technique is group study of calculus concepts. But it is also wise; it does things that allay the racial vulnerabilities of these students. Stressing their potential to learn, it recruits them to a challenging "honors" workshop tied to their first calculus course. Building on their skills, the workshop gives difficult work, often beyond course content, to students with even modest preparation (some of their math SATs dip to the 300s). Working together, students soon understand that everyone knows something and nobody knows everything, and learning is speeded through shared understanding. The wisdom of these tactics is their subtext message: "You are valued in this program because of your academic potential—regardless of your current skill level. You have no more to fear than the next person, and since the work is difficult, success is a credit to your ability, and a setback is a reflection only of the challenge." The black students' double vulnerability around failure—the fear that they lack ability, and the dread that they will be devalued—is thus reduced. They can relax and achieve. The movie *Stand and Deliver* depicts Jaime Escalante using the same techniques of assurance and challenge to inspire advanced calculus performance in East Los Angeles Chicano high schoolers. And, explaining Xavier University's extraordinary success in producing black medical students, a spokesman said recently, "What doesn't work is saying,

'You need remedial work.' What does work is saying, 'You may be somewhat behind at this time but you're a talented person. We're going to help you advance at an accelerated rate.'"

The work of James Comer, a child psychiatrist at Yale, suggests that wiseness can minimize even the barriers of poverty. Over a fifteen-year period he transformed the two worst elementary schools in New Haven, Connecticut, into the third and fifth best in the city's thirty-three-school system without any change in the type of students—largely poor and black. His guiding belief is that learning requires a strongly accepting relationship between teacher and student. "After all," he notes, "what is the difference between scribble and a letter of the alphabet to a child? The only reason the letter is meaningful, and worth learning and remembering, is because a *meaningful* other wants him or her to learn and remember it." To build these relationships Comer focuses on the overall school climate, shaping it not so much to transmit specific skills, or to achieve order per se, or even to improve achievement, as to establish a valuing and optimistic atmosphere in which a child can—to use his term—"identify" with learning. Responsibility for this lies with a team of ten to fifteen members, headed by the principal and made up of teachers, parents, school staff, and child-development experts (for example, psychologists or spe-

cial-education teachers). The team develops a plan of specifics: teacher training, parent workshops, coordination of information about students. But at base I believe it tries to ensure that the students—vulnerable on so many counts—get treated essentially like middle-class students, with conviction about their value and promise. As this happens, their vulnerability diminishes, and with it the companion defenses of disidentification and misconduct. They achieve, and apparently identify, as their achievement gains persist into high school. Comer's genius, I believe, is to have recognized the importance of these vulnerabilities as barriers to *intellectual* development, and the corollary that schools hoping to educate such students must learn first how to make them feel valued.

These are not isolated successes. Comparable results were observed, for example, in a Comer-type program in Maryland's Prince Georges County, in the Stanford economist Henry Levin's accelerated-schools program, and in Harlem's Central Park East Elementary School, under the principalship of Deborah Meier. And research involving hundreds of programs and schools points to the same conclusion: black achievement is consistently linked to conditions of schooling that reduce racial vulnerability. These include relatively harmonious race relations among students; a commitment by teachers and schools

THE BEAR AT THE DUMP

Amidst the too much that we buy and throw away and the far too much we wrap it in the bear found a few items of special interest—a honeydew rind, a used tampon, the bone from a leg of lamb. He'd rock back lightly onto his rear paws and slash open a plastic bag, and then his nose—jammed almost with a surfeit of rank and likely information, for he would pause—and then his whole dowsing snout would insinuate itself a little way inside. By now he'd have hunched his weight forward slightly, and then he'd snatch it back, trailed by some tidbit in his teeth. He'd look around. What a good boy am he. The guardian of the dump was used to this and not amused. "He'll drag that shit every which damn way," he grumbled who'd dozed and scraped a pit to keep that shit where the town paid to contain it.

The others of us looked and looked. "City folks like you don't get to see this often," one year-round resident accused me. Some winter I'll bring him down to learn to love a rat working a length of subway track. "Nope," I replied. Just then the bear decamped for the woods with a marl of grease and slather in his mouth and on his snout, picking up speed, not cute (nor, had he been cute before, slavering with greed, his weight all sunk to his seated rump and his nose stuck up to sift the rich and fetid air, shaped like a huge, furry pear), but richly fed on the slow-simmering dump, and gone into the bug-thick woods and anecdote.

—William Matthews

Whatever other factors also depress black achievement, they may be substantially overcome in a schooling atmosphere that reduces racial and other vulnerabilities.



to seeing minority-group members achieve; the instructional goal that students at all levels of preparation achieve; desegregation at the classroom as well as the school level; and a de-emphasis on ability tracking.

That erasing stigma improves black achievement is perhaps the strongest evidence that stigma is what depresses it in the first place. This is no happy realization. But it lets in a ray of hope: whatever other factors also depress black achievement—poverty, social isolation, poor preparation—they may be substantially overcome in a schooling atmosphere that reduces racial and other vulnerabilities, not through unrelenting niceness or ferocious regimentation but by wisdom, by *seeing* value and acting on it.

What Makes Schooling Unwise

BUT IF WISE SCHOOLING IS SO ATTAINABLE, WHY IS racial vulnerability the rule, not the exception, in American schooling?

One factor is the basic assimilationist offer that schools make to blacks: You can be valued and rewarded in school (and society), the schools say to these students, but you must first master the culture and ways of the American mainstream, and since that mainstream (as it is represented) is essentially white, this means you must give up many particulars of being black—styles of speech and appearance, value priorities, preferences—at least in mainstream settings. This is asking a lot. But it has been the “color-blind” offer to every immigrant and minority group in our nation’s history, the core of the melting-pot ideal, and so I think it strikes most of us as fair. Yet non-immigrant minorities like blacks and Native Americans have always been here, and thus are entitled, more than new immigrants, to participate in the defining images of the society projected in school. More important, their exclusion from these images denies their contributive history and presence in society. Thus, whereas immigrants can tilt toward assimilation in pursuit of the opportunities for which they came, American blacks may find it harder to assimilate. For them, the offer of acceptance in return for assimilation carries a primal insult: it asks them to join in something that has made them invisible.

Now, I must be clear. This is not a criticism of Western civilization. My concern is an omission of image-work. In his incisive essay “What America Would Be Like With-

out Blacks,” Ralph Ellison showed black influence on American speech and language, the themes of our finest literature, and our most defining ideals of personal freedom and democracy. In *The World They Made Together*, Mechal Sobel described how African and European influences shaped the early American South in everything from housing design and land use to religious expression. The fact is that blacks are not outside the American mainstream but, in Ellison’s words, have always been “one of its major tributaries.” Yet if one relied on what is taught in America’s schools, one would never know this. There blacks have fallen victim to a collective self-deception, a society’s allowing itself to assimilate like mad from its constituent groups while representing itself to itself as if the assimilation had never happened, as if progress and good were almost exclusively Western and white. A prime influence of American society on world culture is the music of black Americans, shaping art forms from rock-and-roll to modern dance. Yet in American schools, from kindergarten through graduate school, these essentially black influences have barely peripheral status, are largely outside the canon. Thus it is not what is taught but what is *not* taught, what teachers and professors have never learned the value of, that reinforces a fundamental unwise in American schooling, and keeps black disidentification on full boil.

Deep in the psyche of American educators is a presumption that black students need academic remediation, or extra time with elemental curricula to overcome background deficits. This orientation guides many efforts to close the achievement gap—from grammar school tutoring to college academic-support programs—but I fear it can be unwise. Bruno Bettelheim and Karen Zelan’s article “Why Children Don’t Like to Read” comes to mind: apparently to satisfy the changing sensibilities of local school boards over this century, many books that children like were dropped from school reading lists; when children’s reading scores also dropped, the approved texts were replaced by simpler books; and when reading scores dropped again, these were replaced by even simpler books, until eventually the children could hardly read at all, not because the material was too difficult but because they were bored stiff. So it goes, I suspect, with a great many of these remediation efforts. Moreover, because so many such programs target blacks primarily, they virtually equate black identity with substandard intellectual status, amplifying racial vulnerability. They can even un-

dermine students' ability to gain confidence from their achievement, by sharing credit for their successes while implying that their failures stem from inadequacies beyond the reach of remediation.

The psychologist Lisa Brown and I recently uncovered evidence of just how damaging this orientation may be. At a large, prestigious university we found that whereas the grades of black graduates of the 1950s improved during the students' college years until they virtually matched the school average, those of blacks who graduated in the 1980s (we chose only those with above-average entry credentials, to correct for more-liberal admissions policies in that decade) worsened, ending up considerably below the school average. The 1950s graduates faced outward discrimination in everything from housing to the classroom, whereas the 1980s graduates were supported by a phalanx of help programs. Many things may contribute to this pattern. The Jackie Robinson, "pioneer" spirit of the 1950s blacks surely helped them endure. And in a pre-affirmative-action era, they may have been seen as intellectually more deserving. But one cannot ignore the distinctive fate of 1980s blacks: a remedial orientation put their abilities under suspicion, deflected their ambitions, distanced them from their successes, and painted them with their failures. Black students on today's campuses may experience far less overt prejudice than their 1950s counterparts but, ironically, may be more racially vulnerable.

The Elements of Wiseness

FOR TOO MANY BLACK STUDENTS SCHOOL IS SIMPLY the place where, more concertedly, persistently, and authoritatively than anywhere else in society, they learn how little valued they are.

Clearly, no simple recipe can fix this, but I believe we now understand the basics of a corrective approach. Schooling must focus more on reducing the vulnerabilities that block identification with achievement. I believe that four conditions, like the legs of a stool, are fundamental.

- If what is meaningful and important to a teacher is to become meaningful and important to a student, the student must feel valued by the teacher for his or her potential and as a person. Among the more fortunate in society, this relationship is often taken for granted. But it is precisely the relationship that race can still undermine in American society. As Comer, Escalante, and Treisman have shown, when one's students bear race and class vulnerabilities, building this relationship is the first order of business—at all levels of schooling. No tactic of instruction, no matter how ingenious, can succeed without it.
- The challenge and the promise of personal fulfillment, not remediation (under whatever guise), should guide the

education of these students. Their present skills should be taken into account, and they should be moved along at a pace that is demanding but doesn't defeat them. Their ambitions should never be scaled down but should instead be guided to inspiring goals even when extraordinary dedication is called for. Frustration will be less crippling than alienation. Here psychology is everything: remediation defeats, challenge strengthens—affirming their potential, crediting them with their achievements, inspiring them.

But the first condition, I believe, cannot work without the second, and vice versa. A valuing teacher-student relationship goes nowhere without challenge, and challenge will always be resisted outside a valuing relationship. (Again, I must be careful about something: in criticizing remediation I am not opposing affirmative-action recruitment in the schools. The success of this policy, like that of school integration before it, depends, I believe, on the tactics of implementation. Where students are valued and challenged, they generally succeed.)

- Racial integration is a generally useful element in this design, if not a necessity. Segregation, whatever its purpose, draws out group differences and makes people feel more vulnerable when they inevitably cross group lines to compete in the larger society. This vulnerability, I fear, can override confidence gained in segregated schooling unless that confidence is based on strongly competitive skills and knowledge—something that segregated schooling, plagued by shortages of resources and access, has difficulty producing.

- The particulars of black life and culture—art, literature, political and social perspective, music—must be presented in the mainstream curriculum of American schooling, not consigned to special days, weeks, or even months of the year, or to special-topic courses and programs aimed essentially at blacks. Such channeling carries the disturbing message that the material is not of general value. And this does two terrible things: it wastes the power of this material to alter our images of the American mainstream—continuing to frustrate black identification with it—and it excuses in whites and others a huge ignorance of their own society. The true test of democracy, Ralph Ellison has said, "is . . . the inclusion—not assimilation—of the black man."

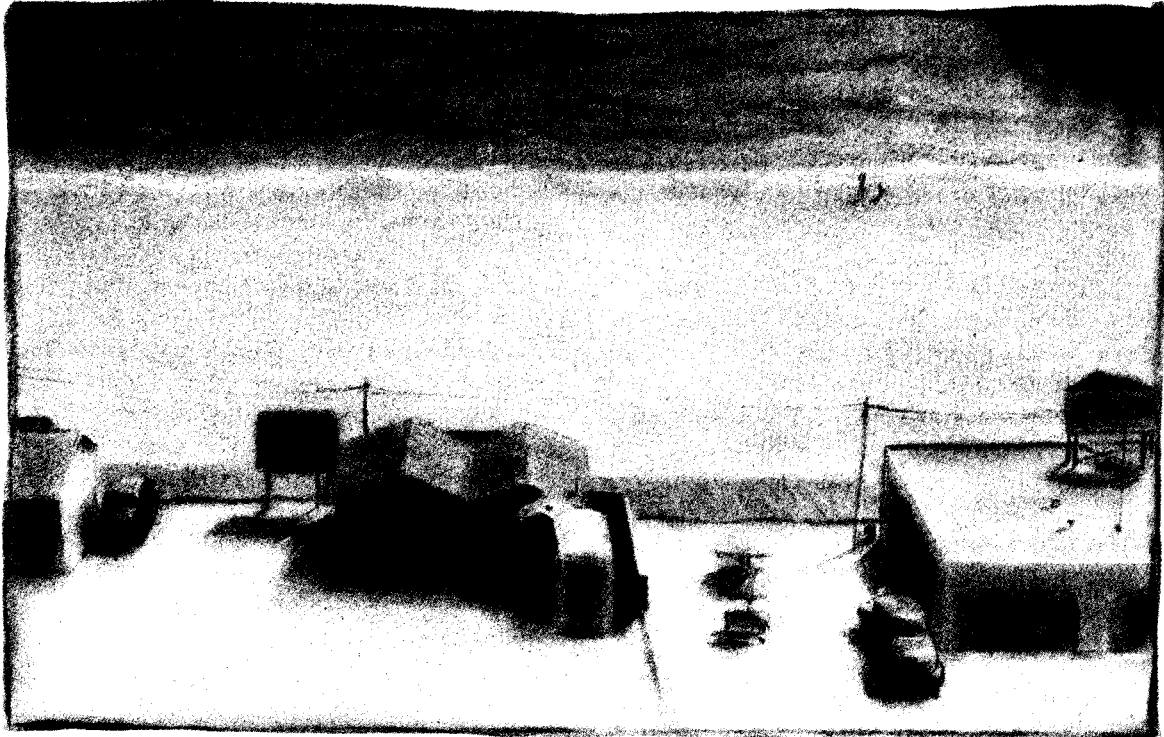
Finally, if I might be allowed a word specifically to black parents, one issue is even more immediate: our children may drop out of school before the first committee meets to accelerate the curriculum. Thus, although we, along with all Americans, must strive constantly for wise schooling, I believe we cannot wait for it. We cannot yet forget our essentially heroic challenge: to foster in our children a sense of hope and entitlement to mainstream American life and schooling, even when it devalues them. □

A Short Story



Yellow Flags

by Charles Eastman



*Conrad's father had come to visit after an absence of several years,
and now sought a way to get close to his son*

I REMEMBER LITTLE OF MY FATHER FROM THE time we all lived together in Hollywood, and only a few disturbing moments from that period, including the afternoon when he took out after another car that had in passing splattered ours with muddy water from the gutter. He was suddenly furious, as though he had been injured or insulted. What he planned to do when he caught up with the offender I didn't know, but I saw that he was all the more determined, fiercer in his pursuit, for my mother's high-pitched objections from the passenger seat—as our car, a Ford sedan, hit the hazardous dips of the cross streets and barreled forward. I think I felt that my mother was overreacting, more fearful than need be, and was feeding my father's rage, but I did not know about alcohol then and

so assumed that she saw the peril more clearly than I, on my feet in the back seat like a charioteer and more entertained than frightened.

I also remember him at a card table in the middle of the living room on Western Avenue. The floor lamp is at his right, out of place, pulled from behind the couch to illuminate the card game he plays with our guests—childless, unfettered friends my parents knew from high school. My father lifts his arm suddenly to thwart some attempt to calm him down, make peace, and the lamp goes over with the gesture. I hear raised voices, conciliatory, then pandering, before an abrupt, intimidated silence. The room is tipped upside down in the spilled light.

Here again it is my mother's reactions that stay more acutely with me, her keening moan of desperation, her

see-what-you've-done-now despair. She, who would go to any lengths for the sake of appearances, suddenly surrendered and began wildly overstating her embarrassment, goading my father's temper, I think, and feeding his penchant for making scenes, on those card-playing nights of the Depression.

Otherwise, my father seemed to be laughing most of the time, or asleep, in the memory I have of him, in the few, brief years before the divorce. I can recall his teasing sense of well-being, his self-satisfaction, fixed on my mother, and the long, heavy hours of sudden, untimely slumber: eventless Sunday afternoons, when after some aborted pastime I was obliged to honor an uncommon, unreasonable quiet.

Then he was gone, his absence hardly noted in the abrupt change in our circumstances. My mother was at work now, and my grandmother was running the house—or the succession of houses—we shared with her and with my working aunts, sometimes my uncle, and finally, for a while, a stepfather.

And then, after several years, he was back.

He was in uniform, in the Army, a sergeant, and he was leaving town. It was early summer and I was not in school. The kids, my brother and sisters, were somewhere, I don't know where. Perhaps it was not summer vacation but Easter week.

My grandmother let him in and called my mother on the phone. The phone was in the hall, on a small, cluttered desk invariably lacking a pencil, with a chair in front of it, though my grandmother did not sit down. She wore a patterned pinafore apron, blue; it was damp from her interrupted work at the sink or at the tubs on the back porch. I can only think she was torn over how to handle this emergency.

"He's here and he wants to take Conrad to the beach," she said to my mother at her office across town. It was gloomy in the hall, as it always was when the bedroom doors were closed. My father stood in the door to the den, taller than anyone I knew, blocking light from that source, too. My grandmother did not turn the light on.

"No, he doesn't seem like it," she said.

"Could I speak to her?" my father said.

My grandmother gave him the phone. With her apron she wiped her wrists where suds had climbed when she'd dried her hands.

"I had one beer at lunch," my father said, as though my mother were being unreasonable. "A beer."

I sat down on the third step from the bottom of the narrow staircase that led to the rooms above. I knew that some higher order of things regulated my fate now, some jurisdiction where I didn't belong exclusively to my mother and my grandmother anymore, and where their preferences could be overruled. He was my father, after all, if currently underprivileged and in disgrace, and was thereby entitled to the sympathy and the subordination of my protectors, female. Still, I had the dim hope that

my mother might prevail, would say a firm no, from the obstinate streak I knew she possessed.

"But I'm sober and I'll stay sober while he's with me," my father said. My grandmother swatted him with her dish towel, good-naturedly, warningly, and got back on the phone, her job to lighten things up.

"Tell her I'll behave," my father said, recognizing an ally. And then, turning to me, addressed the jury: "But I'm leaving for a while and I just thought I might like to go to the beach for once with one of my kids, for Christ's sake."

I could not hear my mother on the other end of the line, and yet I have no doubt about what she said: "I'm pretty busy just now, Mama," as though she recognized my grandmother's divided loyalty and was feeling outnumbered, overruled. This was not indifference or callous disregard but simply the truth. Our welfare depended on my mother's salary now. Which we knew, my brother, my sisters, and I. Our mother's attention during the day, in our larger behalf, was owed elsewhere, even if we did not always temper our emergencies to that priority.

As she listened to my mother, my grandmother looked between my father and me. She said she was sure Edward was a good man and would take good care of me. If she looked as though she doubted her own argument, it was because she understood our conflicting feelings fully, and her heart went out to all three of us.

"But I want him to give Conrad five dollars, in case something happens—right now, in front of you, Mama, so he'll have money to get home at least, or to phone."

When my grandmother hung up and repeated this codicil to my father, he said, "For crying out loud."

AT THE BEACH IT WAS NOT WARM OR CROWDED enough to be summer, and the briny smell, like laundry soap and sulfur, was caustic; the wind was blowing.

We stayed for a while in my father's borrowed car and stared at the wind-combed sand. The car belonged to a woman, I suspected. Someone who kept it clean, anyway, who had left a half-peeled roll of Life Savers on the seat. Wint-O-Green.

My father said that maybe we wouldn't go swimming after all, maybe we'd just walk along the Strand. He asked whether I wanted to see the apartment building where he and my mother honeymooned when they got married. It was called the Ocean Arms. It was right across the street; we didn't even have to leave the car. He pointed out the very room where he and my mother had stayed.

"She took the afternoon off," he said. "And I wasn't working." He was speaking of their wedding day.

They had liked the Ocean Arms for its Spanish arch over the entrance, for a living-room tapestry of dancing

gypsies deep in the woods, held up by iron rings at the top, and for a wrought-iron grille over the front window, which was leaded, with sections of colored glass. (I'd heard about all this before, from my mother, from my grandmother.)

"We lived here two whole months," my father said, as though it were a lifetime and all anyone could expect of paradise. Then he reached to the heart of his nostalgia: "I had a straw hat that was really quite the thing."

My mother always spoke of him as "a dresser," as though looking for something to explain it all, to make some sense of it. Four kids.

I liked the past and didn't mind this information, but I was not as interested as I was at home in our dining room, when my mother opened her hope chest (the heavy relic of her life with my father and the one off-limits in the house which I respected) and a world before my own emerged in the form of folded scarves and strange lapel pins, beads and thick letters and flaking snapshots, and posed, tinted portrait pictures of remote and unrecalled people, people in their youth looking older than they would today, serious, formal, preliminary people, fixed in receding time and smelling of cedar. In my view the circle had closed, and my father was not entitled to his side of our history anymore; he was dealing in stolen goods when he presumed to speak of our past.

"But the sound of the sea made her nervous," he said. "She wanted things set—I understand that. I wanted things special. She'd get embarrassed by things, little things. For instance, everyone came down on Sundays because we had the beach. But only tenants could use the showers, which made your mother feel ashamed."

The building was now painted turquoise. A cardboard sign in the ground-floor front-room window read ROOMS. The wrought-iron grillwork remained, but the leaded patterns and the colored glass were gone.

"You thirsty? Want a Coca-Cola or something?"

A BLOCK FROM THE OCEAN ARMS WAS A FLAT-faced market, and before it a dented red refrigerator box with cold drinks. My father opened a Hires for me on the rusty lip of the cap receptacle and went into the market counting his change; he came out with a bottle of Lucky Lager.

He tucked his sergeant's cap under his belt and put his foot up on a crate half filled with empties. He leaned his elbow on his elevated knee.

"Your mother should have come down with us today," he said. He held his beer before him thoughtfully, as though his right to it were without question, as if broken promises were inevitable.

"She doesn't like the beach," I said, feeling at once that my tone might sound too in-the-know and challenging. My mother was beautiful; she was easygoing, and

could, in my experience, be persuaded in almost any direction. But she had positions, out of nowhere and seemingly on small points, and she held to them stubbornly. For example, she hated the beach. It was sandy, too far to go, too much trouble. She burned.

My father took a long swallow of beer. "I guess not," he said. "She never did."

He looked up and down the Strand. He nodded then, as though he felt some gesture were required, some conclusion. "Funny," he said. "It doesn't seem to have changed all that much."

I looked up and down the street as well, in case my opinion of the neighborhood was pertinent.

"You get good grades in school?" my father asked.

"Pretty good," I said, embarrassed for him, his remark so parental, obligatory.

"Just pretty good?"

"I guess."

My father cleared his throat, looking for the right voice, as if he hadn't intended to get businesslike but the issue was too important to ignore. "Well, work on your grades and keep them up there," he said.

In another swallow he had almost finished his beer. "What do you play? Do you play—what? Basketball?"

"They play kickball at my school," I said, feeling immediately some deep prevarication in my soul, an effort to cover up, slide by the abyss.

"You play, don't you?"

We were addressing the mystery of the ball, and I was at a terrible, threatening loss. I shook my head.

"How's that?" my father asked, baffled but concerned, squinting at me.

"I'm not very good," I said, recognizing in this admission a glaring want of character.

"Well, that's the way you get good," my father said. "By playing." He seemed relieved to have found what to say to me. "Ball."

"I don't like it," I said. I was down to the foam of my root beer.

"You should play, Conrad," my father said.

"I put out the yellow flags," I said.

"The what?"

"They tell when recess is just about over," I said. "Lunch period. And your time is running out."

My father said nothing. He might have been wondering what to say next, he might have been through with the conversation, but I felt the interrogation continuing, more pressing for his silence.

"At a quarter to one someone has to put out the yellow flags," I said. "That tells everyone if they have to go to the bathroom or clean up their area, they have fifteen minutes left."

"You do that instead of play?" my father said.

I said nothing. I might plead the importance of my charge, but I had my mother's integrity and would claim no distinction that another failed to grant me freely.

"I was a quarterback when I went to school," my father said. "That's how your mother met me."

"I've seen the picture of you," I said, envisioning the cedar-smelling staged photo of a high school celebrity that my mother had shown me from the chest in the dining room—shown me too often, too pointedly, I thought, trying to do my father justice and make sure I got the image of him that she herself had fallen for. This she did as faithfully as she sent me to Sunday school and to violin lessons, and in the same spirit—for my greater good, else she be charged with bias or neglect.

"She ever talk about me?" my father asked, and I knew that the subject had traveled beyond me, a duty

stop, to the destination it was headed for all along.

I was relieved, of course, that my rank on the playground was no longer being investigated and that I'd slipped past the theosophy of ball without being further disgraced. But I felt awkward, as you do when you have mistaken someone's waving at you across a distance—when you've quickened, perhaps even brightened a little, and lifted your hand to respond—only to see that happy look spear past you to someone behind your back. You feel the fool then, and cheated, as you witness the reunion made in heaven you almost interrupted.

"She said she doesn't want me to dislike you or anything," I said. "Or hold anything against you."

MISSING

Last seen near the closing newsstand
outside the cigar store angled
at that notorious corner
where some hasten past with eyes
downcast or with gaze clinging
to nothing beyond the propped
stacks of sooty rags settled
on headwaters of dark

rivers at the top of the steps
to the downtown subway while
some dressed for the breaks
in gleaming black revolve their
deliberate invitations
some circle menacing and one
who has been wrung through a long
life into garments with no size

will be delving whenever it is
through the piled cage of garbage
searching for anything all of them
backlit by store windows
arrayed with faded umbrellas
elderly luggage dust-filmed
sunglasses portraits of foreign
beauties from other eras wreathed

in gold suggesting a good
smoke this hand suddenly
there thrust forth palm up out of what
had seemed to be nowhere one

more after so many but this
surprisingly clean and in
that light looking as though it
belonged to someone familiar

almost recognizable
and out of place there the eyes
in the bare youthful face filled
with terror disbelief tears
out of the mouth nothing while the hand
trembling from its recent launching
among these shadows kept floating
away from a figure

of height somewhat less than average
age perhaps thirty or
thirty-five hair blend cropped short clean
eyes no color at that hour but
no doubt blue cheeks pink and clean
body slight but not thin wearing
a short-sleeved striped jersey
clean his feet in white jogging shoes

beside him on a leash his
small part-shepherd bitch well fed brushed
answering to the name Bewama
looking up expecting kindness
standing on hind legs at the sound
of her name to look at his face
happy to be with him and sure
that everything would be all right

—W. S. Merwin

HE HAD BOUGHT A QUART OF WHISKEY, which he left in the paper bag, the bag held tightly around the neck of the bottle, and he drank as we walked along the Strand, his bathing suit wrapped up under his arm. I carried our towels, my grandmother's reminder at the last minute. I wore my bathing suit under my pants.

Then he said he was tired of walking.

We crossed the sand and sat down by the water.

He saw that the cuffs of his Army pants were filled with sand and he cursed, lightly, to himself, as though I weren't there. He opened his belt, because the buckle cut into his stomach now, doubled up as we were. He threw his cap aside. He warned me that he might fall asleep, and then he lay back and fell asleep.

A gathering of gulls had settled into the sand upwind, and occasional feathers blew against my father and stuck to his khaki, as though he had been punctured and his stuffing were coming out. Sometimes I reached to pull them off, these soft, curly innards, and sometimes I didn't.

Every few minutes the surf cracked at my back with the sound of a whip, and when I looked around, I could see a whooping spray thrash backward, like a mane over the breakers. After a while I took the bottle of whiskey by its brown neck; the bag lifted with it. It was heavy enough to be not empty yet, and smelled of khaki and cigarette smoke and moustache and neck. It was, as I knew it would be, warm when I drank, like something that should not be consumed. I put the bottle back where I found it, having tasted my father and my own stale origins.

MY FATHER RAN INTO THE WATER, HIS legs stabbing a fountain of clear fire up over his body. He had awakened with the desire to swim after all, and now he vanished beneath the surf.

I went in only as far as the water wrapped my waist.

The sun had fallen to the horizon, and the surface of the water was blinding. The tide had gone out while my father slept, and the breakers were louder than ever and sudden and shallow, if not fierce. The wind had stopped, though, and the cool evening air on our shoulders made the water seem warm enough.

He came back toward me. "What's the matter?" he said. "Can't you swim?"

"I can but I don't want to," I said. I stood with one hand held up to my eyes to protect them from the glare of the sun. I could see my father only when a wave broke the reflection and cast a shadow, and then I had to stagger back as the wave hit me. I thought I might return to our towels, but a pair of dark surf fishermen had appeared on the beach, and for some reason I was reluctant to pass them.

My father, riding a wave, surfaced beside me. He lifted

me up and carried me farther out, without asking, marching through the crackling edges of incoming water.

"I don't like it," I said tightly.

He held me up as a wave pulled under us; we continued out.

"Please."

"Come on."

"I don't want to."

"Just jump when they—just hold your breath and squat down."

"I—"

"Don't be a baby."

His body was slippery, and I could not hold on. I felt also some other prohibition against my clinging, some manners or taboo.

"Hold your nose!" I heard his wet laughter against my ear. "I said open your eyes for crying out loud!" His whiskey breath was like a muzzle clamped over my nostrils.

"I can't!"

"I got hold of you!"

"No!"

"This one we'll jump, and see—"

We did.

"—how easy it is?"

I felt the buoyant lift, the possibility of pleasure, trust.

"See?"

"I want to go back."

"What fun it is."

"Yeah, but."

"You'll get used to it."

My teeth were so tightly locked together that I took in no water when the wave hit and I was pushed down and torn from my father's hands. I bounced against the bottom and hit the top again almost immediately, surprised at my survival and a bit exhilarated, to find the surf suddenly still, covered with a hissing froth that moved in every direction at once. I felt myself riding it, a spinning marble racing away from the disinterested figures on the shore, the surf fishermen.

But my father was gone and I had no foothold.

My neck tightened to keep my head above water, and twisted as another sudden locomotion struck me from behind, smashing me like a giant paw. I sprawled into the depths again, feet over head in a black cartwheel; my head struck sand. I fell over on my arm, on my back, and again over and upside down.

I came to the surface crying, put my feet down, and stood. I fell and crawled and staggered up the sand yelling *no* to my father, who was pursuing me, calling my name and swearing.

He stood over me, his hand on my shoulder. He was breathing loudly. I was shuddering. I felt him quivering in the cold.

"Rip, huh?" one of the surf fishermen said. "I seen you out there."

The other one said, "This time of year."

WE WALKED, DRESSED NOW, BUT DAMP and sandy underneath our clothes, through the evening light along the surf's edge, a golden dust rising from the breakers. The sun, which was out of sight, sank in the sand at our feet, the last of the moist dye of day. My father's strides were long and enthusiastic, and promised *You're going to like this place.*

"If it's still there, that is," he said. "I don't know if it's still even there."

He was thinking about my mother again.

"Even after we had moved away, we'd come back down for our dinners sometimes," he said. "To have the best steak and seafood dinners I ever ate. Do you like steak?"

"No."

"You don't like steak?"

I didn't answer.

THE BAR WAS THROUGH AN ARCH TO THE right of the door from the beach. I could see a dining room in the back, with a stage at the far end, where tables and chairs were stored under fake palm fronds, beyond a bare, dusty dance floor reflecting the light of a jukebox living there in the dark, a glowing troll. The place was called The Palms and was on the Strand where the pier began; it had an L-shaped counter under a low roof around a large grill.

We took the one booth in the bar section, and when we sat down, I could see, out the windows over my father's head, the purple sky where the sun had gone. The table wiggled when I put my elbows on it.

"It's the wrong time of year," my father said.

He sighed, a blunt, naked statement of his disappointment. "Or early, maybe." Other than a man in the dining room, we were the only customers. "Me and your mother used to come here all the time."

Beyond the counter, by the grill, I could see a black man wearing a tall chef's hat, as if it were New Year's Eve or Halloween. He hit a flat bell with the palm of his hand as we sat down, as though summoning someone from the dining room, where Hawaiian music was playing.

My father said, "How are the steaks tonight, Cooky?"

The cook said, "Yes, sir, the steaks are real good." He rang the bell again, smiling vaguely at nothing.

"You wouldn't kid me, would you, Cooky?"

"The waitress will be right with you, sir, yes, sir."

My father reached to the counter for a menu, a typed page under clear plastic, ringed in black leatherette. "Do you like a New York steak?" he asked. "Or a Spenser steak, or a filet mignon, which is four dollars."

Then, "What's this here steak, Cooky, this here house steak, is that any good?"

The cook said, "Yes, sir, that's a real good steak." He rang the bell for the waitress again.

"Why don't we have two of them house steaks then," my father said, folding up the menu.

Then, "How do you like your steak? Rare? Medium?"

The cook hit the bell again, sharply. He had been listening to the radio when we came in, and now he turned it down.

"Medium rare or what?"

I looked around to the bar for the waitress. For some reason my father didn't seem to understand that we needed the waitress before our order was official.

"Or well done? Do you like your steak well done?"

"I guess so," I said.

"Or medium rare? That's the way I like mine."

"I guess," I said.

"Medium rare," my father said to the cook. "And we'll have two shrimp salads—I mean cocktails."

The waitress came in from the dining room. She was flipping pages in her pad as she approached us. "Salad with my prime rib," she said over her shoulder to the cook. My father repeated his order to her, adding french fries. "And I'll have a beer."

He said to me, "Do you like milk, or what do you have with your dinner at home—Hires root beer, or what?"

"Coca-Cola."

"Ginger ale," the waitress said, looking up as two men came in from the Strand.

"They only have ginger ale here," my father said.

"Ginger ale," I said, recognizing the new arrivals as the surf fishers we had seen earlier.

"He'll have milk," my father said to the waitress, who gave the cook a page from her pad and proceeded toward the surf fishers settling in at the counter, putting their tool kits on the floor by their feet, their poles against the wall. They ordered beers.

One of the surf fishers put a large red thermos onto the counter when the waitress had gone. "You want to fill this with more of that chowder there, Henry?" he said, moving the thermos to within reach of the cook. "Before we go."

My father was quiet, even when the waitress came back with everyone's beer. Then, suddenly, loudly, he said to the huddled backs of the fishermen, "Anytime I go out the only thing biting is the goddamn groupers."

The fishermen looked over from the counter. One nodded, the other shook his head. One was drinking his beer from the bottle, the other slowly pouring his into a tipped glass to regulate the foam. They were both hunched over, leaning as though into a fire; they were pulled from that warmth by the necessity of responding to my father, and I could see that they were eager to return to their comfort.

"And I'm not just only some Sunday fisherman either," my father said, as the waitress set two silver urns down before us. "I know fishing." The urns contained chipped ice and clear glass dishes of red sauce, chunks of pale flesh protruding, looking like carnage, something from first-aid class, civil defense.

My father was quiet for some time; then he turned back to me and our meal. He picked up the baby fork sticking out of the ice as though he were already angry at something. He wagged the fork at the backs of the men at the counter, at the cook prodding our steaks on the grill beyond.

"This last time," he said. "This last time—?"

The men looked around, but only briefly.

"This goddamn manta ray, this goddamn manta ray—" My father's mouth was full. "Comes along and takes my line and snaps it right off."

"We'll catch you another time, soldier," the other one said.

"If you reach low enough, eh?" my father said, sinking back to the booth again, laughing.

The cook hit the bell on his counter with his heavy fork. I could see that our steaks were ready.

The waitress brought my father another beer.

I watched our plates steaming on the counter.

The waitress lit a cigarette and leaned against a pillar in the back. She did not see our plates. She was taking a rest.



"You got that chowder, Henry?" one of the surf fishers said, getting to his feet.

Once more my father turned back to me, finishing his shrimp cocktail. "Why aren't you eating?"

"I'm eating."

"I don't see you eating . . ."

I said nothing. I could hear the cook's radio program.

The other surf fisher got to his feet also as the waitress brought them their full thermos and their check. They finished their beers on their feet.

"Hey," my father said to the waitress, extending his empty beer bottle to her. "Buy those two men over there a drink, will ya?"

The surf fishers gave my father a sidelong look. One picked up his tool kit; the other went for their poles.

My father was getting to his feet, reaching for his wallet. "What are you drinking there, boys? Tell this lady here what you're drinking."

"Never mind, thanks," one of the surf fishers said.

"No, come on, I want to buy you one."

The surf fishers headed for the bar with their check.

"Are those your friends?" I said when they had gone.

IT WAS COLD WALKING DOWN THE STRAND FROM The Palms, back to the car, under the street-lamps painted black for the dimout, and to keep warm I took my arms out of my sleeves and folded them across my chest under my sweater. "You're going to stretch your sweater that way," my father said, annoyed at my posture. Or at something, someone—the surf fishers, maybe.

He drove slowly then, very carefully, and said nothing more until we were back in my neighborhood, on my street and parked before our house.

"I don't think I'll come in, though," he said. "Your mother's probably home by this time and—" The burglar alarm in the poultry shop at the corner rang briefly as the place was being shut up for the night.

"Well, it's her home," he said. "She's probably relaxing

and everything. After a hard day's work and everything. Not looking forward to company or anything—some other time." As though I had asked him to come in and kept insisting. "You tell her I'll write her, though, soon as I know where I'm at and can make the allotment a little bit bigger."

He was quiet for a minute. "Which I think I ought to be able to do."

Then, "Do you need anything or anything?"

I said no.

"You're probably cold, so I don't want to keep you," he said.

"I'm not so cold," I said. "Now."

I returned my arms to my sweater sleeves, the damp of the beach gone. The light from the streetlamp, not painted over this far inland, filtering through the trees, made a pattern on the car, shadows shuddering in a slight breeze. "Where do you guess you'll go in the war?" I said.

"Well, they don't tell you that." I saw the hand of a drowning sailor sinking in the water, his stricken ship in the background. Somebody Talked! I felt un-American for having asked.

"You take care of your mother, though," my father said.

"I will," I said. But I was chilled at the possibilities inherent in this request, the prospect of such responsibility.

"Can you think of anything you need?" he said.

"A new notebook for school," I said. "That's twenty-nine cents. The good ones." I was grateful to have thought of something.

"Well, here's—fifty cents is all I got right now, I got to get gas."

He opened the glove compartment and studied his fuel gauge in the light it shed, though with the motor off this was pointless, wasn't it? "I really meant for you to keep that five dollars," he said. I had returned it to him, his deposit, when the bill for dinner had come and he was short. "But I don't want to take it back empty." He shut the glove compartment. "That wouldn't be nice." I wondered who she was, where, waiting impatiently, worried, the owner of the car.

We were quiet, my lap heavy with the damp towel wrapped around my bathing suit.

"I sure wish you could think of something I could do for you," my father said. "Besides a school notebook."

Then, "I mean, if there was any problem or anything that you were having."

"I can't think of any problems," I said.

"Well, I'm glad you haven't got any problems." In laughter he reached for my knee. I didn't move, but recoiled just the same. He withdrew his hand.

"Oh, hell, I know I'm going to be all right," he said. "I'm not the least bit concerned about that part of it."

Then, "What I mean is, I know I haven't shown you

much in the way of being a father, Conrad." The amateur living of my parents, I thought. I thought of bad actors in the movies. "I mean, if today was the only chance I had and the last chance, well, I wouldn't want you to remember me—well, I'm just thankful, that's all, that I know you're in good hands. I'm grateful for that. And, I mean, I just hope you had a good time today, that's all."

"I had a real good time," I said.

"Well, good," he said. "That's what I wanted to hear."

"But I guess I better go in."

"Because if you ever felt like writing any letters to me sometime—" he said. "I sure would like that."

I was looking down the street, across the dancing light on the car hood. I could see my father in snapshots again, yellowed snapshots, dog-eared and chipped, in woolen trunks and a belt, leaning against the wall of the Ocean Arms with one of his friends from cards and high school, his moustache tilting with his grin. I could see what my mother saw in him, but I could smell the cedar of her hope chest, too, and I knew it was all in the past.

"And tell me about your grades in school and everything, and all your friends."

"I will," I said.

"You know, Conrad, what I wish you would do?"

"What?"

"I would take more interest in ball if I were you."

"In ball?"

"Sports."

I was silent.

"I'd let someone else take out the yellow flags."

"I can't," I said.

"Yes, you can," he said. "If you make up your mind."

"There's no one else to take them out."

"There is. That's foolishness, Conrad."

"The person who gets a hundred percent in fractions every day for a week takes out the yellow flags," I said. Then I said, "You get to leave class early and come back late."

"That's fine, but—"

"So you got to have mastery in fractions."

"Mastery?"

"—so only the highest kids."

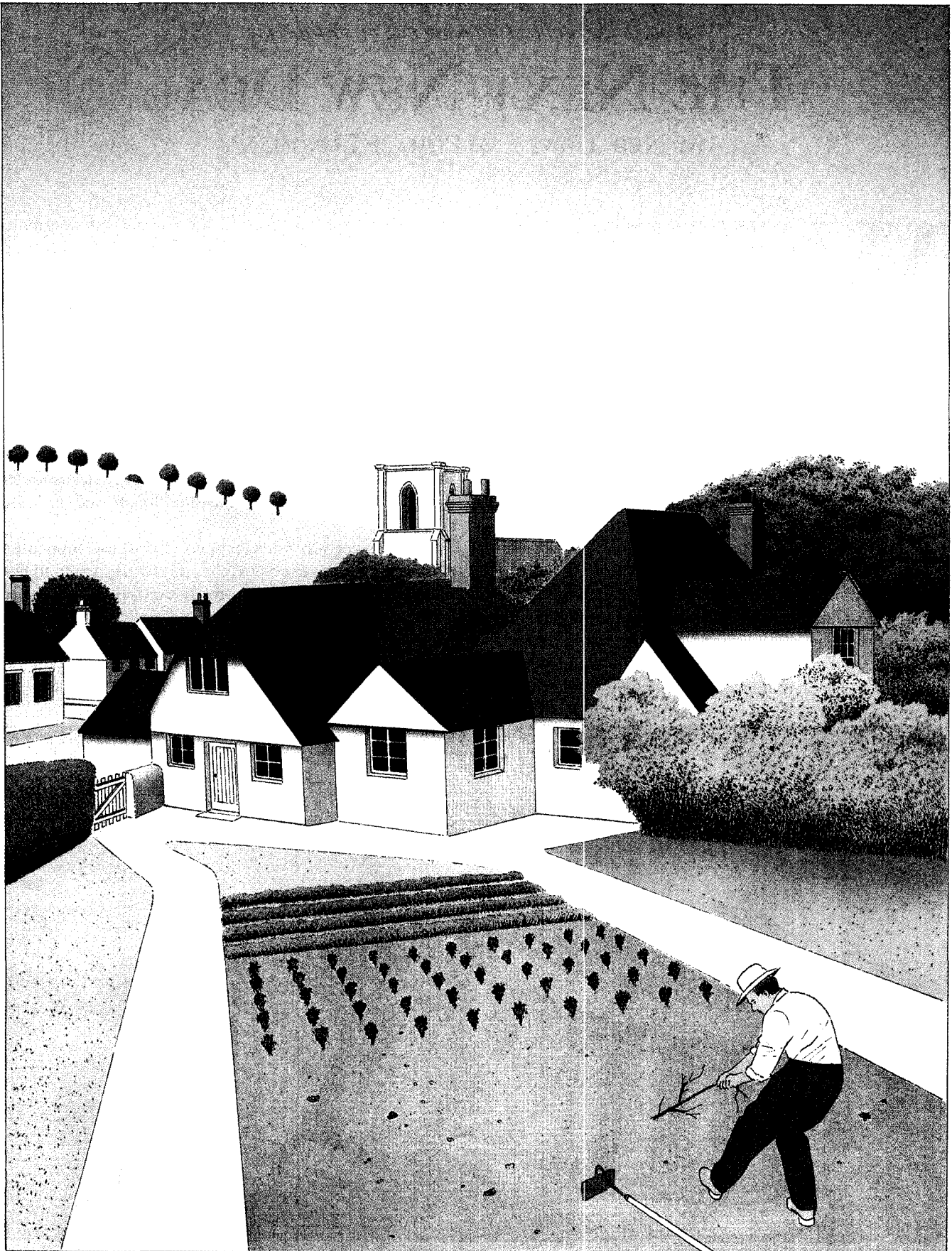
HE MADE NO FURTHER ATTEMPT TO touch me, and I got out of the car without touching him, though I felt some awkward debt in that regard.

I looked back once before I opened the door of our white-pillared house. He was still sitting there in the borrowed car, a black silhouette, a lawn between us. I could not be sure if he was looking at me. I was in shadow too. He didn't wave, I didn't.

I went into the house and closed the door. □

THREAD

BY GUY BILLOUT



A call for a comprehensive reform of our trillion-dollar system of federal entitlements, which favors the rich over the poor, the old over the young, and consumption over savings, and in other ways makes no economic or social sense

THE NEXT NEW DEAL

BY NEIL HOWE AND PHILLIP LONGMAN

WITH THE COMING OF THE NEXT NEW Deal, Americans will look back and marvel at what became of our old welfare state—that tangle of inequity and dysfunction once known as federal entitlements. Why did the public tolerate a system that wound up distributing most of its benefits to the well-off? And how did the economy survive its costs?

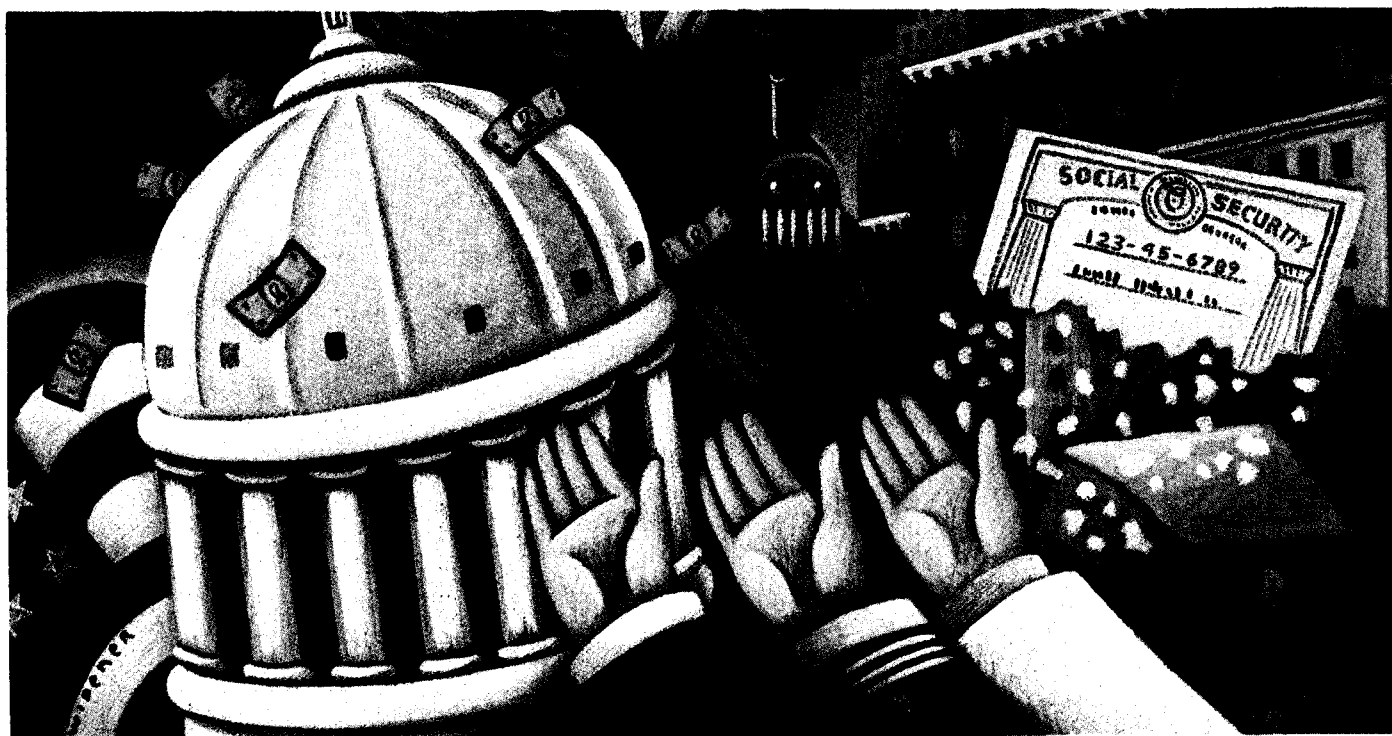
History books will no doubt concentrate on a few choice examples of the conditions that finally forced a wholesale reform. Readers may learn, for instance, that by 1991 the federal government's largest housing subsidy program was providing an average of \$3,000 a year to each of the six million wealthiest households in America, while offering nothing to the 36 million Americans in poverty.

To qualify for this particular benefit, called the home-mortgage deduction, you had to borrow using your first or second home as collateral. And the more you borrowed, even if it was to finance a chalet in Aspen—or just a ski trip to Aspen—the more subsidy you would receive

from other taxpayers. By 1991 the cost of the home-mortgage deduction had risen to \$37 billion, of which 81 percent went directly to households with incomes over \$50,000. Meanwhile, economists bemoaned the anemic U.S. personal savings rate, which in the late 1980s fell to its lowest level since the 1930s.

The U.S. health-care system a quarter century after the announcement of the Great Society will also provide future historians with rich examples of the conditions that led to the next New Deal. How to explain that the U.S. economy staggered under the highest per capita health-care costs on earth, and still 23 million Americans under the age of thirty-five were uninsured for any medical care at all?

Stranger yet was what happened to these uninsured Americans, and to everyone else, if they happened to live to be sixty-five. After that birthday a citizen, regardless of income, became entitled to take part in a program called Medicare, which would pay for everything from CAT scans to pacemakers, from chiropractic to orthopedic recliners. In 1991 Medicare spent nearly \$19 billion sub-



dizing the health care of households earning \$50,000 or more. That year government experts projected that the mounting cost of Medicare would cause the program to collapse within fifteen years, and that if current trends continued, total health-care spending would rise to an economy-shattering 44 percent of the gross national product by 2030. No one listened.

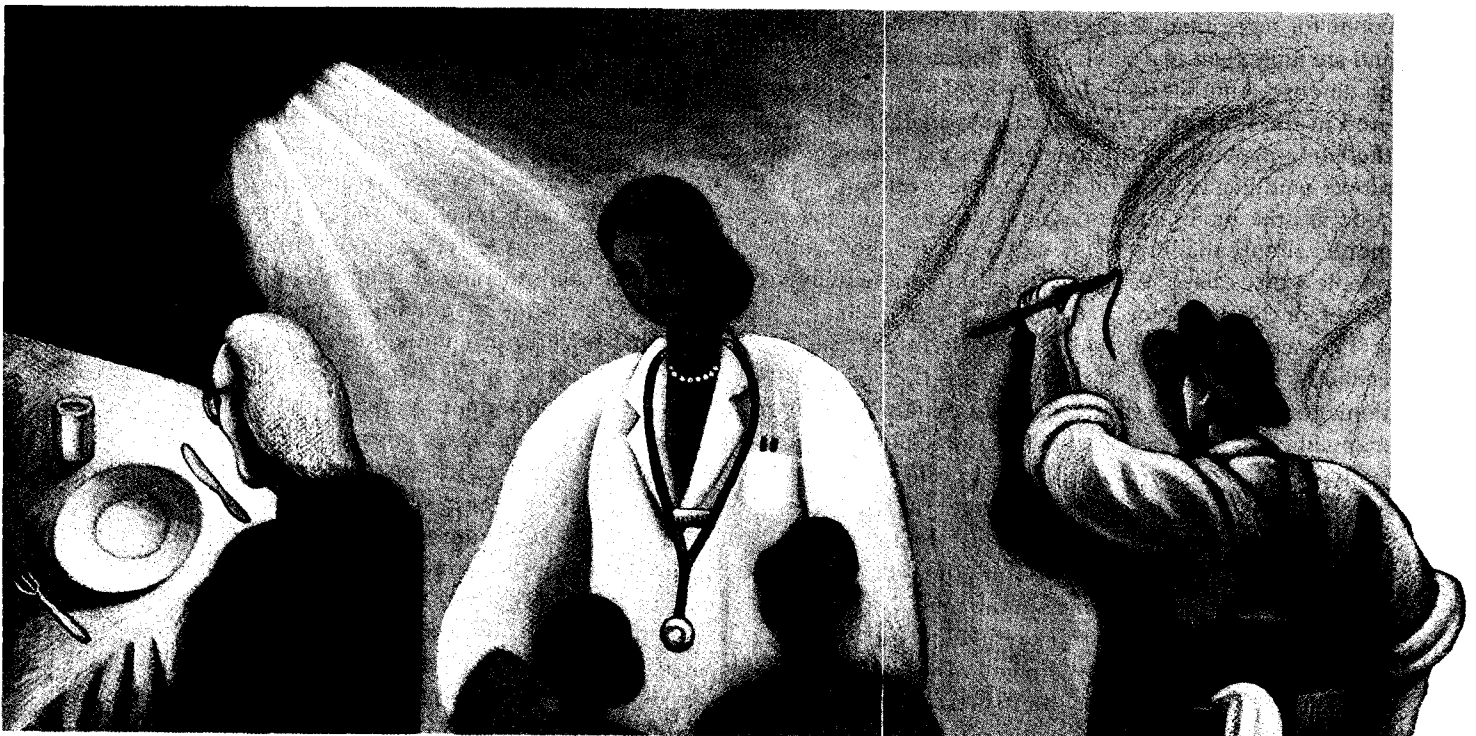
Gold-plated pensions for federal employees will also no doubt be held up by future historians as emblematic of the decadence of late-twentieth-century political culture. By what accident of history were military and civil-service retirees with incomes over \$100,000 collecting \$9.2 billion from the U.S. Treasury in 1991? For half this sum the official poverty rate for all American elderly could have been reduced to zero. At the very least, Congress could have done something about the \$1.4 trillion in unfunded federal pension liabilities on the books. But the House of Representatives was busy with other business at the time—such as voting itself a controversial pay hike that would later be remembered for its explosive impact on pension costs. Retiring in 1991, a typical congressman looked forward to \$1,098,735 in lifetime benefits; by 1993 the figure had risen to \$1,523,263.

Finally, there was the program originally designed to offer all Americans what President Franklin Roosevelt's brain trusters called "a floor of protection" against destitution in old age. But over the course of more than half a century Social Security had evolved into something radically different. By 1991 the system was distributing more than \$55 billion a year, or more than a fifth of its benefits, to households with incomes above \$50,000 a year. For that much money the government could have provided

every American with cradle-to-grave insurance against poverty—including the one American child in twenty who lived in a household reporting a cash income during 1991 of less than \$5,000.

For many years the worsening inefficiency and inequity of the U.S. social-welfare system seemed to make little impression on American political opinion. Political leaders as diverse as Newt Gingrich, George Bush, Bill Clinton, and Daniel Patrick Moynihan expressed alarm at the moral hazard of providing welfare benefits to poor unwed mothers. But few political leaders worried about the moral hazard—and incomparably larger cost—of subsidizing home-equity loans for rising young stockbrokers, granting free medical care, PX cards, and half pay for life to ex-colonels at age forty-two, passing out farm payments to affluent agribusiness owners, or writing checks to globe-trotting senior citizens which got forwarded to Bermuda. It was convenient to assume that free lunches corrupted only the underclass.

As the 1990–1992 recession lingered, forcing local governments to cut teachers' pay, ignore the raving homeless, and fence off sagging bridges, state governors turned to Washington, where politicians shrugged their shoulders and pointed to a budget bursting with entitlement programs running on autopilot. Meanwhile, ordinary Americans wondered what was happening to their nation's public sector. It could afford neither to build for the future nor to care for the needy—despite unprecedented borrowing, a near-record level of taxation, and sinking defense outlays that by the fall of 1992 had reached their lowest share of GNP since Harry Truman ran for President. With the vaunted post-Cold War "peace dividend"



evaporating, the United States found itself unable to invest adequately in either its infrastructure or its children. Eventually people began to talk of another Great Depression, before the coming of the next New Deal.

A Welfare State for the Affluent

RUDOLF GOLDSCHIED, THE SOCIALIST ECONOMIST, once observed, "The budget is the skeleton of the state stripped of all misleading ideologies." By now federal entitlement spending has become so pervasive in American life—not just among the poor but most notably among the middle class and the affluent—that one cannot make sense of our politics or the condition of our economy without considering how this spending rearranges the nation's resources and defines our choices as a society.

Ever since the early 1980s, when the United States lost control of its fiscal policy, the term "entitlements"—referring to all federal benefit payments to individuals—has been part of the American political lexicon. Today the twelve-digit numbers that first worried budget experts back in the late 1970s look positively quaint—although events have proved that the growth of entitlements is indeed the leading cause of the nation's long-term structural deficits. This year the cost of federal benefits is larger than was the entire federal budget when Ronald Reagan arrived in Washington with a mandate to slash the welfare state.

All told, entitlements have become a trillion-dollar river. The main current includes more than \$700 billion in direct outlays, received by at least one member of roughly half the nation's households. These expenditures account for more than 45 percent of all federal spending, and are more than twice as large as the amount consumed by defense. Another flow of nearly \$200 billion is distributed in the form of tax subsidies to individuals, such as the home-mortgage deduction and the exclusion for employer-paid health care. These explicit breaks in the tax code are the moral and fiscal equivalent of the government's simply mailing a check. To pay for them, other people's taxes have to be raised, other benefits have to be cut, or the deficit has to be increased.

The accumulating burden is not about to ease. Our economy shows no sign of "outgrowing" the cost of entitlements, as many partisans of Reaganomics, along with many liberals, once hoped. Though the relative cost typically rises and falls with the business cycle, it has always emerged from each new recession larger than it emerged from the last. In fiscal year 1992 federal benefit outlays alone will exceed 12 percent of GNP, the second highest level ever. Including tax benefits, the total cost of federal entitlements amounts to well over 15 percent of GNP, and Congress now projects that it will climb steadily through the late 1990s. For the first time, the economy should not expect any post-recession relief.

Who benefits from this spending? Until recently no one really knew. Budget experts, to be sure, have always pointed to a few eyebrow-raising numbers. Consider the fact that of all federal benefit outlays, only a quarter flows through programs that require any evidence of financial need—and that even this "means-tested" quarter includes such middle-class staples as student loans and VA hospital care. Consider also that only one of every eight federal benefit dollars actually reaches Americans in poverty. But reliable income figures for all recipient households have simply not been available. Cash-income surveys conducted by the Census Bureau are plagued by high rates of underreporting (especially by the wealthy). Tax-return data from the Internal Revenue Service are more accurate, but do not cover the entire population (especially the poor).

Several years ago, however, growing curiosity on Capitol Hill persuaded the nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office to try to unravel the mystery. By merging the Census and IRS data sources, CBO economists ultimately arrived at reliable and comprehensive estimates of benefits by household income. The estimates were circulated behind closed doors during the 1990 budget summit and have since been updated—though they have never yet been published. The benefit-income statistics we cite throughout this article are based on these CBO estimates, which cover about 80 percent of all federal benefit outlays.

These numbers destroy any ideological myths Americans may cling to about who gets what from government. They offer an accurate glimpse of that "skeleton of the state"—which has too long been locked in the political closet.

The CBO research demonstrates, in fact, that the most affluent Americans actually collect slightly more from the welfare state than do the poorest Americans. It shows that last year U.S. households with incomes over \$100,000 received, on average, \$5,690 worth of federal cash and in-kind benefits, while the corresponding figure for U.S. households with incomes under \$10,000 was \$5,560. Quite simply, if the federal government wanted to flatten the nation's income distribution, it would do better to mail all its checks to random addresses. The problem is not that poverty programs don't target the poor. More than 85 percent of the benefits from AFDC, SSI, and food stamps do indeed go to households with incomes under \$20,000. But their impact is neutralized by all the other programs, which tilt the other way and are, of course, much greater in size.

The trend over time is also unsettling. Liberals sometimes attribute the growing disparity of income in America to Reagan-era cuts in targeted poverty programs. Among the very poorest households that is indeed one cause. From 1980 to 1991, in constant dollars, the average federal benefit received by households with incomes under \$10,000 declined by seven percent. Yet liberals typi-



Who says you can't buy happiness?

We've seen \$21 a month make the difference between happiness and despair. \$21 a month helps buy a hungry child nourishing meals, a freezing child warm clothes, a sick child medical care, an illiterate child education.

Complete our coupon and mail it today. We'll send you a child's name, snapshot and history. You *can* buy happiness for one of our children. Or for as many of them as your heart can hold.



Dr. Paul F. McCleary, Executive Director
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND
2821 Emerywood Parkway, Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261-6511

NATL40

I am sending my first monthly contribution of \$21 to sponsor a

☐ girl ☐ boy ☐ either in: ☐ Africa ☐ Latin America
☐ Asia ☐ U.S.A.
☐ Eastern Europe

For additional information, please call our toll-free number: **1-800-776-6767**.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child at this time, but I'll contribute \$ _____ to be used to help children where most needed. CT

☐ Mr. ☐ Miss
☐ Mrs. ☐ Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Gifts are tax deductible. Statement of income and expenses available on request.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND

Named "One of the 10 Best Managed Charities" by *Money Magazine*

cally overlook the gentrification of America's untargeted nonpoverty programs, which has been pushing even more powerfully to widen the gap between rich and poor. During those same eleven years, among households with incomes over \$200,000 the real value of average benefits received (mostly Social Security, Medicare, and federal pensions) fully doubled.

But thus far we have been considering only direct outlays. When we include the value of entitlements conveyed through the tax code, the bias in favor of the well-off becomes even more pronounced.

Tax Expenditures and Other Subsidies

SUCH TAX SUBSIDIES DATE BACK TO 1918, WHEN PATRIOTIC fervor for U.S. troops in Europe was running high. Political leaders in Washington felt they should do something dramatic to reward the doughboys. Facing a tight budget, Congress hesitated to raise veterans' benefits directly. But then someone on Capitol Hill took a look at the five-year-old federal income-tax system and came up with a nifty idea: Why not "raise" veterans' benefits simply by exempting such benefits from the tax?

Over the years many more "tax expenditures" have followed, nearly all of them—like the first—created entirely off budget, without estimating eventual cost and far from the scrutiny that normally accompanies direct appropriations. Several, including the exemptions for Social Security benefits and for employer-paid health care, were created not by Congress but by offhand IRS rulings in the 1930s and 1940s. At the time, no one paid them much notice, because tax rates were low, Social Security benefits were modest, and company health plans were rare. But in fiscal year 1992 these two rulings alone are costing the federal government nearly \$90 billion, which is more than the Pentagon's total budget for weapons procurement.

Though tax expenditures as a political art were invented during the First World War, the term itself dates back only to the mid-1960s, when it was coined by Stanley S. Surrey, a Harvard Law don who served as assistant secretary of the Treasury for tax policy in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. In the course of his battles with Congress over tax policy, Surrey was struck by the fact that Congress was increasingly using selective tax reductions for specific groups of people, rather than direct appropriations, as a means of distributing public resources.

Surrey's favorite example was the deduction for medical expenses. He explained that this tax provision had precisely the same impact, both on the budget and on the public, as a multibillion-dollar benefit program that heavily favored the very rich (because they pay taxes at the highest rates) and that entirely excluded the very poor (because they don't pay taxes at all). There was indeed only one big difference: the same Congress that created the tax provision would never dare to create the benefit program.

Although the tax-expenditure concept has been widely accepted by economists over the past thirty years, it strikes many Americans the wrong way. A common complaint is that the concept somehow assumes that government "owns" all your income before doing you the favor of letting you keep part of it. This is not the case. The concept simply assumes that each person owes the government according to a general rate schedule superimposed on every person's ability to pay. Whatever violates such equal treatment is deemed the equivalent of a benefit outlay—the same, that is, as a check in the mail.

From the dogmatic insistence that there is no such thing as a tax expenditure, any number of absurdities must follow: for instance, that a public policy exempting all circus clowns from paying income taxes would not be a public benefit to circus clowns—who would simply be keeping more of "their own" money. Who cares if keeping more of "their" money means taking more of someone else's? Or if it means bankrupting everyone's kids? The ultimate thrust of this line of reasoning is to deny that a society can consent to and act upon any equitable principle of public sacrifice. Accordingly, all taxation is inherently unjust, and though cheating on your taxes may be legally wrong, it cannot be morally wrong.

It is no surprise that many well-off Americans, uneasy about their nation's loss of fiscal discipline, find consolation in this pugnacious illogic. What is surprising is to hear conservatives leading the chorus. Back in the early 1970s, strange to say, many of these same intellectuals pushed Nixon's ill-fated "negative income tax," the very premise of which is that less tax is the precise equivalent of more income. But during the 1980s they have become the preachers of a selective civic virtue—austerity for targeted benefits to the poor and indulgence toward shotgun tax favors to the affluent.

Today, even though the government publishes estimates of the cost of different tax expenditures, this form of spending still attracts comparatively little attention. But by now the numbers involved, and their social and economic effects, are too large to ignore. Honest people can and do differ over what constitutes a genuine tax expenditure, as opposed to "equitable" treatment—say, for investment income or charitable donations. According to some, ability to pay should be measured by what a person earns; according to others, by what a person consumes. But even if we confine our list of tax expenditures to those that contradict any principle of ability to pay—that is, to those that nearly all economists can agree on—the total fiscal cost comes to at least \$170 billion. Those tax expenditures arbitrarily reward millions of lucky people for such endeavors as financing a built-in sauna, hiring an au pair, or getting the boss to pay for the therapist.

This spending is regressive in the strictest sense of the word. Even when poorer households qualify for these benefits (and often they do not), what they receive is smaller, relative to their income, than what goes to the af-

fluent. According to the congressional Joint Committee on Taxation, for example, last year the average value of the mortgage-interest deduction for taxpayers with incomes over \$100,000 was \$3,469. In contrast, the same deduction was worth an average of only \$516 for taxpayers in the \$20,000 to \$30,000 bracket who qualified to take the benefit—and of course many, including renters and those who opted for the standard deduction, did not.

When we add together all the tax expenditures and all the direct outlays for which we have 1991 income data—and this is about 80 percent of each type of entitlement—an unambiguous picture emerges. On average, households with incomes under \$10,000 collected a total of \$5,690 in benefits. On average, households with incomes over \$100,000 collected \$9,280. In terms of total fiscal cost, moreover, the aggregate amounts received by the non-needy in 1991 were staggering. One half (at least \$400 billion) of all entitlements went to households with incomes over \$30,000. One quarter (at least \$200 billion) went to households with incomes over \$50,000. These are the facts—regardless of what our political folktales might say.

How did our entitlement system wind up delivering most of its benefits to people who are clearly not in need? Obviously, the overall spending pattern does not conform to any master plan. Congress never passed a “Comprehensive Welfare for the Well-Off Act.” Rather, the system we see today is the inadvertent legacy of thousands of why-not-please-everybody votes on Capitol Hill—together with economic and demographic trends that no one anticipated.

Nor does any conspiracy lie behind the way Americans have chosen over the past decade to finance the growth of entitlements. They have done so through deficit spending—the result of a persistent ideological deadlock between cutting spending and raising taxes. Each side, unfortunately, has reason to regret the outcome. On the one hand, those who prevented significant reform in the welfare state have worsened any prevailing trend toward inequity by income and class. On the other hand, those who urged that it is better to finance the welfare state through debt than through taxes have burdened Americans with a new layer of inequity by age and generation.

These are the conditions leading to the coming of the next New Deal—a new deal that is needed to restore both fairness and efficiency to our trillion-dollar entitle-

ment budget. The U.S. social-welfare system has by now come to resemble a ramshackle mansion on a hill, with squeaky back stairways and barren hallways leading to musty, sealed-off chambers.

Open this door and behold the federal railroad retirement system—a Christmas gift from Congress to the railroad industry in 1935, still chugging after all these years, at an annual cost of \$7.8 billion. That crowing in the pantry is the sound of \$50,000, on average, in direct federal payments being snatched up by each of the 30,000 biggest-grossing farmers in America. Not one of them

looks like Pa Joad. And down this hall you’ll find the bonanza-baby nursery, filled with Americans born from 1910 through 1916, whose Social Security benefit levels are higher than those of anyone born before or after. Can anyone remember why? What about that thumping noise? Maybe it’s the so-called one-percent “kicker” from the 1970s, which still inflates civil-service pensions.

This is a structure, leaky and drafty and wildly expensive to heat, that was tolerably suited to its previous owners but now requires radical remodeling. What would FDR, architect of the original New Deal, have said if he had learned that by 1991 a fifth of American children would be living in poverty—still ill housed and ill nourished—while a fifth of the dollars spent by major federal benefit programs went to households earning \$50,000 or more?

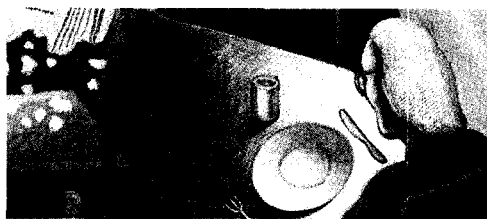
Fortunately, the system can be made to work again. But before

the next New Deal can happen, Americans will have to start viewing entitlements as a whole, and debating comprehensive reforms.

Welfare for the Well-Off

EVEN IF OUR CURRENT ENTITLEMENT SYSTEM were sustainable well into the twenty-first century—and it is not—most Americans would still have good reason to demand a new deal. Consider how little we as a nation are getting back for the money we are spending: no national health-insurance plan, no maternity benefits or family allowances such as are available in Germany and France, no guarantee against falling into poverty or even becoming homeless—in old age or at any other time of life.

In 1990, for example, the federal government handed



**WHY DOESN'T
THE WELFARE STATE DO A
BETTER JOB OF ACTUALLY
INSURING AGAINST
POVERTY? THE BOTTOM-LINE
REASON IS THAT WE
DIVERT TOO
MANY RESOURCES TO
THE AFFLUENT.**

out an average of \$11,400 worth of benefits to every American aged sixty-five or over—more than ten times what it gave to each child—yet 3.7 million senior citizens still languished below the poverty line. Many of the latter receive a “means-tested” benefit—Supplemental Security Income. But for an elderly person living alone in 1990 the federal SSI program offered a maximum cash benefit of 74 percent of the poverty level, or \$4,632 annually. That same year, while 18 million Americans earning less than \$15,000 at full-time, year-round jobs “contributed” their FICA dollars, a CEO and spouse could retire and expect to receive more than \$24,000 annually in tax-sheltered Social Security and Medicare benefits, in addition to their corporate pension and “medigap” plan, and sundry forms of private investment income.

Why doesn’t the welfare state do a better job of actually insuring against poverty? The bottom-line reason is that we divert too many resources to the affluent.

The most stunning illustrations of welfare for the well-off come in the form of entitlements conveyed through the tax code. Consider, for example, the exclusion from taxation of most Social Security income along with the insurance value of Medicare benefits, which together cost the Treasury about \$34 billion last year. The households that receive the largest favor are those with the most income. In fact, both these tax expenditures may be regarded as especially insidious forms of back-door spending, since they simply add to the already top-heavy distribution of Social Security and Medicare benefits. For the 37 percent of senior citizens who regularly vacation abroad, these tax subsidies are enough to pay for a few extra days of shopping in tropical ports of call. But they do little for another 40 percent of senior citizens who owe no tax on their Form 1040 because they aren’t as well off. This is why every other major industrial nation regards all or nearly all of its social-insurance benefits as taxable income.

The same point applies to the child-care credit, which cost the government more than \$3 billion last year. Households with incomes below \$10,000 received virtually no benefit from this tax subsidy. Those with incomes above \$50,000, however, received \$1.2 billion to help pay for nannies and other child-care expenses.

For the really big bucks, take a look at the exclusion for employer-paid health care. Under this provision, those Americans fortunate enough to receive health-care insurance from their employers are allowed to exclude the value of their insurance from both income and payroll taxation. Last year this single tax expenditure cost the U.S. Treasury \$60 billion in forgone revenue.

Who benefited? Obviously, no one among the 35 million people not covered by any form of health insurance or among the 32 million people who pay for their plans out of their own pockets. These 67 million Americans are twice as likely to live in poverty as are all other Americans. But that is only part of the inequity. Among house-

holds that were covered by employer-paid health-care plans, the average benefit for those in the highest income brackets was many times larger than the average for those in the lowest income brackets. Moreover, most economists agree that such large subsidies encourage their beneficiaries to overconsume health-care services, and thus put even more inflationary pressure on a system already in crisis. Who will argue with an employer who offers a “Gold Plan” package that provides generous coverage for every medical contingency, from orthodontia to nose jobs to psychoanalysis, as long as it’s tax-free?

It is much the same story with most other entitlements conveyed through the tax code. Not only are they inequitable in their distribution of benefits but also they contribute to gross distortions in how the U.S. economy allocates resources. In addition to overconsuming health care, for example, affluent Americans tend to overconsume powder rooms and swimming pools and vacation homes at the expense of more-productive investments—thanks to the mortgage deduction and other tax subsidies for owner-occupied real estate. One result of all these tax favors: the hospitals and homes of Grosse Pointe and other affluent suburbs of Detroit are far more luxurious than any to be found in, say, the suburbs of Yokohama or Stuttgart. But only in Detroit do the suburbs surround a burned-out, deindustrializing core. Not coincidentally, every major industrial society except the United States pays for little (or none) of its health care with tax-sheltered insurance, and tightly restricts (or prohibits) any deductions for interest on home mortgages.

To the rule that says most tax subsidies go to the wealthy, there is one exception: the Earned Income Tax Credit. First enacted in 1975, the EITC is the closest America has ever come to a negative income tax. But its effect on the overall picture is negligible. Even after including the EITC with all the other tax expenditures mentioned above, the bottom line is still that the rich receive by far the largest benefits.

Households with incomes below \$10,000, for example, receive an average of \$131 a year from all these tax-subsidy programs combined. Middle-class households do better: those with incomes in the \$30,000 to \$50,000 range receive tax benefits averaging \$1,483. But it is the truly affluent who receive the greatest subsidy: the average benefit for households with incomes over \$100,000 is \$3,595 a year, or nearly thirty times what goes to households most in need.

The Weight of Reality Upon Ideology

WHY HAVE AMERICANS PUT UP FOR SO LONG with such flagrant malfunctioning of their social-welfare system? Part of the explanation must lie in today’s political culture, which by the standards of FDR’s crusading generation has remained exceptionally cautious in its thinking about

the major institutions of the welfare state, and preoccupied with mere process issues. Meanwhile, as the decades have passed, the earth has been slowly shifting beneath the major monuments of the first New Deal. The old assumptions will not hold.

When Social Security first started paying out benefits, for example, the elderly were by far the most destitute age group in American society. As recently as 1969, 25 percent of American elderly were officially designated “poor”—as were only 14 percent of children under age eighteen. Today the relative positions of the very old and the very young are just about reversed: in 1990, 12 percent of the elderly and 21 percent of children were poor. Other indicators, such as noncash income, financial assets, and homeownership rates, also show that the typical elderly household is now considerably better off than the typical young family. At the same time, as we have seen, millions of the elderly continue to live in poverty. And yet Social Security continues to distribute none of its benefits on the basis of need.

We live in a world radically different from that of FDR’s generation. How touching it is for the historian to read that New Deal planners once projected that Social Security’s survivors’ and unemployment benefits would steadily reduce means-tested family assistance. The assumption, of course, was that widows were the only single mothers struggling to raise children. That 13 million children would be living with single nonwidowed mothers in 1990 was simply unthinkable. And how maddening it is for today’s married woman to learn that she won’t receive Social Security benefits based on her earnings unless she makes at least half her husband’s salary throughout her working life. It should come as no surprise that a social-welfare system designed to serve the America of Benny Goodman and Norman Rockwell now stands in need of serious structural repair.

We also live in a world radically different from that of the Johnson and Nixon presidencies, when the steepest increases in entitlement spending took place. In that era renowned economists wrote books about the “challenge of abundance” and testified before Congress about how Americans would soon enjoy a twenty-two-hour work-week. In 1972, on the eve of Social Security’s largest single benefit hike, the system’s actuaries projected that

henceforth real U.S. wages would forever rise at the rate of 56 percent every two decades—an assumption that made almost anything affordable. Looking back, that sort of economic euphoria seems as dated as *2001: A Space Odyssey*. What has in fact happened over the twenty years since 1972 is that real wages, as defined by the actuaries, have grown by hardly more than four percent. Polls indicate that most Americans are no longer confident that today’s children will do as well economically as their parents—and indeed they will not, unless the country frees up the resources it needs to undertake wide-scale investments in improving productivity.

Sixty years after the New Deal there is virtually no connection between the pattern of entitlement spending and any coherent public purpose. So why is reform so often regarded as impossible?

Part of the reason is ideological. Throughout the Reagan years the allure of supply-side economics persuaded many conservatives that reforming entitlements was no longer necessary; with tax cuts and deregulation, the nation could simply “outgrow” them. The party that once fought losing battles against the New Deal could thereby dish the Whigs and painlessly rid itself of its plutocratic reputation. Liberals, meanwhile, have been slow to grasp how an ideal that was once taken as the nation’s highest expression of community has evolved into a system that serves the interests of economic royalists at the expense of the common man.

Today reality is gradually wearing away these ideological misconceptions. Still, the reform of any single entitlement program is blocked by highly organized special-interest groups, from the gray-power and pension lobbies to the agribusiness, construction, and health-care industries. Even affluent beneficiaries who may be uncomfortable accepting government money don’t like feeling singled out for sacrifice. The Palm Beach retiree, for example, won’t go along with higher taxes on his Social Security benefits just so that the yuppie down the street can get another tax break.

What is needed is a comprehensive approach to entitlement reform—one that cuts not only direct spending but also tax expenditures for the well-off. In this way entitlement reform could avoid becoming a contest between generations. By putting every form of government spending on the table, America could also end that long-running, sterile debate between those who want to cut



**IT SHOULD COME
AS NO SURPRISE THAT A
SOCIAL-WELFARE
SYSTEM DESIGNED TO SERVE
THE AMERICA OF BENNY
GOODMAN AND NORMAN
ROCKWELL NOW
STANDS IN NEED OF SERIOUS
STRUCTURAL REPAIR.**

spending and those who want to cut taxes. Genuine reform could at last be what it should be: a more equitable and productive redirection of the nation's limited resources.

The Peace Dividend Is Not Enough

BUT COULDN'T WE GET BY, MANY READERS WILL ask, with just staying the course? Won't the end of the Cold War free up enough resources so that we won't need to take on entitlement reform?

The short answer is no. A world at peace won't be enough to right the nation's fiscal imbalance.

As we mentioned earlier, benefit outlays accounted for 45 percent of all federal spending in calendar year 1991. Yet this conventional measure of the cost of entitlements, large as it is, underestimates their practical importance. First, it includes only the benefits themselves, not the cost of administering them. Add on a minimal five percent overhead, and the total rises to 48 percent of the budget. Second, a fair measure would compare entitlements only with other types of spending that are adjustable, not with spending that is entirely beyond anyone's control. So let's subtract net interest payments on the national debt (\$199.4 billion) and last year's payments on the S&L bailout (\$101.8 billion). Both are obligations that must be met in order to avoid a devastating financial panic. Now the total rises to 60 percent of the budget. Finally, let's figure in the \$170 billion in benefit-like tax expenditures. This pushes the total up to just over 65 percent of the budget.

The bottom line might be summarized this way: Entitlements, defined as the full cost of both direct and tax-code benefits, amount to two thirds of the federal spending over which government has some control.

A large part of the remaining third is defense spending. The cuts now scheduled will help, but alone they are clearly insufficient. Consider that even eliminating the entire Marine Corps would not defray the annual cost of military pensions. In fact, even if the Department of Defense were abolished and all the armed forces disbanded, the U.S. Treasury would still not be able to pay this year's bills without borrowing. As for the small corner of the budget still dedicated to "discretionary" civilian projects—everything from running parks, regulating polluters, and sheltering runaway children to building highways, testing superconductors, and arresting drug traffickers—as a share of GNP that corner has been smaller since the late 1980s than at any other time since the late 1950s. It is unlikely that Americans could achieve major savings in this catchall budget area without curtailing some of the vital core services they expect from government. Most policy discussions instead favor more of this type of spending, which no doubt would already be larger today were it not perpetually crowded out by the metastasizing of universal benefits.

Another question, still sometimes heard in post-Reagan America, is "Why reform entitlements or even worry about the deficit when we can always just raise taxes?" But the answer is clear enough: The revenue option won't work because it won't happen. One can find many polls showing that most Americans favor the concept of a means test for benefits. But one cannot find any poll showing that more than a small minority of Americans favor a large, general-purpose tax hike.

This anti-tax sentiment is linked to widespread cynicism about government, especially the federal government, which should make many liberals think twice before dismissing entitlement reform. Quite simply, those who want more taxes and bigger budgets must first demonstrate that government can apply commonsense priorities to the money it is already spending. Anyone waiting for public attitudes to change spontaneously should take a closer look at America's rising generation of voters under thirty—not just at their Republican sympathies, which incline them against taxes anyway, but at their intense distrust of unkeepable promises, breakable chain letters, and crocodile tears. What the typical new voter most distrusts, in short, is just the sort of rhetoric that still enshrouds our welfare state.

Unfavorable Demographics

EACH DECADE SINCE THE FIRST NEW DEAL, FROM the 1930s through the 1980s, entitlement spending has grown faster than the economy. Under our current system it is certain to do so in future decades as well, especially once the oldest members of the enormous postwar Baby Boom generation begin reaching retirement age, just sixteen years from now. Today more than 60 percent of all federal benefit spending flows to the 12 percent of Americans who are age sixty-five or older. As long as the welfare state allocates most benefits on the basis of seniority alone, the cost will grow geometrically as the size of the elderly population increases. In combination with the aging of the population, improvements in medical technology will likely cause per capita health-care costs to continue growing several times as fast as per-worker GNP.

Demographic data easily numb the mind, but one can gain an intuitive sense of what all this means for government spending by considering just how favorable demographic trends have been for the United States in recent years. During the 1980s the 76 million members of the Baby Boom generation moved into their prime productive years—old enough to have mastered job skills but too young to retire. The result was an automatic surge in federal revenue—especially since the women of this generation have been far more likely than their mothers to work for wages, and therefore to contribute taxes.

Meanwhile, demographics have also been favorable to the spending side of the budget. The growth rate of the

retirement-age population has actually been slowing down since the mid-1980s, owing to the declining birth rates of the late 1920s. Yet the United States is still running enormous budget deficits. What will happen when these favorable demographic trends turn into unfavorable trends, beginning around 2010?

Since 1960, federal benefit outlays alone have grown from roughly five percent to 12 percent of GNP. No one knows, of course, what the future may bring. But if one adopts the economic, demographic, and medical assumptions used by the Social Security Administration and the Health Care Financing Administration, the total cost will rise much further over the next fifty years, perhaps to 21 percent of GNP (best case) or to 30 percent of GNP (most plausible case). And this assumes not a single new program or eligibility provision. Outlays of this magnitude would threaten to crowd out not only all forms of public and private investment but also any hope that government might respond to new social needs. Ultimately, even huge tax hikes would merely cover the growing cost of programs whose original intentions had long been forgotten.

Well before we reach such nightmare fiscal scenarios, moreover, the income inequity of the U.S. welfare state will become painfully obvious. Look ahead to the year 2000, when today's unusually affluent Americans in their fifties begin to retire. This is a cohort of lifelong upward mobility whose average household wealth in retirement (according to the economists Frank Levy and Richard Michel) is likely to exceed that of all living Americans born either before or after them. Then consider the position of today's young adults—handicapped by unstable family backgrounds, an inferior education, and stagnating entry-level wages. By the year 2000, while raising families amid growing talk of yet another hike in the payroll tax, they will cast searching eyes at the abundance of their elders. In her recent book *Social Insecurity* the former Social Security commissioner Dorcas Hardy does not hesitate to link the issues of age, income, and race. "As we move into the next century," she asks, "will the minorities of this country—immigrants and otherwise—come to see the Social Security system as a mechanism by which the government robs their children of a better future, in order to support a group of elderly white people in a retirement that is both too luxurious and too long?"

Take it from someone who once ran the system: the entitlement crisis is not about to go away if we just ignore it.

A Comprehensive Reform

OVERHAULING THE U.S. WELFARE STATE SO THAT it serves our national goals will entail enormous changes, most likely including a wholesale restructuring of the U.S. health-care system. But in the meantime we Americans can make federal entitlements much more equitable, and free up

the resources we need to cut our fiscal deficits and boost our national savings, by acting on a simple if far-reaching principle. The principle is that one's benefits should be proportional to one's need—whether the subsidy comes in the form of health insurance or a farm subsidy or a mortgage-interest deduction or a Social Security check.

How might such a principle be applied to the existing welfare state, and how much money would it save? Any reform package should satisfy the three most common objections to a cost-control effort. First, it should not reduce the income of any household that is anywhere near the poverty line. More precisely, the half of all U.S. households that report incomes over \$30,000 should be asked to bear nearly all the extra burden.

Second, any reform package should adjust benefits according to a graduated scale, so that mid-

dle- and upper-income households do not become net losers just because they happen to rise a few dollars above a certain threshold. Nor should earning a high income become a disqualification for receiving any subsidy. To preserve the universal character of our major entitlement programs, members of every household, regardless of income, should still stand to gain some benefits, albeit in proportion to their needs.

Third, any comprehensive reform must take into account the quasi-contractual nature of at least some entitlement programs. This last proviso is the toughest to accommodate, but not as tough as is sometimes thought.

Strongly rooted in American political folklore, for example, is the idea that Social Security recipients are only "getting their money back," that Social Security is an "inviolable contract," and so forth. But such claims have no



**ANY PEOPLE
WILL ASK, WON'T THE END
OF THE COLD
WAR FREE UP ENOUGH
RESOURCES SO THAT
WE WON'T NEED TO TAKE
ON ENTITLEMENT
REFORM? THE SHORT
ANSWER IS NO.**

financial or even legal basis, however much certain politicians and interest groups may claim otherwise. True enough, the original Social Security Act of 1935 included a "money back" guarantee (with some interest) on all employee contributions, and called for benefit levels to be calculated on the basis of the lifetime covered wages earned by each individual. But the guarantee was eliminated by Congress in 1939, and the link between benefit levels and years of participation, after being weakened in 1939, was entirely discarded in 1950.

Ever since, the U.S. Supreme Court has repeatedly ruled that no covered worker retains any right, contractual or otherwise, over taxes paid into the system. In fact, the Social Security Administration keeps no direct records of how much each person contributes. It just keeps records of each person's wage history, to which a politically determined benefit formula is applied when that person retires. Today's retirees, as it happens, receive benefits worth two to ten times what they would have earned had they invested all their lifetime Social Security taxes (both their own and their employer's) in Treasury bonds. Meanwhile, largely because of the very steep increases in Social Security taxes in recent years, most economists agree that under current law Social Security will not offer large categories of younger participants anything approaching a fair market return on what they paid into the system.

So there is no reason that Social Security benefits for the well-off cannot be reduced if a majority of Americans decide that their collective resources should be used for different purposes. The same is true for civil-service and military pensions, although here the case is much stronger that an implied contract exists between well-off pensioners and the government.

Before the 1970s federal employees worked for lower wages than their counterparts in the private sector. One reason they did so was the expectation of receiving government pensions far more generous than any offered by private-sector employers. Even today, no private pension offers benefits at such an early age, at such a high percentage of pay, with such lenient provisions for disability, or with such generous indexing. Moreover, because these government pension programs were never funded on an actuarially sound basis, current taxpayers are now unjustly stuck with a huge tab for yesterday's unwise policy.

Still, these benefits are part of the compensation that was promised at the time—a distinction that makes a moral if not a legal difference and ought to limit benefit reductions even to the most affluent federal pensioner.

Applying our simple principle would not require a big new bureaucracy. All means-testing could be achieved exclusively through tax returns, much as we now handle the limited taxation of Social Security for households with adjusted gross incomes over \$25,000. Each filer would be required to enter all benefits received, which could be checked against federal records. Above certain

limits the total would trigger a "benefit-withholding" liability, which the filer would send back to the IRS along with any outstanding income-tax liability. As a practical matter, federal benefits could be withheld just as wages are withheld, based on a tax filer's previous experience.

How would benefit-withholding rates be set? Here are a few illustrative options, with estimates of how much money they would have saved in calendar year 1991 alone.

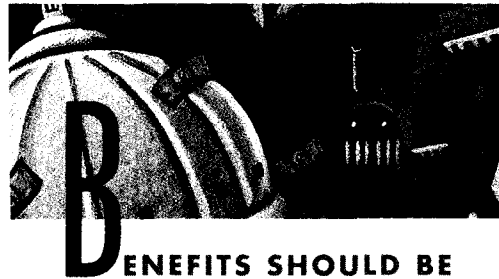
- For all cash and in-kind entitlement programs except federal-employee pension plans: Withhold 7.5 percent of any benefits that cause total household income to exceed \$30,000, and withhold an additional five percent at the margin for each additional \$10,000 in household income. The maximum reduction of benefits would be 85 percent, applicable to households with incomes of \$190,000 or

more. Total savings: \$33.5 billion.

- For civil-service and military pensions: Same as above, but with a much lower maximum withholding rate, in deference to the quasi-contractual nature of these benefits. The maximum reduction of benefits would be 25 percent, for households earning \$70,000 a year or more. Total savings: \$7.6 billion.

- For all major entitlement benefits conveyed through the tax code except benefit exclusions: Limit the amount of such tax expenditures received by upper-income households to the average expenditure per household within the \$30,000 to \$50,000 bracket. In 1991, for example, this would have limited the total allowable mortgage-interest deduction to roughly \$2,500. Total savings: \$34.7 billion.

- For benefit tax exclusions: Get rid of all income thresholds and make Social Security just as taxable as any other



**BENEFITS SHOULD BE
PROPORTIONAL TO
NEEDS—WHETHER
THE SUBSIDY COMES IN THE
FORM OF HEALTH
INSURANCE OR A FARM SUBSIDY
OR A MORTGAGE-INTEREST
DEDUCTION OR A
SOCIAL SECURITY CHECK.**

cash income—except for 15 percent of pre-reform benefits. This untouched residual will offer, to even the wealthiest of today's retirees, at least a five percent tax-free return on all contributions they have personally paid into the system. Also, for households with incomes from \$30,000 to \$50,000, phase out half of the tax exclusion on the insurance value of Medicare (net of Medicare Part B premiums). Total savings: \$16.9 billion.

Altogether, these provisions, if they had been in place in 1991, would have freed up \$93 billion in the federal budget. To be sure, no one would advocate instituting all of them in one year, especially in a bad recession year. But imagine that they were phased in over four years—starting, say, in 1993. Assuming that income brackets were adjusted for inflation, and using official budget and revenue projections, total annual savings would rise to \$149 billion by 1996. That would be enough to ensure that the next recovery is a genuine investment-led expansion, not another borrow-and-consume bacchanalia.

The budget savings could be considerably higher. The figures noted here reflect only about 80 percent of all federal entitlements and tax expenditures, those for which income distributions are known. The extra 20 percent included, total budget savings in 1996 could rise to more than \$186 billion. Furthermore, trimming subsidies to the affluent reduces their incentive to take advantage of available benefits. Thus, to the extent that it would prompt middle- and upper-income Americans to forgo benefits altogether—for example, by retiring later, or by opting for less tax-sheltered health insurance and housing—the measure would clearly save taxpayers more than the amount a static calculation would indicate.

Because all the savings would be collected through the tax code, a single piece of legislation, falling under the jurisdiction of the tax committee in each house, would be sufficient to implement the reform. Imagine doing the same job by amending every benefits statute: the process would snake through dozens of committees, grind on for years if not decades, and ultimately be undone by interest groups.

This approach also has the virtue of treating all Americans fairly, according to their individual circumstances, unlike most other reform proposals—for example, limiting all cost-of-living adjustments (COLAs). Even a COLA freeze that discriminated against large monthly benefits would lead to obvious inequities. For a widow receiving

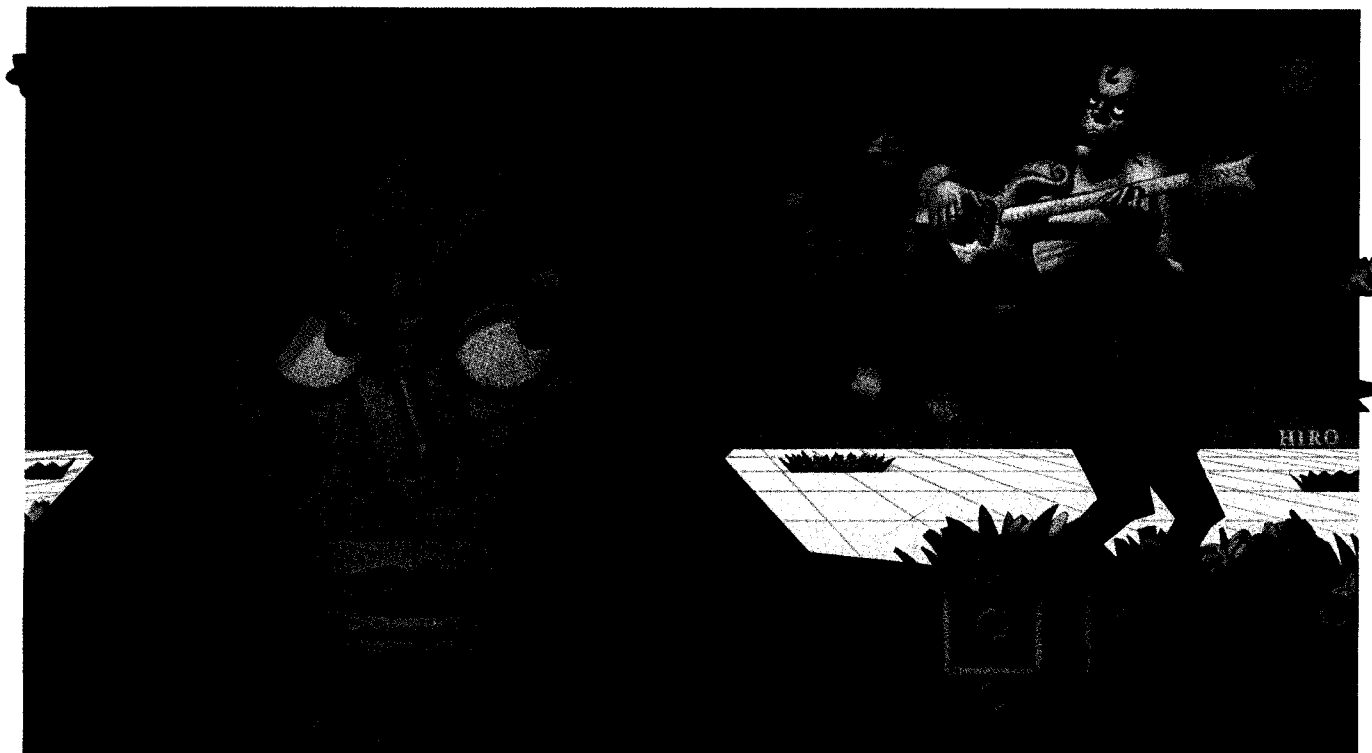
no income other than one large Social Security check, a COLA may be essential to keep food on the table. For a triple-dipping federal pensioner receiving the minimum Social Security benefit, that same COLA may be just enough to cover the annual rise in greens fees at the club. An income-based approach takes account of the difference. Unlike most government agencies, moreover, the Internal Revenue Service is well trained in tracking dollars no matter how far they travel. Even the farm subsidy that filters down through five partnerships before appearing as personal income will have to show up, earmarked, on someone's Form 1040.

Politically, this approach balances the sacrifices asked of elderly and working-age Americans, without raising tax rates and without burdening the poor or even most of the middle class. Moreover, the plan would reduce specific programs in rough proportion to their overall size in the budget. Roughly half the savings would come from Social Security and Medicare and the related taxation of benefits. An additional 40 percent would come from other programs and tax expenditures, especially employer-paid health care and mortgage interest. Another eight to nine percent would come from federal pensions.

Would such a reform in and of itself constitute another New Deal? Hardly. The measures it would comprise are, however, the essential preconditions for the next New Deal. Without them the United States will simply see more and more of its options as a nation crowded out by the compounding costs of our subsidies to the well-off.

As always, every area of federal spending should be scrutinized. Missionless bombers must be cut. Pork-barrel waterways must be eliminated. Welfare programs targeting the poor must undergo further changes, to require the able-bodied to work and to reduce the cycle of dependency. But none of these areas is where the big money is, and it is not by reforming them that the United States will free up the resources it needs to build a more just and productive society in the next century.

Whatever one's vision of that new society—whether it includes a national health service or means-tested health vouchers, a negative income tax or a 15 percent flat tax, green cars running on hydrogen or mag-lev trains humming from city to city—to get something new, one must give up something old. A society that cannot find the resources to pay for sixty-cent tuberculosis vaccinations for ten-year-olds must ask itself why it is offering subsidized health care and housing to millionaires. Call it a rendezvous with destiny. □



Toons

Michael Jackson and Prince are still playing with their racial and sexual personas

by Francis Davis

The plan was that a month before the single was released, Michael [Jackson] would have Frank Dileo [then his manager] begin planting stories in the tabloid press that [Jackson] and Prince were bitter enemies and rivals. . . .

Then, at the height of the controversy, the "Bad" single and video would be released. In the video, Michael and Prince would square off against one another, taking turns vocalizing and dancing—Prince doing his James Brown steps, and Michael doing his trademark moonwalk—in order to determine once and for all who was "bad." It was an exciting premise.

When Michael telephoned Prince and told him of his idea, Prince was not enthusiastic. . . . "Prince thinks Michael is a wimp," said Max Hart, one of Prince's associates. "He didn't want to be in a video with him. He thinks Mike is silly."

—J. Randy Taraborrelli, *Michael Jackson: The Magic and the Madness*

EVEN WITHOUT having recorded together, Michael Jackson and Prince will forever be linked as the two male pop stars most emblematic of the 1980s—a decade in which a performer's songs often served as little more than background accompaniment to mass speculation about his or her private sexual identity. Along with Madonna, who is their most obvious female counterpart, Jackson and Prince transformed eighties pop into a public guessing game. The question sur-

rounding a new release by any of these gender-benders wasn't just whether the song was any good but what it could be interpreted to reveal about the singer.

As cultural constructs, decades seldom begin or end on schedule. What we now refer to as "the sixties," for example, really began in the dark winter months between November 22, 1963, and the Beatles' first appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, the following February, and lasted into the seventies. In many ways the eighties are still with

us, and so are Michael Jackson and Prince, each of whom released a new album toward the end of last year. Jackson's *Dangerous* (Epic EK-45400) made news, though not for its music. According to the magazine *Entertainment Weekly*, whose tally will have to be accepted on faith now that the offending footage has been snipped, Jackson reached for his "private parts" thirteen times in the original version of the video for "Black or White," the first song from *Dangerous* to be released as a single. Most

of his clutching and stroking occurred during a silent four-minute coda in which he also smashed the windows of a parked car and hurled a garbage can through a storefront, in apparent homage to the character played by Spike Lee in *Do the Right Thing*.

The video amounted to a brilliant publicity stunt. It got everyone talking about Michael Jackson again, just as the album was due to arrive in the stores. But those who faced the task of explaining his behavior to small children were unamused. Didn't Jackson, who cultivates a childlike image and whose new best chum seems to be Macaulay Culkin, the eleven-year-old star of *My Girl* and *Home Alone* (and co-star of the "Black or White" video), realize that he was setting a bad example with his auto-eroticism and his "wilding"? What seemed significant about the question was its implicit acknowledgment that preteens are the only ones who still take Michael Jackson seriously. The rest of us have outgrown him.

MUCH WAS riding on *Dangerous*, which the record industry—in a slump, along with the rest of the economy—hoped would lure consumers back into the stores, just as Jackson's *Thriller* did in 1982 and 1983. But *Thriller*, still the largest-selling album in history, racked up its phenomenal figures (more than 38.5 million copies sold worldwide) as part of a package with Jackson's groundbreaking videos, his electrifying dancing on a 1983 Motown TV special, and his Neverland androgyny. In buying *Thriller*, pop fans were buying the new Michael Jackson, the former lead singer of the Jackson 5 grown up exotic.

That was nine years ago, which is practically a millennium in pop music—roughly the span from Elvis Presley to the Beatles, or from *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* to punk and *Saturday Night Fever*. As Timothy White, the editor-in-chief of the music trade paper *Billboard* and the author of *Rock Lives* (which contains one of the very few in-depth interviews Jackson has ever granted), observed during a recent conversation we had about Jackson, it's difficult for a pop star to reinvent himself once he has become a commonplace in millions of people's lives. Although *Dangerous* entered the charts at No. 1—not just in the United States but in England, Australia, Fin-

land, Spain, and Switzerland—its sales somehow seemed as irrelevant as Presley's did after the Summer of Love.

Reflecting Jackson's determination to show that he still has what it takes to unify divergent tastes, as he did with *Thriller*, *Dangerous* sounds like it was crafted for compatibility with radio playlists rather than for the satisfaction of the home consumer. Remember "Billie Jean"? In "Who Is It," *Dangerous* has a new song just like it, right down to the driven beat and Jackson's shivered vocal interjections. For album-oriented rock stations there's "Give in to Me," a heavy-metal ballad with Slash, from Guns N' Roses, on guitar. "Heal the World," a big showbiz anthem about saving the environment and such, ends with a duet between Michael and a little girl in which her voice blends into his. The chorus modulates and swells just as in "We Are the World." In the mood for some light gospel? Take your pick, "Will You Be There" or "Keep the Faith."

Beginning a minute too soon (with an excerpt of an uncredited orchestral performance of Beethoven's Ninth) and ending a minute too late (with Jackson's spoken ruminations, delivered in an embarrassing sob), "Will You Be There" typifies the album's excesses. *Dangerous* is almost salvaged by the seven (out of fourteen) tracks that Teddy Riley had a hand in writing and producing. Riley is a maven of "new jack swing," a light-on-its-feet pop style that applies sophisticated studio techniques to hip-hop and rap. Some early reviews of *Dangerous* chastised him for upstaging Jackson's songwriting with his computer-generated beats and his streetwise *musique concrète*—car horns, shattering glass, and the like. This misses the point. What's important in contemporary black pop isn't songs per se but melodic hooks that can be isolated and extended to double as dance grooves; a "finished" song is just raw material for a producer like Riley. He lends Jackson some badly needed street credibility, which is presumably what he was hired for, and you have to wonder why Jackson made the insipid "Black or White," not a Riley track, the album's first video and single.

As catchy as the numbers co-produced by Riley are, the emotions Jackson expresses on them never seem quite genuine. He sounds vexed and ambivalent, and not just because Riley

Only NordicTrack® gives you a total- body workout.

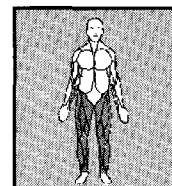
Exercise Bikes



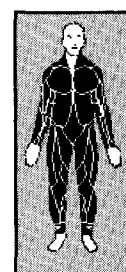
Treadmills



Stairclimbers



Treadmills, exercise bikes and stairclimbers don't give you half the workout NordicTrack® does.



Most in-home exercisers completely ignore the muscle groups in your back, chest, shoulders and arms.

But NordicTrack exercises **all** the major muscle groups in **both** your upper and lower body.

That's why it's more efficient at elevating your heart rate to the fitness building level.

And why it burns more calories — up to 1,100 per hour.

Don't settle for less than a total-body workout.

Get on track with NordicTrack.

**Call today for a 30 day
in-home trial!**

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Call or
write for

**FREE VIDEO
& Brochure**

1-800-328-5888 Ext. 110D2

NordicTrack, Dept. # 110D2,
141 Jonathan Blvd., N., Chaska, MN 55318

©1992 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company All rights reserved.

Coming
Next
Month
In
The
Atlantic



THE BORDER

by William Langewiesche

The border is grimy, hot, and hostile. In most places it is ugly. The U.S. side is depressed by the filth and poverty in Mexico. On the Mexican side the towns have become ungovernable cities, overrun by destitute peasants, roiled by American values. The border is transient. The border is dangerous. The border is crass." In a narrative journey along the 1,951 miles of the U.S.-Mexican border, the author meets some of the actors on this unruly stage: the Border Patrol agent, the Chicano activist, the Customs pilot, the O'odham Indian tracker, the Mexican cowboy, the radar operator. Their territory—and the nation it attaches us to—must loom large among the domestic concerns of a United States freed from preoccupation with the Cold War.



THE BROWN CHEST

by John Updike

Delicately but fearlessly she lifted the lid, and out swooped, with a vividness that amazed him, the sweetish, cedary smell, undiminished, the smell of family, of family continuing." A short story.

frequently plays his voice against itself, by having a chorus of buoyant Michael Jacksons repeat a song's hook *ad infinitum*, in opposition to the Michael Jackson delivering the rest of the lyrics through clenched teeth. The strangest, if most compelling, of these tracks is a heterosexual love song inexplicably called "In the Closet," which takes the form of a dialogue, part spoken and part sung, between Jackson and an unidentified "mystery girl" rumored to be Madonna. The song has such a narcissistic edge to it that at first I assumed the second voice was Jackson's, slightly speeded up to raise its pitch. On "Why You Wanna Trip on Me," which Jackson had no role in writing, he admonishes the media for speculating about his personal life rather than addressing genuine social issues such as drug addiction, illiteracy, homelessness, world hunger, and "strange diseases [for which] there's no cure." In addition to failing to persuade us that he has more than an elementary interest in or understanding of any of these problems (given a few minutes in front of a TV, the little girl on "Heal the World" could probably have come up with an identical list), he fails to acknowledge that our preoccupation with what seem to be his efforts to undo his race and gender through cosmetics and plastic surgery (plus whatever sympathy we might be ready to extend to someone so obviously uncomfortable inside his own skin) supplies what little emotional pull there is in "Why You Wanna Trip on Me" or any of his other new songs.

Without endorsing the offensive notion that blackness is something that has to be earned, it's possible to understand the point of view of a black writer like Gary Dauphin, who, in commenting on the "Black or White" video in *The Village Voice*, expressed disgust with Jackson for his "trip about his face, something that instead of conjuring up a smooth cyberpunk universe, suggests Porcelana fade cream, conks, and of course, lynchings." In the video the most admired of the special effects with which Jackson and the director John Landis show off their \$4 million budget is a fifty-second "morphing" sequence that some reviewers have interpreted as a reference to Jackson's own facial metamorphosis. In the sequence the faces of thirteen different people of various races and ethnicities—including a Sumo wrestler and a Rasta—

blend into one another in rapid succession. More significant, in their own way, are the special effects that land Jackson in the African bush and the Old West and enable him to sing and dance in the Russian snow, on an industrial highway, and in the Statue of Liberty's torch. These grant him a mobility heretofore granted on screen only to the casts of Looney Tunes and Merrie Melodies. Kinship with them now seems to be his destiny.

What used to appeal to listeners, both black and white, about black performers like James Brown, Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, and even such Motown smoothies as Marvin Gaye and Smokey Robinson was their "authenticity," the indisputable realness of their music and the cultural values it embodied. By comparison, recent black performers, including the comic-strip militants Public Enemy, have transformed themselves into self-caricatures as insubstantial as the "Toons" in the 1988 movie *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*, who were understood to be standing in for racial minorities. A glance at any Guns N' Roses video should be enough to persuade us that black performers aren't contemporary pop's only Toons. But because pop music plays such a large part in shaping both black self-image and white perceptions of black culture, more is at stake in the persona of a performer who is black. As a group, pop stars aren't even the worst offenders. That distinction belongs to those NBA players (even the dignified Julius Erving) who permit themselves to be stereotyped in commercials as overgrown homeboys with nothing on their minds besides sneakers, soft drinks, and junk food.

The video of "Remember the Time," the second single from *Dangerous*, features the Pharaoh Ramses II and Nefertiti. Its depiction of ancient Egypt is pointedly Afrocentric, as if to deflect charges that Jackson is out of touch with his own people. A joke making the rounds is that it features an all-black cast, except for the star. Jackson conforms to an embarrassing stereotype—that of the black man altering his features in order to pass. At this point he has a complexion as pale as that of the man in the moon and a pert little reindeer nose like Annette Bening's. No one in any field, black or white, seems more the product of an animator's inkwell than the thirty-

three-year-old man who would be America's inner child, the singer whose video tells us that we're all the same without acknowledging that some of us have to make ourselves over practically from scratch to get that way.

WITH HIS lanky hair, doe eyes, and horsey jaw, Prince (whose full name is Prince Rogers Nelson) looks like a cartoon centaur; his fondness for baring his jutting torso in his videos and on his album jackets reinforces the effect. He's a Toon with what Pauline Kael, in her review of *Purple Rain*, the first and best of his four movies, aptly described as "a knowing, parodistic edge." Although his recording career began in 1978, Prince's big year was 1984, when *Purple Rain* opened in theaters and its soundtrack album stayed at No. 1 for twenty-four weeks.

A few years earlier, on the song "Controversy," from the album of the same name, he had posed the questions "Am I black or white?/Am I straight or gay?" In point of fact, both his parents are black, although the role he gave himself in *Purple Rain* (and in *Graffiti Bridge*, the silly 1990 sequel) helped to foster the myth that he was the child of an interracial marriage—which, in terms of combining elements of funk and hard rock, he was, and much more so than Jackson. Given his eye for buxom leading ladies and backup singers, and his rumored sexual involvement with some of them, it's probably safe to assume he's straight.

By raising such questions about himself at a time when similar questions were being raised about Jackson, Prince emerged as the anti-Michael—a racially and sexually ambiguous superstar for those who preferred their heroes with a knowing, parodistic edge. It helped that Prince, a guitarist who also plays a number of other instruments, was a better musician than Jackson, and it didn't hurt that he was almost as fluid a dancer.

Prince is the composer of a song called "Jack U Off," and another called "The Cross." Without his musicianship—and without his irony—he might be Jim Morrison in eyeliner, a messianic satyr blending religious and sexual imagery and preaching orgasmic salvation. But his songs tend to be comically smutty instead of pretentiously so; they're great fun even (or maybe espe-

Get TV reception you never had before, with the...

Antenna Multiplier™

only \$29⁹⁵*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

You may not need it if you are connected to a cable system, but if not you can now get TV reception that you could never enjoy before. Inside its plastic housing, the *Antenna Multiplier*™ hides a small technical gem—an array of electronic components that enhances the reception power of your TV. The *Antenna Multiplier*™ stabilizes your TV picture, eliminates "ghosts" and static, and brings in stations that were only visible as flickers and annoying shadows. In most areas you will be able to eliminate an outdoor antenna (limited by atmospheric or geographic constraints). The *Multiplier*™ needs no outside power—it gets its "juice" right through your TV set. You place the *Multiplier*™ on the television set itself, lay it on a nearby table, or hang it on the wall and you can say goodbye to the clutter of rabbit ears, loop, rod, or dish antennas. *Antenna Multiplier*™ enhances your TV reception and your entertainment alternatives, since it also vastly improves AM/FM radio reception and brings in new stations on multiband and shortwave receivers.

We are the exclusive importers of the *Antenna Multiplier*™ in the United States and can therefore bring you this outstanding TV accessory for just \$29.95. But we have an even better deal: **Buy two for \$59.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!** Unleash the full power of your television with *Antenna Multiplier*™. Order it today!



• The Antenna Multiplier significantly boosts UHF, VHF Television and AM, FM & Shortwave radio reception. 3 1/4" L x 3 1/8" W x 1/2" D.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER

TOLL FREE (800) 888-9920

M-F 6:00 AM-5:00 PM, SAT 8:00 AM-4:00 PM

Pacific Standard Time

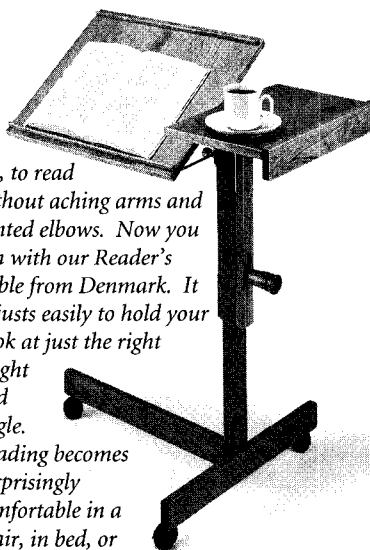
Please give order #1429B245. If you prefer mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: \$3.50 for one; \$10.50 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one-year replacement warranty.

Looking for a bargain? Come in and visit our Catalog Outlet in San Francisco.

since 1967
haverhills
of San Francisco

139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

\$199 + \$9.95 shipping via UPS ground

Assembly required—but worth it.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6% Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request

800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER

TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS

975 S. Congress Ave., Code ART16, Delray, FL 33445

Help Someone
You Love... to
START A New Life!
p.s. WE CAN help



NEW DIRECTIONS

Academy of Life Recovery

- ♦ Residential Treatment ♦ Adult, Young Adult
- ♦ Combination Therapy & Education ♦ Co-ed
- ♦ 12-Step Principles of Recovery for Addictive Behaviors
- ♦ Life Skills Seminars ♦ Enhancing Self-Esteem
- ♦ Responsibilities of Life ♦ Healing of Relationships
- ♦ Career Planning ♦ Goal-Setting/Decision-making

For free brochure call -

1-800-433-3018

Overcoming: depressions, stress, phobias, addictions, dependencies, emotional pain, immature/indecisive behaviors, hopelessness

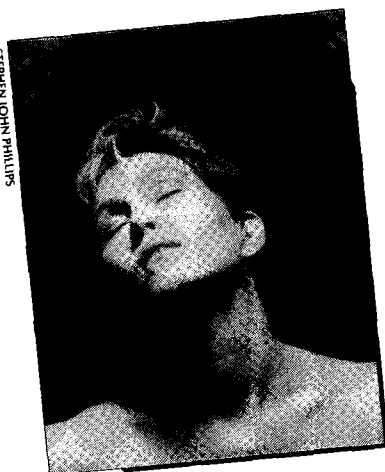
"Extraordinary work by people who take their craft as seriously as their passion. Nothing in the field (if there can be considered one) approaches YS for sheer quality — or stunning erotic intensity."

J. Fielding
Literature North

Yellow Silk

JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS

STEPHEN JOHN PHILLIPS



"All persuasions; no brutality."

Louise Erdrich • Galway Kinnell • Sharon Olds • David Mamet • Marge Piercy • W.S. Merwin • Bharati Mukherjee • William Kotzwinkle • Jessica Hagedorn • Robert Silverberg • Jane Hirshfield • Gary Soto • Ntozake Shange • Marilyn Hacker • Eric Gill • Mayumi Oda • Judy Dater

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
\$30/year • Quarterly

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

OUTSIDE U.S., ADD \$6/SURFACE,
\$20/AIR PER YEAR. U.S. FUNDS.

cially) at their most sophomoric. The major influences on him as a band-leader and record producer would seem to be James Brown, Sly Stone, and George Clinton—a modern funk triumvirate whose influence is universal. I bet that his record collection also includes, besides albums by Brown, Stone, and Clinton, party albums of the sort that used to be clandestine best sellers in black neighborhoods and on fraternity row, by the likes of Rudy Ray Moore, Blowfly, and Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts.

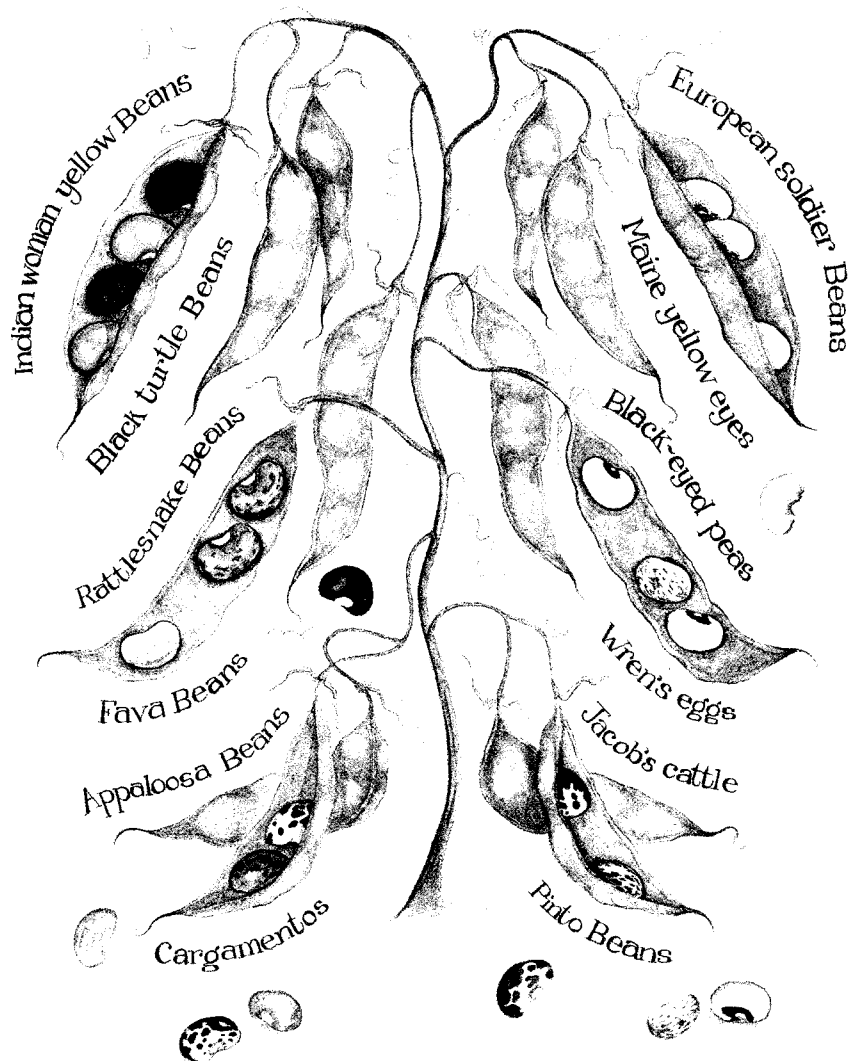
In some ways Prince is now even more outdated than Jackson. For one thing, the hedonism espoused in his lyrics risks making his songs seem like remnants of the disco era, the era before mainstream America became conscious of AIDS. For another, his albums, including last year's *Diamonds and Pearls* (Paisley Park/Warner Bros. 25379), featuring his latest band, the New Power Generation, continue to strive for the sound of a performance on stage—a hard-rock ideal antithetical to the current trends in black dance music exemplified by Jackson and Riley's collaboration on *Dangerous*.

Diamonds and Pearls shows a vitality utterly lacking on *Dangerous*, thanks to Prince's sense of himself as a pop savant and his ability to synthesize everything from 1960s psychedelia to rap while sounding deliriously contemporary instead of archly postmodern. The psychedelic touches include a sitarlike guitar line on a mock-gospel song called "Thunder" and a wonderfully incongruous string section (reminiscent of those on the Beatles' *Magical Mystery Tour* and the Rolling Stones' *Their Satanic Majesties Request*) that fades in briefly on "Push," a slice of energetic new jack swing that puts Jackson and Riley to shame. The New Power Generation's resident rapper is Tony M., who captures the style's street rush far better than Heavy D and L.T.B., the rappers enlisted by Jackson. Rosie Gaines, NPG's big-voiced backup singer, also raps convincingly here and there, as does Prince himself, most notably on a randy little ditty called "Gett Off," whose hook—about "twenty-three positions in a one-night stand"—is impossible to shake once you've heard it.

The cheesy organ sound that pop fans of my generation are lifelong suckers for (remember "96 Tears," by ? and

the Mysterians, from 1966?) bubbles up on "Daddy Pop," which also boasts falsetto and bass vocal trade-offs, à la Sly and the Family Stone, and a girl-group chorus by Gaines. It appears again on "Cream," which reuses and toughens a riff from "Bang a Gong," a 1972 hit by glam rocker Marc Bolan and his group T. Rex. At this point Prince is even able to recycle himself to good advantage, as on "Money Don't Matter 2 Night," a moody ballad that sounds something like "When Doves Cry" but avoids unflattering comparison by speeding up as it goes along. "Insatiable" and the title track poke gentle fun at the falsetto love declarations of the Stylistics and other virginal-sounding early 1970s "sissy" soul vocal groups. The references to do-it-yourself camcorder porn in the lyrics of "Insatiable" would be confirmation enough that this isn't the Stylistics. So would the Frank Zappa chord progressions and the flashes of heavy metal on "Diamonds and Pearls." The only track that misfires is "Strollin'," Prince's condescending take on the lounge jazz his father used to play, replete with George Benson-style guitar.

Prince has made a number of bad career moves, including his three movies after *Purple Rain* (*Sign o' the Times*, the best of them, was a great concert film, but nothing more), and his decision not to release *The Black Album*, a 1987 album considered to be his best work by some of those who have heard bootlegged copies of the tapes. No longer the pop figure of the moment, he appears to be settling into a phase of his career in which he will continue to sell hundreds of thousands of copies of each new release and still be taken for granted. *Diamonds and Pearls* reached the Top 10, but unlike *Purple Rain* (or, for that matter, *Dangerous*), it wasn't greeted as a pop event. Even so, nobody his age in pop matches his all-around skills as a singer, songwriter, instrumentalist, producer, bandleader, and image manipulator. Miles Davis, who recorded a few unreleased sides with Prince in 1987, said that Prince has the potential to be "the new Duke Ellington of our time, if he just keeps at it." That's going much too far. But say this for Prince: he doesn't sound at all presumptuous when, on "Gett Off," he samples a few lines from an old James Brown record and has the temerity to sing along. □



Friendly Beans

Ways around the inconveniences of cooking and digesting beans

by Corby Kummer

BEANS FLUMMOX cooks, even those who know them to be a nutritional godsend and stock bags of them in the pantry. There the beans stay, waiting for the intended pot of chili or soup to be made, growing ever dustier. Beans are daunting. For years I stopped reading recipes after the words "Soak beans overnight." What starch, no matter how admirable nutritional-

ly, is worth all that advance planning?

I recently cooked and evaluated more than twenty kinds of beans, and I found ways around the inconveniences they present of both timing and digestion—powerful disincentives for many home cooks. In my extensive sampling I came to value beans highly, not just for the rich stores of protein and iron they offer with almost no fat but also

for their taste. Although a great many beans are, admittedly, insipid, some of the beans I cooked are richly flavored—mainly old kinds that fell out of use but are today available as "heirloom" beans. I now find myself craving beans, both in the southern, Mexican, and Cuban dishes for which they provide an earthy base and in the simple Italian-style salads in which the beans themselves star (a good source for recipes is the recent *Verdura*, by Viana La Place). Cooking beans no longer intimidates me, even if it does take time—less time, though, than you might suppose.

LIKE ALL legumes, beans are seeds that grow encased in pods. Certain varieties are bred so that the pods will be soft and tasty, and we eat them as green or snap beans while the seeds are still immature. Matters would be clearer if green beans were called "green pods," since everyone rightly ignores the embryonic beans inside. "Shelling" beans are eaten when the seeds are mature and plump but still moist, by which time the pods are too woody to eat. The most familiar are the lima beans we usually buy frozen (garden peas are closely related to, but not members of, the main bean genera), and the best are fresh fava beans.

Favas, lentils, and chickpeas—or garbanzos, a Spanish word derived from the Greek—were among the few beans eaten in the Old World. Columbus and his fellow voyagers brought home the beans in the species *Phaseolus vulgaris*, to which nearly all familiar beans belong—pintos (usually too bland to bother cooking), kidneys, brown, and white, among others—and also limas, close relatives (which I find intolerably acrid when dried, and reminiscent of school cafeterias).

Fresh favas, temptingly described in Italian cookbooks and until recently restricted to home gardeners, are now grown commercially in California and are widely available in April and May. They are the same bright color as fresh lima beans, but their taste is far sweeter and fresher. Buy fresh favas early in the season (that is, now), when you need only remove them from their pods, which are furred with a downy white blanket. You can dress the beans for a salad or eat them out of hand with wedges of the sheep's-milk cheese pecorino, as Tuscans, who are famous

bean-lovers, do in the spring and early summer. (A fresh Spanish manchego, also a sheep's-milk cheese, is just as good.) Later in the season the seed coats begin to harden, and you must remove them from each bean—tedious work, but still worth it. At that point the beans are good for purees and soups. With any kind of bean, a few months after the shelling stage the pods have dried to a crackly parchment and the beans inside are hard. These are the beans that need soaking and that wait, accusingly, in the pantry.

The primary reason to soak beans is to rehydrate them, which will tenderize the tough seed coat and thus reduce cooking time. Some kinds of beans have thin skins and need no soaking (except in order to render them more digestible, as I'll explain). Among them are lentils, split peas, and black-eyed peas—the essential ingredient of the southern dish Hoppin' John and a bean of Asian origin that became a staple in Africa, from where slaves brought it to America. Sally and Martin Stone, in their excellent book *The Brilliant Bean*, say that beans need soak only four hours, with the exception of dried fava beans (which, even when soaked overnight, cook to an acid-tasting mush—no wonder the Italians prefer them fresh) and soybeans, which few people cook. By then the beans will have doubled in size and the skins will have puckered.

Dried beans should be from a recent harvest. If they've been sitting on the shelf for more than a year, they will have lost flavor and might be tough, no matter how long you soak and cook them. Unfortunately, it's difficult to tell by looking at beans if they're too old. The best strategy is to buy from a market where turnover is high.

Soak beans in plentiful cold water—at least three times as much by volume as you have beans. Never salt soaking or cooking water, because salt will toughen the skin and prevent the beans from softening; so will any acidic ingredient, such as tomatoes or lemon juice, which should be added only after the beans are cooked as soft as you want them (it helps to know this if you want beans to keep their shape during further cooking in a stew or soup). Some cooks add baking soda to the cooking water, as a tenderizer, but this damages cell walls and allows nutrients to leach out.

The Stones offer two methods of quick soaking, for when you don't have time to let beans soak four hours or more. Put the beans in a large saucepan and add enough water to cover them by two inches; boil for two minutes; remove from heat and soak for one hour; then drain, rinse, and cook. Or boil the beans for ten minutes, drain, cover them with two inches of cool water to soak for thirty minutes; drain, rinse, and cook.

The rest is easy. Bring a fresh pot of water to the boil, add the soaked beans, keep the pot covered, or partly covered, on a very low simmer, and start checking the beans after an hour. Add hot water if necessary to keep the level two inches above the beans. If you cover beans with too much water, according to Philip Teverow, who has helped popularize many kinds of heirloom beans by stocking them at the New York store Dean & DeLuca, they will take longer to cook. Most beans wash out to a paler color with cooking, and they often lose their gloss. I found that most kinds took about an hour and fifteen minutes to become soft. You can test for doneness by rinsing a bean in cool water and pressing it against your upper palate, or by mashing one on a counter with the back of a spoon. Beans should not be *al dente*. They taste better and are easier to digest when fully cooked.

One of the purposes of maintaining a low simmer is to keep the beans from splitting, but some varieties will naturally break open during cooking, and all you can do is use them in soup or a puree. These include, in my experience, French Horticulture, a very good bean from Phipps Ranch, a farm near San Francisco that grows many heirloom beans, and Appaloosa, a marvelous-looking small white bean with maroon splotches. The custardy interior of French Horticulture makes an especially nice puree. Both Phipps Ranch (415-879-0787) and Dean & DeLuca (800-221-7714) sell Appaloosa and many other heirloom beans.

If you want to use beans in a salad or another dish in which appearance counts, lift them out of the cooking water with a slotted spoon and rinse them. Dumping them into a colander crushes the ones on the bottom. Varieties that can be relied on to stay intact include pinto beans and their many better-flavored relatives, and cranberry beans,

which are the same size as pinto beans but colored as their name suggests and superior in flavor; cranberry beans are the ones to use in the many Italian recipes that call for *borlotti*.

Some beans require no forethought. Lentils and split peas, soaked or unsoaked, take as little time to cook as rice. After ten minutes (for red lentils) to a half hour or so (for most other lentils and split peas) they can mercilessly turn to mush, so watch very closely if you want to eat them whole. Look for *lentilles de Puy*, olive-drab lentils grown in volcanic soil in France, which taste better than any other; Dean & DeLuca carries them. Black-eyed peas and their relatives pigeon peas require thirty minutes to an hour. Flageolets, small celadon-colored beans that look like Chiclets, can also be cooked without soaking and must also be watched lest they disintegrate. The French serve flageolets with lamb, but they are good with any meat or fish. My favorite bean, they have an elusive, subtly sweet flavor reminiscent of fresh peas.

You can cook beans in a microwave oven or a pressure cooker. The time saved with a microwave can be as much as half (although this does not make them instant), and beans seem to keep their shape reliably, according to Barbara Kafka, who provides cooking times in *Microwave Gourmet*. Pressure cookers make very quick work of even unsoaked beans, but they spell trouble to many people, especially those whose childhood memories include pea soup on the ceiling (hearing the loud *pfssss*, my mother would announce, "It's going to explode," and wait it out on the back porch). Today pressure cookers have far superior safety valves, and two precautions almost guarantee placid cooking: keeping the cooker no more than half full of liquid, and adding a tablespoon of oil, to prevent loose skins from floating free and clogging the valve. Most soaked beans require twelve minutes or less, according to Lorna Sass's *Cooking Under Pressure*. Unsoaked beans take longer, but generally less than a half hour.

When you bother to cook beans, you should cook a lot, because they can be frozen so successfully—they will keep their flavor and nutrients for at least six months. If you freeze them in small portions (Zip-loc plastic freezer bags are the easiest) you can add a cup or so



Nature's Legendary Beauty Secret

The Ancients discovered the Dead Sea's beneficial effects on the skin. Now, from Kibbutz Mizpe Shalem on the banks of Israel's mineral-rich Dead Sea, comes AHAVA, a natural-based line of facial, body, and hair care.

AHAVA's uniquely **quick-penetrating moisturizer** keeps your skin soft and silky all day long, without a trace of oiliness. AHAVA works to insure proper moisture and mineral levels in your skin cells, providing the best natural defense against the dermal breakdown of aging.

AHAVA's highly concentrated **mineral mud masque** increases the skin's oxidation rate and temperature, helping it to breathe and stimulating circulation. The skin tingles and radiates with aliveness! The mud's remarkable absorbancy



reaches deep into the pores, thoroughly cleansing and removing the impurities that impede the nourishment process. Through reverse osmosis, the skin absorbs important minerals from the mud, feeding itself and restoring vitality.

AHAVA's mineral action tightens and tones the skin, helping it to look and feel its best. With AHAVA, feeling is believing!

AHAVA

From The Dead Sea

Call or Write for a
FREE SAMPLE
and Brochure

1-800-25-AHAVA

Mail to: AHAVA (USA),
235 W. 48th St. #35K
New York, NY 10036

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The following information is optional, and will help us send the samples most appropriate to your particular skin type.

Skin type (Dry/Normal, Normal/Comb., Oily,

Other): _____ Age: _____

☐ Yes, I'd like a reprint of the **American Journal of Dermatology** article entitled "The Dead Sea and Psoriasis."

**BOOKS
ON TAPE®**

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

Box 7900-AT, Newport Beach, CA 92658

**THE WORLD
IS MY HOME
A MEMOIR
James A. Michener**

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Rentals
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333

Reg. U.S. Pat. & TM. Off.

**Research
saves lives.**

 **American Heart
Association**

WE'RE FIGHTING FOR
YOUR LIFE



The Buccaneer Shirt

Buckle your swashes and unleash fantasies of romantic daring. The sleeves, cuffs and yokes are gathered for a bloused look. Long tails stay tucked in, or wear them out with a sash. Handcrafted at home in pre-shrunk pure cotton. Offered in Black, Dusty Rose, Royal Blue, Sand or White. Easy care machine wash & dry. \$33 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. State height/weight, bust /chest & hip/waist measurements. VISA/MasterCard orders call toll free 800 222-8024 or send check or money order. Send for our fabric samples and catalogue with dozens of simply elegant styles for women and men. \$1.

DEVA
a cottage industry

(Sent free with your order.)
Box ATD2, 303 E. Main Street
Burkittsville, MD 21718

to a soup or stew at will. A light tossing with oil before freezing will help keep the beans separate and tender.

Infants and children, too, can enjoy and digest beans. Friends on the lookout for sources of iron to feed their children report that their infants find pureed lentils more appetizing than whole-grain cereals. Carlene Hamilton, a nutritionist at the University of Kentucky, says that lentils, mashed split peas, or mashed limas (but not other beans) are a fine component of the diet of a child under two, although they should not be the basis of one; you can add any beans to the diet of older children as you would to your own.

WHY BEANS cause gas is fairly straightforward, yet even people who devote a great deal of time to researching how beans are metabolized seem a bit self-conscious discussing it. (Scientists I talked to often began by reciting the rhyme beginning "Beans, beans, the musical fruit" or by chuckling over the memory of the campfire scene in *Blazing Saddles*.) As beans dry, they store complex sugars called oligosaccharides. Normal digestive enzymes are unable to break down these chains of sugars, so they pass whole into the lower intestine, where friendly bacteria to which we play host eat the sugars and ferment them. This process is similar to the fermenting of other sugars, and a natural by-product is gas. (Fermented black beans, popular in China, and the soybean foods tofu and tempeh all lose oligosaccharides in processing and are thus more easily digested.) The gases produced in the lower intestine, including methane and hydrogen, are odorless. Beans "burn pretty clean," in the words of David Jenkins, a professor of medicine and nutritional sciences at the University of Toronto. It is the condiments you eat with beans that are likely to cause detectable problems. Onions, leeks, and to a lesser extent garlic contain not only oligosaccharides of their own but sulfur compounds besides, which cause odors. So if you eat onions and garlic with beans you're likely to add embarrassment to discomfort.

Luckily, a large percentage of oligosaccharides are water-soluble, so you can soak them away. It's more practical to concentrate on soaking them out of beans than out of onions or gar-

lic, since you have to soak beans anyway. During soaking change the water once or twice, rinsing the beans before you add fresh water. Even if you simply drain and rinse the beans once before cooking them, you'll still get rid of some oligosaccharides.

To go the extra mile, take one more step after you have followed whichever soaking method you choose. Bring the beans to a boil, covered by two inches of water, boil them for five minutes, drain and rinse them, cover them again with two inches of water—preferably water you have boiled separately, so that you don't slow the whole procedure—and continue cooking them. This step is an especially good idea if you used a quick-soak method or had no time to change the soaking water.

If we just ate beans all the time, it seems, this Lady Macbeth-like rinsing would be unnecessary. In studies he has conducted, David Jenkins has found that over time people develop the capacity to digest beans efficiently. The trouble, he says, is that it takes not a week or two but several months to adapt. And the colon will retain its new ability only if you keep eating beans regularly.

Help might come in the form of a bean bred to be gasless. James W. Anderson, a professor of medicine and clinical nutrition at the University of Kentucky, says that a "user-friendly" bean low in oligosaccharides is being studied in England. The goal of scientific research on beans is not so much to make them more digestible as to study their healthful properties: beans stabilize blood glucose, which makes them good for diabetics, and they apparently lower blood-cholesterol levels; their high fiber content seems to play a part in the comparative freedom from colon, breast, and other cancers which is enjoyed by populations whose diet is based on beans. Anderson is also looking into the ability of beans to lower blood pressure. "We think beans have been neglected," he says.

Help has already come in the form of Beano, the trade name of a digestive enzyme that is said to break up oligosaccharides before their descent into the lower intestine. You squeeze eight or so drops of the salty liquid on the first bite of beans, and have few problems digesting them, according to Alan Kligerman, the inventor of Beano and the owner of the company that

makes both it and Lactaid, the trade name of an enzyme that can help lactose-intolerant people digest milk products. (You can call 800-257-8650 to find out where Beano is sold near you.) Kligerman says that unpublished studies support the effectiveness of Beano, and promises that once they have been peer-reviewed, the studies will appear in clinical journals.

Beano is especially helpful with beans that have not undergone elaborate soaking and rinsing, which is to say most canned beans and beans you eat in restaurants. Canned is the only form in which many harried home cooks ever use beans, and in the case of chickpeas, which take forever to cook, they are almost a necessary shortcut. There's nothing wrong with canned beans except that they are salty and their oligosaccharide content may be nearly as high as it was when the beans were raw. Drain and rinse them before adding them to a dish.

MOST COOKS are more interested in adding flavor to beans than in taking away oligosaccharides. Theo Schoenegger, the chef at San Domenico, in New York, serves a dish of cannellini (white beans) and fresh Alaskan shrimp in a sauce of pureed white beans thinned with stock and seasoned with rosemary-infused olive oil. (Good cannellini, like those from Phipps Ranch, practically demand olive oil.) The dish shows how good beans can be, at once rustic and elegant. Paula Wolfert, whose most recent book is *Paula Wolfert's World of Food*, once told me that she knew after a single course that Andrea Hellrigl, the chef at Palio, in New York, was a master, because he knew how to cook flavor into his beans. In her classic *Cooking of South-West France*, Wolfert gives a recipe for red beans or red kidney beans that shows how any ambitious cook can do that: the beans are cooked with an onion stuck with two cloves, a cinnamon stick, a chopped carrot and onion, a pig's foot, goose fat, pork butt, garlic, parsley, bay leaf, and thyme, among other things.

You don't have to search out a special butcher to give beans flavor. Add to the cooking water celery, carrots, and onions, either raw in chunks or first sautéed slowly in olive oil for twenty or thirty minutes, and all kinds of fresh herbs, particularly rosemary, sage, and

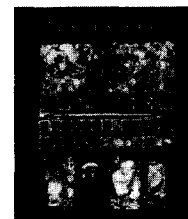
"How does he communicate so directly with our psyches?"

—Judy Garlan, Art Director of *The Atlantic Monthly*



For three decades, the illustrator and writer Etienne Delessert has translated complex human experiences such as intimacy, shame, and ambivalence into powerful, resonant images. ETIENNE DELESSERT, a beautifully produced monograph, showcases Delessert's finest work from *The Atlantic Monthly* (including eight covers), *Fortune*, the *New York Times*, as well as from his own children's books and animated films, and his influential collaborations with Jean Piaget and Eugène Ionesco.

With essays by David Macaulay, Judy Garlan, Antonio Faei, Yves Beccaria, Bertil Galland, and Janine Despinette.
160 pages. 140 full-color illustrations.
Available at all fine bookstores, or call
(212) 941-2989 to place your credit card order.



Stewart, Tabori & Chang, Publishers
575 Broadway, New York, NY 10012

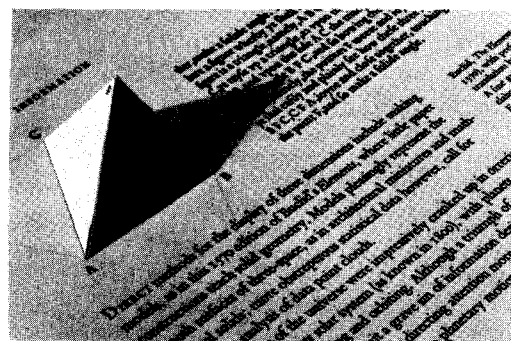
"A remarkable range of examples for visual thinking. A real treat for all who reason and learn by means of images." RUDOLF ARNHEIM

"The book itself provides a model of good design—each beautifully printed page a harmony of space, type and illustration. . ." NEW YORK TIMES

"Spectacular, reminiscent of E. H. Gombrich's *Art and Illusion*." BALLAST QUARTERLY

"An incredibly beautiful, true, refined and luscious book." DENISE SCOTT BROWN and ROBERT VENTURI

A three dimensional fold-up from the first English translation of Euclid's *Geometry*, published in 1570



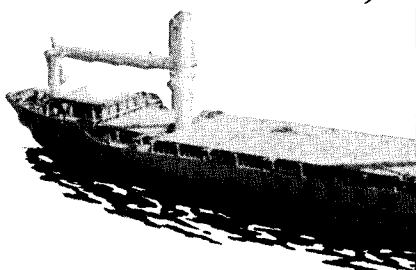
ENVISIONING INFORMATION

by EDWARD R. TUFTE

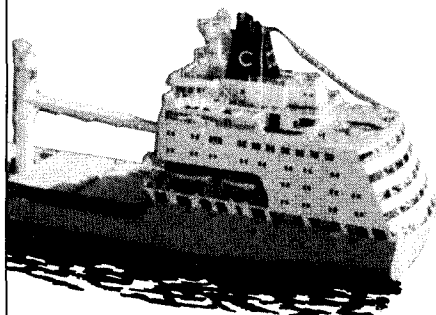
Over 400 illustrations with exquisite 6- to 12-color printing throughout. Finest examples in technical, creative, and scientific presentations: diagrams, legal exhibits, computer graphics, charts, maps, and use of color. Moneyback guarantee. \$48 per copy postpaid. Also available: *The Visual Display of Quantitative Information*, \$40 per copy postpaid.

Send check to: Graphics Press Box 430-M Cheshire, Connecticut 06410

World class adventure,



World class luxury.



Think you can't enjoy *both* at the same time? Think again. M/V Americana is the world's most luxurious container vessel. A working freighter, it carries cargo and a select group of adventurous passengers to some of the most colorful, seldom-seen ports in South America.

Learn how to combine the adventure you seek with the comforts you're used to.

46 Day Cruises from \$6,900 to \$13,800 per person. Shorter cruise segments available.

SEND FOR A FREE BOOKLET, OR
CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT TODAY.

Please send a free copy of the
M/V Americana brochure to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

My Travel Agent is: _____

IVARAN
Lines

Newport Financial Center, 111 Pavonia Avenue
Jersey City, NJ 07310-1755

DEPT. A492

201-798-5656

1-800-451-1639 (Outside NJ)

bay leaf. Some form of ham hock or pork butt or, best of all, a prosciutto or ham bone will add wonderful flavor and slowly render fat, tenderizing the beans. Olive oil in the water will also do this.

Beans reach their apotheosis in *pasta e fagioli*, perhaps the strongest contender to be the national dish of Italy. I have happily eaten this thick soup—part puree, part whole beans, with pasta cooked right in the soup—both when I was famished and when I thought I could never eat again. It is wake-the-dead food. Every region of Italy has its own jealously guarded version—in fact, every town does, according to *Fagiolo Mio*, a charming Italian book by Savina Roggero and Mariarosa Schiaffino. Many Americans have encountered it as *pasta fazool*; *fasul'*, a Neapolitan dialect word for "bean," is close to the Greek root *phaselos* (the Greeks ruled and named Naples). *Fagiolo Mio* declares the Veneto to be the true home of the soup, although Tuscans would vigorously disagree. Any grain acts as a complementary protein with beans—Italians in other regions put rice, barley, or polenta in *pasta e fagioli*, for instance—as do bits of ham, sausage, or cheese.

Since arguments over the absolutely right version of *pasta e fagioli* are endless, I give a recipe adapted from the wise writer and historian Anna Del Conte, who presents a Venetian one in her *Gastronomy of Italy*. For four people (you can easily double or even triple the recipe) soak a cup of cranberry, pinto, or, if you can find them, Jacob's Cattle beans (both Dean & DeLuca and Phipps Ranch sell these) in the way that is most convenient for you; drain and rinse them. Heat two or three tablespoons of olive oil in the bottom of a stockpot and sauté two ounces of pancetta (unsmoked bacon), if you can find it, or prosciutto or bacon—the bacon preferably boiled briefly to desalinate it. (You can omit meat, of course.) Add an onion, a clove of garlic, a carrot, a stalk of celery, and several needles of rosemary, all chopped, and sauté slowly for at least fifteen minutes, until the vegetables are soft. Add the beans and a ham bone—Del Conte calls for an unsmoked ham hock, but add what you can find, if you are using meat—and cover with seven and a half cups of meat stock (you can use chicken or vegetable stock). Simmer slowly, covered,

for ninety minutes or so, until the beans are tender. Remove the ham bone and puree half the beans in a food mill or a food processor. Return the puree to the pan and raise the heat to medium high. When the soup comes to a boil, add six ounces of dried tagliatelle or whole-wheat spaghetti (or whatever dried pasta comes to hand), salt, and pepper. If the soup seems dense, add hot water before you put in the pasta.

Serve when the pasta is done to your liking, passing around a bowl of freshly grated Parmigiano-Reggiano cheese. Traditionally, bean soups that have been made with meat fat are enriched with cheese but no oil; those with a base of olive oil receive a final drizzling of aromatic olive oil. This soup is of course open to many variations, particularly in the amount and number of fresh herbs you add, and once the beans are soft you can add a few tomatoes, too, which often appear in other versions. The soup gets better after a few days.

BEANS SOLD by Phipps Ranch and Dean & DeLuca are usually from the current year's crop, and for that reason alone it's worth ordering beans from them. Both sell popular beans like pintos and black beans, and heirloom beans as handsome and perfect as polished stones, most of which have evocative names (Maine Yellow Eye, Indian Woman Yellow, European Soldier). Others worth ordering for their taste and firm texture are Rattlesnake (from Dean & DeLuca), the plump Wren's Egg (from Phipps), and Jacob's Cattle. Phipps is growing a beautiful big white bean called Pueblo, whose meaty flavor and creamy texture make it a standout; unfortunately the company won't have enough to sell until next year.

Or you might think of growing some beans of your own. Alan Kapuler, who raises organic plant and vegetable seeds in Corvallis, Oregon, offers many kinds of heirloom beans. (He describes 992 kinds of seeds and plants in this year's catalogue, which you can get by sending \$4.00 to 2385 Southeast Thompson Street, Corvallis, Oregon 97333; a seed list is free.) Kapuler recommends Oregon Giant as a bean that will be good in all its stages: as a green bean with a succulent pod, long and thick; as a shelling bean; and as a dried bean. He and other seed growers offer beans to suit every palate—and every eye. □

Books

The Trouble With Lefties

by Martin Lasden

THE LEFT-HANDER SYNDROME
by Stanley Coren.
The Free Press, \$24.95.

FOR REASONS yet to be fully understood, one out of every ten human beings in the world is left-handed, and from one generation to the next this ratio is roughly preserved. As we know, left-handedness cuts across socioeconomic, ethnic, and gender lines. Yet throughout history prominent figures in science—to say nothing of religion—have identified in left-handedness signs of depravity or worse. Consider Cesare Lombroso, an Italian physician who became famous for his theory of innate criminality. In 1903 he identified left-handedness as “one of the degeneracy signs of the born criminal.” Three years later Dr. Wilhelm Fliess, a friend and colleague of Sigmund Freud’s, suggested that left-handedness was a reliable indication of homosexuality. And in 1937 the British psychologist Cyril Burt declared left-handedness to be “a mark of an ill-organized nervous system.”

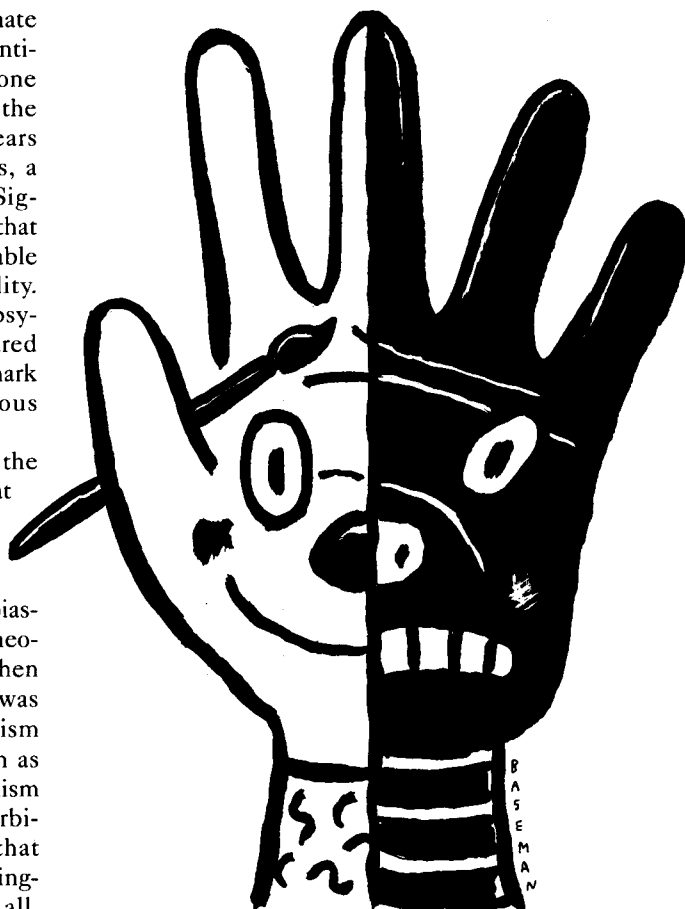
As demonstrated by all the “therapeutic” coercion that left-handed children were subjected to during the first half of the twentieth century, these biases had more than just a theoretical impact. Yet even when the gauche predilection was being discouraged, handism was certainly never taken as seriously as racism or sexism now is. Perhaps it’s the arbitrary nature of the trait that has militated against meaningful discrimination. After all,

even when both parents are right-handed, there is still a 10 percent chance that they will bring a left-handed baby into the world. Moreover, a white baby born in Scarsdale is just as likely to be left-handed as a black baby in Harlem. Hence when the left-hander George Bush became President of the United States, it was hardly interpreted as a blow against bigotry. Nor was much attention paid to the fact that Ronald Reagan and Gerald Ford were also southpaws.

Which makes the latest news about left-handers seem all the more ironic. For while we’ve entrusted the country to lefties without thinking much about it, a consensus has quietly crystallized among those who have systematically studied the phenomenon that left-handers as a group are more likely than the rest of us to suffer from a wide range of physical and emotional problems. The evidence comes in the form

of well over a hundred studies published in medical and scientific journals during the past twenty years. These studies include one published in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* in 1982, which shows that lefties are twelve times as likely as righties to suffer some learning disabilities, and ones published in *Military Medicine* and other journals in the early 1980s, which show that lefties are three times as likely to suffer from alcoholism, and that among treated alcoholics the relapse rate for left-handers is three times as high as it is for right-handers. There are even several studies suggesting that left-handers are significantly overrepresented in prison and delinquent-children populations. Left-handers also show unusually high frequencies of depression, drug abuse, bed-wetting, attempted suicide, epilepsy, lower-than-normal birth weight, sleeping disorders, auto-immune diseases, homosexuality, and schizophrenia.

One would think that this much smoke would indicate some fire. But it wasn’t until two psychology professors—Stanley Coren, of the University of British Columbia, and Diane Halpern, of California State University at San Bernardino—conducted a study of 2,271 deceased professional baseball players that the debate over handism started heating up. The reason: Coren and Halpern found from their sample of baseball players that left-handers seem to live significantly shorter lives than their right-handed counterparts. In fact, they found that after age thirty-three the number of left-handers who died in any given year was two percent higher than the number of right-handers, which over time translated into a fairly substantial discrepancy. Indeed, although the oldest left-hander in the study lived to age ninety-one, the oldest



Answers to the March Puzzler

C	R	A	C	V	I	N	G	M	I	N	R
H	O	M	L	Y	M	C	A	A	M	E	L
O	C	C	A	S	M	S	M	T	A	T	E
R	E	I	N	F	O	R	C	E	E	N	T
L	A	N	D	E	R	C	U	R	N	S	A
E	N	O	E	B	A	R	T	N	D	E	R
O	E	P	S	I	L	O	N	A	D	D	D
P	M	A	T	M	S	M	F	L	I	E	S
A	N	T	I	P	A	R	T	I	C	L	S
C	O	O	N	E	R	A	S	T	E	I	C
R	O	V	E	R	B	D	I	R	V	A	
D	R	G	E	L	A	E	R	C	H	E	S

"BORROWERS AND LENDERS"

After each solution note, the correct form of the clue's altered word is given in *italics*.

Across. 1. C-RAVING; *addiction* 7. M-IN-OR; *lesser* 10. HO(M)ELY; (anag. + m); *not* 11. CARAMEL (anag.); *ma* 12. CHASM (hidden); *as* 13. STA(T)E (anag. + t); *time* 15. REIN-FOR-CEMENT; *aid* 16. LEAN-DER; *man* 18. BAR(e)-TENDER; *nice* 19. EPSILON (anag.); *loose* 25. F-LIES; *zooms* 26. ANTIPARTICLES (anag.); *bits* 28. CRO-ONE-R (orc rev.); *Bing* 29. WASTE (anag.); *as* 30. P(ROVER)B; *lead* 31. DIVA(n); *singer* 32. DIRG-E (grid rev.); *sad* 33. LARCHES (anag.); *trees* Down. 1. C(H)ORE; *hard* 2. OCEAN (anag.); *marine* 3. A-M-IN-O; *acid* 4. CLAN-DESTINE; *fate* 5. IMMORTALS (anag.); *die* 6. GA(MU)T; *scale* 7. MATERNALISTIC (anag.); *mothering* 8. NETS (double def.); *earns* 9. RE(TAR)DS; *slows* 14. AMEND (anag.); *admen* 16. LEOPARD (anag.); *cat* 17. CO(M-RA)DE (arm rev.); *friend* 20. PAT (hidden); *Boone* 21. IMP-EL; *drive* 22. DICER (anag.); *chopper* 23. DE-LIVER; *emit* 24. MOO-R; *land's* 27. S(CAD)S; *oodles*

right-hander made it to 109. Coren and Halpern published these findings in the British science journal *Nature* in 1988, and soon after were bombarded by requests for interviews. At the same time, they started to receive a few unpleasant calls. "You right-handers think that you'll live longer than us left-handers," one anonymous caller told Coren. "But you won't if we kill you first."

So far these threats have amounted to nothing more than an annoyance. But in his new book, *The Left-Hander Syndrome*, Coren provides a provocative overview that may well keep his phone ringing. Coren argues that left-handers truly are different, that those differences are largely negative, and, in light of all the incriminating evidence that has recently come out, that it is now reasonable to conclude that left-handers are marked at birth by a deviation that is, in essence, pathological.

Coren, a right-hander, clearly realizes that this diagnosis is going to sound harsh to a lot of people, and he does what he can to soften the blow. "Before the left-handers reading this go into a panic," he writes at one point, "please remember that pathologies come in all degrees of severity. If you have a cavity in a tooth or if you have athlete's feet or are near-sighted, you are suffering from a pathological condition." Coren also goes out of his way to put a human face on his subject matter. He tells us about his left-handed son, Ben, whom he doesn't consider to be a basket case. And then there's his left-handed younger cousin, Steve, who was unfairly chastised at a family gathering for accidentally spilling hot soup over himself and the author back when they were both kids. Contrary to the stereotype, lefties aren't any more maladroit than the rest of us, Coren insists. It's just that much of the world is exclusively designed with the right-hander in mind.

Still, this hardly compensates for all the negative findings that Coren cites—findings that, in terms of both breadth and depth, seem to make a much stronger case for biological determinism than anything that Arthur Jensen ever came up with. (Jensen, as may be recalled, was the University of California at Berkeley professor who began to attract attention to himself in the late 1960s by pointing to the social-policy implications of a troublesome statistical finding—that black children as a group scored fifteen points lower

World's Finest ESTATE COFFEES & TEAS

ROASTED & SHIPPED DAILY

Hand selected and roasted to perfection using only the finest estate Arabica coffee beans. My family's prized blends bring you 65 of the world's richest, most exclusive coffee varieties and flavors—all affordably priced.

For tea lovers, choose among the finest hot, ice and herbal teas known. In addition, my color catalog offers a full line of coffee brewing systems, tea pots & accessories. Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed or your money back. Call or write today for your **FREE CATALOG 1-800-832-4896**.

Available Exclusively From

AMANDA DAVIES
ESTATE COFFEES & TEAS, LTD.
6876 Indiana Ave., Dept. Ad-4
Riverside, CA 92506

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Want to brush up on a foreign language?



With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Department—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a new language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Arabic, Korean, and others. 215 courses in 76 languages. Our 20th year.

Call 1-800-551-6300 for FREE 36-page catalog, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM®

Room F412, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

than white children as a group on IQ tests.) However, by focusing on a minority group that does not fall within any socioeconomic, gender, or racial boundary, Coren, perhaps without meaning to, provides ammunition to those who would discriminate on the basis of biology.

IT WAS TO foster more highly developed human beings that the great eighteenth-century philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau extolled the virtues of ambidexterity. "The only habit the child should be allowed to contract is that of having no habits," Rousseau wrote in *Emile*. "Let him be carried on either arm, let him be accustomed to offer either hand, to use one or the other indifferently." But Rousseau, like his contemporaries, labored under the misconception that handedness is a function of learning. It is not. Rather, it is a function of how the brain is wired. And whereas children can be trained to use one hand rather than another, what can be accomplished is only a superficial transformation, because neurologically speaking, nothing changes.

Man, as it turns out, is a hopelessly lopsided animal. Moreover, he is unique in his right-handed bias. Other animals, as far as we can tell, are evenly divided within their species between righties and lefties—to the extent that they show any preference at all. The fundamental question, then, is whether for human beings left-handedness represents a normal variation—like red hair or green eyes—or a deviation, like webbed feet.

Psychologists have raised the question since as far back as the turn of the century, but in the early 1970s researchers showed a renewed interest after a Canadian neuropsychologist named Paul Bakan, at Simon Fraser University, published a series of short, controversial articles arguing that *all* left-handedness can be thought of as a manifestation of some prenatal insult to the central nervous system. In the early 1980s Stanley Coren and his research team followed up with a series of studies in which mothers were surveyed on their pregnancies. Striking correlations were found between left-handedness and such birth complications as RH incompatibility, prolonged labor, and breathing difficulty. Further evidence of a link came in 1987, when

the *Lancet* published a study showing that among babies of extremely low birth weight, 54 percent are left-handed—about five times the frequency of left-handedness in the general population. In yet another study conducted by Coren—this one published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* in 1990—women over forty were found to be 128 percent more likely to give birth to left-handed children than women in their early twenties.

These statistics provide a pretty good basis from which to argue that some left-handedness is related to prenatal injury. Moreover, the argument makes sense neurologically: we know that the brain's left hemisphere (the dominant hemisphere in right-handed people) is more vulnerable to prenatal injury than the right hemisphere, and so it is entirely plausible that birth complications will result in a dominance shift—that is, left-handedness. But as reasonable as this argument might sound, does it prove conclusively that *all* left-handedness is pathological? To his credit, Coren does not approach the question dogmatically. Instead, he behaves like a detective on a case with numerous twists and turns. And sometimes, he admits, the clues don't add up. For example, Coren considers whether or not there is a genetic component to left-handedness. At the outset of his research he suspected there was. But then it was determined that only 76 percent of all identical twins have the same handedness, which is virtually the frequency that would be found if completely unrelated individuals were paired off—strong evidence that left-handedness is not genetic, since identical twins have exactly the same genes. However, if both parents are left-handed, the chances of their having a left-handed child are up to four times as great as if neither parent is left-handed. This suggests that there is *some* genetic connection. But if the connection were a straightforward one, the odds would be even greater. "If you believe that left-handedness is genetically determined," Coren confides, "this kind of data is enough to give you a headache."

The most compelling mystery of all, though, is why there are so few older left-handers. Coren became curious in the early 1980s, after he compiled a data base of more than 5,000 people. As a function of age, the distribution he found was most striking. Fifteen per-



If you've been reluctant to purchase **sensual products** through the mail, we would like to offer you three things that might change your mind.

1. We guarantee your privacy.

Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we never sell, rent or trade any names.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction.

If a product is unsatisfactory simply return it for replacement or refund.

3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure... Should it malfunction, simply return it to us for a replacement.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of sensual products, including the finest and most effective products from around the world. It is designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasures.

The Xandria Gold Collection... a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. Send for the **Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue**. It is priced at just \$4.00 which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

**The Xandria Collection, Dept. AT0492
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131**

Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue**. Enclosed is my check or money order for \$4.00 which will be applied towards my first purchase. (\$4 U.S., CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name

Address

City

State Zip

I am an adult over 21 years of age.

(signature required)

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco 94080
Void where prohibited by law.

You deserve to know the facts about . . .

"Land for Peace"

Can it solve the problems of the Middle East?

There has been much emphasis for years, intensified in recent months, on the "land for peace" formula to solve the long-simmering problems of the Middle East. Translating this slogan into plain English means that Israel should surrender Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza to the Arabs. They would establish a Palestinian state. Once that happened, it is thought that peace and tranquility would soon come to the troubled Middle East.

What are the facts?

■ The concept of "land for peace" is a totally new one in the history of the world. It was formulated for one specific purpose only, namely to persuade and pressure Israel to give up territories that it has administered since the Six-Day War of 1967. By its victory in that war, Israel wound up in possession of these territories. Contrary to what many are led to believe, the "West Bank," the focus of today's attention, had never been part of any Arab country. It was part of Palestine, a territorial unit that, by the Mandate of the League of Nations and in line with the Balfour Declaration, had been designated as a national home for the Jewish people.

■ Thus, while the concept of "land for peace" is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself and had really never been questioned before the days of the Israel-Arab conflict. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came. Instead, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their three unalterable "no's": no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel.

■ In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan to the Israeli government. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations with its neighbor, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the world; the port and naval installations of Sharm-el-Sheik, which safeguard Israel's access to its port of Eilat;

and the oil fields that Israel had developed and which had made Israel self-sufficient in its energy requirements. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

■ One would expect that the concept of "land for peace" would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the Arabs is considered "holy Arab soil" and its possession by the "infidels" (Christians or Jews) is inadmissible, intolerable, a blasphemy and a case for "jihad" (holy war). No compromise, no concession is ever possible. The way the "Taba issue" was finally resolved further illustrates the Arab belief that the "land for peace" principle is basically a one-way street.

■ The "land for peace" formulation is now applied mostly to the Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza regions. Israel's foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs, in exchange for "peace." But there is no peace, and no peace will come about by Israel's giving up this area of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use this land as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the "Palestinians." It is first of all between Israel and the Arab nations. With the single exception of Egypt, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has the possibility ever occurred of *their* trading land for peace, for instance yielding the "West Bank" to Israel for the sake of peace. Not one of these countries has even hinted that they would make peace with Israel if Israel yielded the administered territories to the Arabs. There isn't even a gesture of accommodation, such as a lifting of the over 40-year-old Arab economic boycott against Israel, an apology for the odious slander that Zionism is Racism, or a discontinuation of the yearly charade in the United Nations, in which the Arab states attempt to expel Israel from that body. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

\$ _____

A /25

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

cent of the ten-year-olds in his sample were left-handed, yet among fifty-year-olds the frequency was only five percent, and among those eighty or older less than one percent. Where did all the left-handers go? One hypothesis is that left-handers gradually assimilate by learning how to be right-handed. But changing one's orientation can be very difficult, even under coercion, and past early childhood the chances of pulling it off are dramatically reduced. Thus the gradual-assimilation hypothesis doesn't appear to hold up. And so one has to face the grimmest of possibilities: that older left-handers aren't being found because they are not there to find.

This is where Coren and Halpern's baseball study comes in. When the results were published, a number of objections were raised. One particularly outspoken critic was a left-handed number cruncher with the Canadian Statistical Analysis Service named Max Anderson. Anderson even went so far as to recalculate the data, and found that left-handers born after 1890 actually outlived their non-lefty contemporaries. Coren countered that Anderson had not done as good a job of excluding ambidextrous players as he had. But no matter. Even before the critics had a chance to respond, the researchers were well into another study.

This time Coren and Halpern obtained more than 2,500 fresh death certificates from two southern-California counties, and then contacted next of kin to determine the orientation of each deceased person. Their findings, which were published last April in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, were startling: Women right-handers, on average, outlived left-handers by almost five years. And right-handed men experienced an extraordinary ten-year advantage. If the analysis can be believed, this means that left-handedness correlates to a bigger difference in life expectancy than smoking two packs of cigarettes a day.

DOES ANY of the new research reflect anything positive about being left-handed? Pickings seem slim, but Coren does find a few good things to say. For one thing, left-handers appear to be overrepresented in art and architecture schools as well as in prisons and in groups of delinquent children. (Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael,

Hans Holbein, and Pablo Picasso were all left-handed.) This conforms with the view that the brain's right hemisphere (the dominant hemisphere in left-handers) is better equipped to think in spatial terms. Moreover, while they are overrepresented among the mentally retarded and other intellectually impaired groups, left-handers also show up in above-average numbers among children with extremely precocious mathematical abilities.

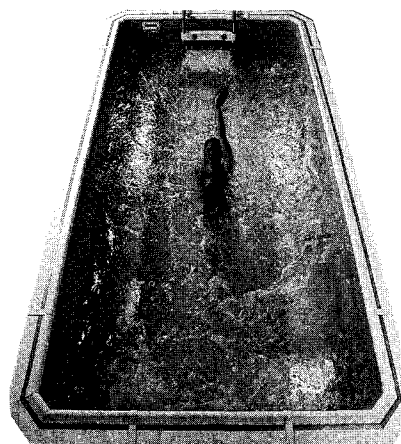
Finally, by citing aspects of the world that are designed for right-handers—from power tools to kitchen knives—Coren is able to present his left-handed readers with a cause and hence leave them with a potential sense of empowerment. Lefties are six times as likely to die of accident-related injuries as righties, he points out—a discrepancy that could go a long way toward explaining the life-expectancy gap. Thus, Coren argues, left-handers should organize and mobilize (even to the point of militancy) to make the world safer for themselves.

It's a curious call to arms, perhaps, from a man who labels left-handedness pathological, but then *The Left-Hander Syndrome* poses a question that is not easily resolved: What happens when modern science manages to confirm old and supposedly outdated prejudices? Coren's research leads him to conclude that for a significant number of left-handers, the condition results from an injury to the brain, and that while left-handedness itself is a harmless trait, it is a marker for other things that can go wrong. In the Middle Ages such information would have been seized upon as confirmation of the view that left-handedness was evil. Now we must decide: If Coren is right, and left-handers are indeed biologically more fragile, should prospective employers and insurers be allowed to inquire about handedness? Should handedness be weighed as a factor in determining whether a candidate is fit for office? Coren refrains from drawing any policy implications from his research that go beyond raising safety for lefties to the national agenda. Clearly his heart is in the right place. But because Coren presents as compelling a connection as he does between fate and a single physical trait, his work could easily be used by some to justify discrimination. What society doesn't need, though, is another minority group to beat up on. □

Brief Reviews



OLYMPIA by Otto Friedrich. Harper-Collins, \$28.00. Using Édouard Manet and his once-scandalous painting *Olympia* as a center point, Mr. Friedrich fans out to create a cultural history of Paris in the latter half of the nineteenth century. He does it in terms of artists like Degas, Monet, and Morisot, whom Manet knew; authors like Baudelaire and Zola, who defended his work; models who posed for him; and a few people like Louis Napoleon and Empress Eugénie, whom Manet never met but whose influence on their times was too strong to be ignored. There must have been quiet moments during the Second Empire, but Mr. Friedrich sensibly ignores them in favor of livelier events. The aristocratic members of the conservative Jockey Club organized something resembling an undergraduate riot to suppress performances of *Tannhäuser*, despite the Emperor's support of Wagner. (Of course, the Jockey Club considered Napoleon III a vulgar parvenu.) The authorities thought Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* obscene, went to law about it, and lost. When not engaged in sexual misdemeanors, the Emperor made sweeping improvements in his capital and indulged in political follies culminating in the Franco-Prussian War, the siege of Paris, and the bloody excesses of the Commune. Art critics frothed vituperation at the innovative painting argued among themselves about exhibitions. Everyone seems to have been excitable, for even Manet, usually described by his contemporaries as an exceptionally charming, amiable, witty gentleman, was subject to canvas-slashing tantrums. Mr. Friedrich reports all this ferment well, although with some perhaps unavoidable repetition and a bit too much quotation from Zola's *Nana*. (Zola could be re-



Swim without limits.

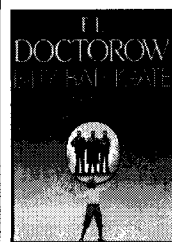
Call to learn more about our line of counter-current swimming machines for your home or existing pool.



1-800-732-8660

200 E. Dutton's Mill Rd.
Aston, PA 19014

AUDIO BOOKS

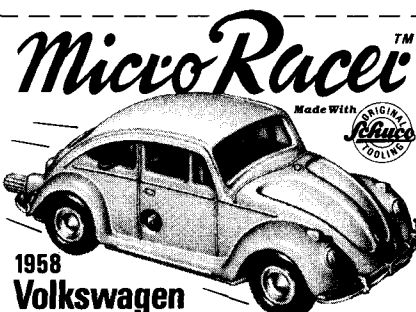


- On Cassettes
- Unabridged Recordings
- Purchase or Rent
- Over 400 Titles
- Professionally Narrated

BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
P.O. Box 969 Ashland, OR 97520

For a FREE Catalogue Call:

1-800-729-2665



1958
Volkswagen

LENGTH: 4.25" WEIGHT: 5 OZ. SCALE: 1:45 #1046

The ubiquitous Beetle! The seventh in the MicroRacer series; the first "square rear window" model of 1958. The car that we all want to college in. Featuring: long running key-wind clockwork motor; green-tinted glass; clutch/brake lever; precision steering with knurled "tail-pipe"; rubber tires, and bumper inserts.

Colors: Red, Blue, Silver, Black, Ivory.

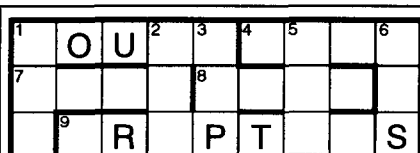
Relive your past!

Shipping \$6 ea. In NV add 6% tax. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Pay by: Visa, MasterCard, American Express or check.

Lilliput Motor Co. Ltd. P.O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447

Call: 1-800-TIN-TOYS (846-8697) Fax: 702-463-5581



ACROSS

1. Engineer ought to be difficult (5)
9. Your favorite puzzles will make you weep softly and twitch with a bit of surprise (8)

PUZZLER FANS!

At last — a publication devoted to your favorite puzzles!

It's **TOUGH CRYPTICS**. Each issue is filled with the most challenging cryptic crosswords available anywhere. They're all created exclusively for **TOUGH CRYPTICS** by puzzlemakers like Emily Cox, Henry Rathvon and Henry Hook.

TOUGH CRYPTICS is published by the American Crossword Federation, who has published **TOUGH PUZZLES** since 1983.

Become a Charter Subscriber now and you'll get the Premiere Issue **FREE!** If you're not totally delighted with it — for any reason — you'll get a 100% refund. And you can keep the first issue for your trouble.

So return the coupon below today. And get ready to match wits with **TOUGH CRYPTICS!**

VISA/Mastercard:

For fastest service call now

1 (800) 729-1999

**American Crossword Federation,
Box 69A, Massapequa Pk, NY 11762**

Please enroll me as a **TOUGH CRYPTICS** Charter Subscriber and rush me the Premiere Issue. My check or money order (payable to American Crossword Fed.) is enclosed for \$26.95 for a full year (6 issues + 1 **FREE** = 7 issues). If I'm not completely delighted, I can let you know and get a full refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

grettably heavy-handed.) The book recreates an interesting period that clearly fascinates the author, who successfully conveys that fascination to the reader.

"I'VE SEEN THE BEST OF IT" by Joseph Alsop with Adam Platt. Norton, \$29.95. Joe Alsop did not live to write his memoirs, but Mr. Platt appears to have done adroitly what the dying journalist had in mind when he chose a writer whose work he admired to construct "an extended interview over which I have retained the partial authority of a partner in authorship." It is a truly exciting "interview," for Alsop and his brother Stewart were among the greatest and most influential journalists of their time. Alsop seems to have known, or met, everyone who mattered. He covered the great and, on occasion, meddled in their affairs on the grounds that a reporter is also a citizen. He was born into what he termed "the Wasp Ascendancy," with Roosevelt connections that admittedly gave him an advantageous start as a green reporter beaver-ing around Washington. They also got him to Sunday-night suppers at the White House, notable for Cousin Eleanor's ability to render scrambled eggs inedible. Contrasts of this kind, and Alsop's testily humorous view of them, make his recollections both a remarkable insider's account of the years between the New Deal and the Vietnam War and a highly personal, opinionated mixture of nostalgia for the intrigue and action of those days and contempt for what he came to see as "an increasingly bitter and bewildering time."

THE LOST UPLAND by W. S. Merwin. Knopf, \$22.00. Mr. Merwin describes life in the high limestone country of southwestern France in three narratives that should probably be considered a poet's observations and suppositions rather than fiction. One first meets a financially decrepit nobleman turned petty con man and scrounger of antiques from the many deserted houses in the area. The second piece is based on the author's love of the countryside, his sense of its past, its present decay, and the small grudges and tensions arising from the poverty of its people. The third section, "Blackbird's Summer," combines elements from its predecessors and adds Blackbird, a

character who becomes monumental without doing anything but go about his business as wine merchant, hotel owner, and kindly good citizen. It is an impressive achievement for an author to make a memorable character out of a man who does nothing at all remarkable.

CRITICAL CARE by Richard Dooling. Morrow, \$20.00. The protagonist of this basically savage novel is a young doctor whose exhausting hours in the intensive-care unit do not deter him from pursuing women when opportunity arises. One of his moribund patients has two daughters—clearly an opportunity, and seized with more enthusiasm than common sense. The purpose of the novel is not, however, to tell a tale of medical indiscretion. Randy misadventures are merely framework for a diatribe against the practice of keeping people alive and in pain when there is no hope that they will improve or even survive. Mr. Dooling's caricatures of self-important or senile doctors are wickedly clever, his descriptions of half-alive sufferers are mercilessly detailed, and his dissections of hospital financial maneuvers are cynical. The author has worked in a hospital. He is now an attorney, presumably handling medical-malpractice suits with gleeful energy. Because this is his first novel, one can forgive an ending that drifts incongruously into piety.

THE LAST SERIOUS THING by Bruce Schoenfeld. Simon & Schuster, \$22.00. The author knows that "it is impossible to travel through Spain writing a book about bullfighting and not encounter the ghost of Hemingway," who "has already written the best book in English on the corrida," but he has written a book on bullfighting all the same, and deserves credit for courage. He also deserves credit for candor about dull fights, atrocious ticket scalping, and the sometimes inexplicable gifts tossed to one popular performer. Flowers one can understand—but a potted plant? This book is really a work for bullfight aficionados who understand the terms involved in the dangerous art and share the author's respect for it and his concern for its survival. A good bullfight, he explains, should be disquieting, a real reminder of mortality.

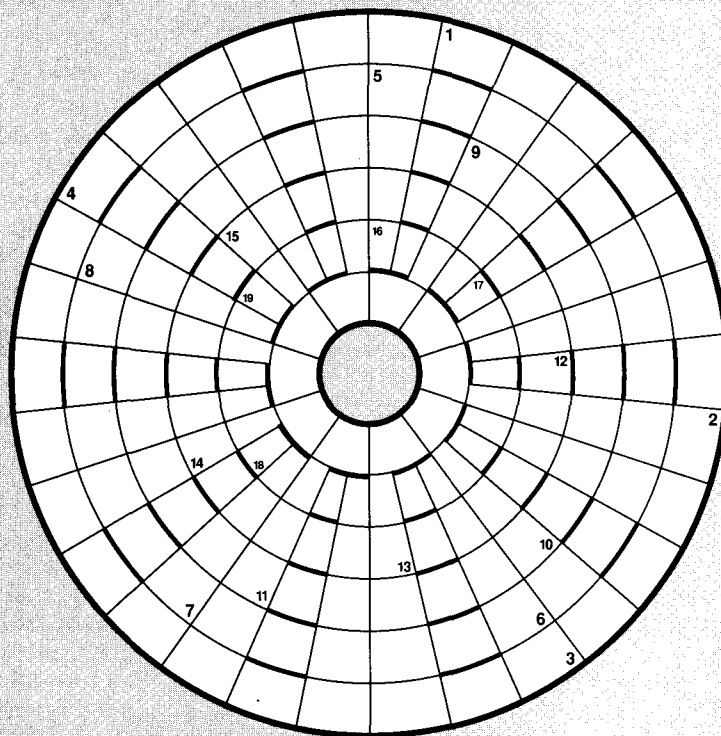
—Phoebe-Lou Adams

THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Answers to the 19 Radii clues should be entered radially, beginning in the outermost ring. Solvers must determine where they belong in the diagram with the help of answers to the 19 Ring clues, which should be entered clockwise, beginning in their numbered spaces. Each of the five outside rings also contains an unclued contestant having a connection with the unclued two-word entry occupying the innermost ring. One five-letter radial entry is unclued; any contestant(s) intersecting this entry may be said to have achieved the object of the game. Answers include an uncommon word at *f* and seven proper nouns.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 112.

RADI

- a. Start of lucky streak involving wheel happening in the '60s (6)
(*hyphenated*)
- b. Terribly cruel stomach ailment (5)
- c. Mountainous lumberjack's head caught in a tree (6)
- d. Compass sounded "East" (5)
- e. Quit holding Monday dance (5)
- f. Unusual bread's found in chamber of an Egyptian tomb (6)
- g. Animal doctor corrals 50 head of deer in grassland (5)
- h. Enticed into very Spanish city (6)
- i. Ecstatic new parent (6)
- j. Leased computer in 2001 is capable of killing (6)
- k. Drink in set-back South Dakota valleys (5)
- l. Botched up race survey (6)
- m. Manitoban tribe hosts leader of tiny Greek island (5)

- n. Person with a desire for a greater time (6)
- o. A noted American poet shortened hairstyles (5)
- p. Gaining victory, Sen. Kennedy meandered (6)
- q. Degas breaking oath (5)
- r. Carnivore eating a hundred and one plants (5)
- s. Visit a Scandinavian around Minnesota lake (6)

RINGS

1. Vehicle occupied by awful nit-picker (7)
2. Exact temperature on Paris street (4)
3. Watson's partner's muscle spasms (6)
4. Smear Eliot utters without thinking (6)
5. Outside gym, lout chewed gum (6)
6. Baloney consumed in turn (6)
7. Sorry future, with no time off left (6)
8. Divinely handsome man has a Mexican entrée (6)
9. Promoting *Evita*, Glen dances (9)
10. Edit florid part of a play (6)
11. Leave sailor back in run-down building (7)
12. One having no appreciation for trendy grill (7)
13. Small flat knob on moon of Jupiter (6)
14. Unexpected hero is clothing merchant (6)
15. Turgenev comprehends something important to character development (4)
16. Treaty put in a box with announcement (4)
17. Crime did seem random (7)
18. Secret society performing in religious rite (6)
19. Man with scepter is biblical king (5)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

ART

GREGGIE FINE ART catalogue featuring 100 fine original prints by artists such as Degas, Renoir, Picasso. \$10. 12 Piedmont Center #320, Atlanta, GA 30305.

DIRECTLY FROM RUSSIA: Professional custom made paintings from your photo. Call for free information: (708) 945-9516.

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

YOUR BOOK PRINTED. Superior workmanship at low cost. Free information and samples. Pine Hill Press, 700 Sixth Street, Freeman, SD 57029. (800) 676-4228.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, all types. Company with 70-year tradition. "Author's Guide to Subsidy Publishing". (800) 695-9599.

GOOD USED BOOKS: Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too. History, fiction, social science, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send two dollars for listing of 25,000 titles and prices. Editions, Desk A, Boiceville, NY 12412.

MARXIST BIWEEKLY. Since 1891. \$4.00/year. "The People". (TA), P.O. Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

BOOKLOVER'S SMORGASBORD. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, 85-A Hancock Road, Williamstown, MA 01267.

POETRY CONTEST, \$1,000! Maximum: Twenty-four lines. Pacific Rim Publications, P.O. Box 34069, Department 265A, Seattle, WA 98124.

BOOK TO BE DONE on effects of job loss, feeling of getting even. Send your ideas of mayhem not murder, diabolic not deadly. No compensation if used. JEE, P.O. Box 362, Union, NJ 07083.

POETRY: "FEELINGS", America's beautiful poetry magazine publishes poems. Contests. Awards. "Chapbooks" published. SASE: guidelines. P.O. Box 390, Whitehall, PA 18052. (215) 264-7594.

LARGE PRINT BOOKS: Hundreds of titles. Bestsellers, fiction and non-fiction. Free catalog. Call: (800) 732-5736; or write: Titles, 1382 Third Avenue, Department 351A, New York, NY 10021.

FROM SHIVA TO NEHRU! "100 Great Indians Through The Ages". Insightful biographies revealing Indian culture and history. \$20. GIP Books. P.O. Box 110573, Campbell, CA 95011.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Department YKD, 11 West 32nd Street, New York, 10001.

CATALOGS

100% RECYCLED PAPER PRODUCTS for home and office. Over 77 products. Free catalogue from Atlantic Recycled Paper Company. (800) 323-2811.

COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

AUTOGRAPHS, banners, political pins, leathers, baseball cards, sports memorabilia wanted. Highest prices paid. Stan Block, 128 Cynthia Road, Newton, MA 02159.

JIGSAW PUZZLE LOVERS! Challenging European puzzles to 6,000 pieces. Famous scenes and paintings. For listing call: (800) 466-4648.

EDUCATION/INSTRUCTION

PARALEGAL GRADED CURRICULUM. Approved home study. Most affordable and comprehensive. 100 years of legal training. Free catalog. (800) 826-9228. Blackstone School of Law, P.O. Box 871449, Department A, Dallas, TX 75287.

TEACH ENGLISH IN CHINA. One year positions. Stipend provided. Must have university degree. Call China Advocates: (800) 333-6474.

HARVARD SUMMER WRITING PROGRAM: Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 29 - August 21, 1992. Write: Harvard Summer School, Department 460, 51 Brattle Street, Cambridge, MA 02138.

GOURMET

GOURMET COFFEES ROASTED FRESH DAILY. 45 varieties/gift packages. Wholesale prices. Free shipping. Coffee Traders: (800) 435-3111.

FINE LOOSE TEAS. Over seventy varieties. Write for newsletter: Upton Tea Imports, Box 159-C, Upton, MA 01568-0159.

HEALTH

CONTACT LENS REPLACEMENTS: Save up to 60%. Fast service. All brands. Guaranteed. (800) 833-7525, Department 600-12.

THE INTERNATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR Bowel Dysfunction: Help for you or someone you know. Newsletter. \$15/year donation suggested. IFBD, Box 17864, Milwaukee, WI 53217.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

GET PAID FOR READING BOOKS! \$100 per book. Send name, address to: Calco Publishing, (Department C-202), 500 South Broad, Meriden, CT 06450.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT: \$30,000-\$75,000+. All occupations! Free report. Employment International, Box 5730-YP, Lighthouse Point, FL 33074.

HOME TYPISTS, PC users needed. \$35,000 potential. Details. Call: (805) 962-8000, Extension B-20061.

GOVERNMENT JOBS: \$16,040-\$59,230/year. Now hiring. Call: (805) 962-8000, Extension R-20061 for current federal list.

FINANCIAL PLANNING

COMPUTER-ERASE BAD CREDIT free: instantly, legally. Add AAA credit "overnight"! Free details: Gold (AT), 13950 Ventura, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423.

GIFTS

CONSTITUTION PAMPHLETS: "One Nation Under God", "In God We Trust," 8" x 10", cover color photos: Constitution: 16 pages, Declaration of Independence: 20 pages; \$3.00/each, \$2.00/S&H. Send payment to: D M Publishers, Box 65, McComb, MS 39648. (601) 249-4128.

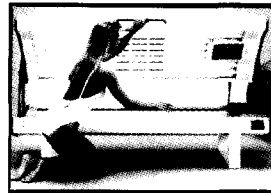
LITERARY INTERESTS

SUMMER WRITING WORKSHOP

(13th year)
Dublin, Ireland — Aug. 9-22, 1992
Intensive sessions with leading Irish writers. Homestay.
\$789 inclusive tuition and bed/breakfast.
Contact: James McAuley, Mail Stop 25
Eastern Washington University
Cheney, WA 99004-2415
Phone: 509-359-7064

MERCHANDISE

FRACTAL JIGSAW PUZZLES! A pure challenge. Test your mind and hand against these spectacular 19"x26"/1,000 piece puzzles. \$24.95. Each puzzle includes a beautiful 24"x36" fractal poster. Looking for dealers in your area. For complete information call: (800) 289-1347 in Boise, Idaho, today.



TAN AT HOME!

Home & Commercial
WOLFF Tanning Beds
Units From \$199
Home Delivery!
CALL TODAY FOR FREE
COLOR CATALOG AND
WHOLESALE PRICING!
1-800-228-6292

MISCELLANEOUS

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from \$100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Buyer's guide. (805) 962-8000, Extension S-20061.

INVENTIONS/NEW PRODUCTS/IDEAS WANTED: Call TLCI for free information/Inventors Newsletter. (800) 468-7200. 24 hours/day. USA/Canada.

AUTOGRAPHS BOUGHT & SOLD: Letters, documents, books, photos signed by historic individuals in all fields. Collections and single items purchased. Free sample catalogue. Catherine Barnes, P.O. Box 30117-D, Philadelphia, PA 19103; (215) 854-0175.

MUSIC

DULCIMERS AND KITS. Send SASE to: The Dulcimer, 610 Laurel Drive, Aiken, SC 29801.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

CAXTON BOOK SEARCH, Box 220, Ellison Bay, WI 54210. Please send phone/address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92674-3253. (714) 492-2976.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from \$1.00, you repair. Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Your area. (805) 962-8000, Extension GH-20061 for current repossession list.

RECIPES

THE HUNGRY COWBOY: April "Recipe of the Month". \$5.00. P.O. Box 951-AA, Laramie, WY 82070.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA: Foxdale Village, a Quaker-directed life-care community. Thoughtfully designed cottages complemented by attractive dining facilities, auditorium, library and full medical protection. Entry fees from \$38,000-\$105,000, monthly fees from \$1,045-\$1,925. 500 East Marylyn Avenue, Department N, State College, PA 16801. Telephone: (800) 253-4951.

SERVICES

THE PHANTOM WRITER: Scripts, plays, novels, short stories, essays, and poetry. Complete anonymity guaranteed. (212) 254-5905.

ESTABLISHED LANDSCAPE WATERCOLORIST and interior designer wife, lost beautiful home and studio in October Berkely/Oakland firestorm. Available to home-sit U.S., Canada coasts, Hawaii, Europe. 3-9 months; seek dramatic setting with local color. Responsible professionals with excellent references. (415) 381-4518.

TRAVEL

TRIBAL TRIPS: Overlanding, camping, deluxe cities. Offbeat Himalayas/Africa. Capers, Box 2789, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

SAVE ON UNUSUAL CRUISES: Freighters, expeditions, yachts, etc. TravTips, Box 218A2, Flushing, NY 11358. (800) 872-8584.

HOME EXCHANGE: Inexpensive, short and long-term travel. Responsible members worldwide. Invented City: (800) 788-CITY, (415) 673-0347.

ADIRONDACK WILDERNESS, sparkling mountain lake, informal, great tennis, food, hiking, horses; family rates. American Plan. Timberlock, Box A, Indian Lake, NY 12864.

SWITZERLAND/ITALY: Guided promotional tour/vacation, June 22-July 1. Alpine chalet, Venice, more: \$1,695 complete. (800) 255-1766, Chuck.

VACATION RENTALS

RENT A HOME INTERNATIONAL, INC.: 25,000 villas, apartments. Europe, Mexico, Caribbean, USA including Hawaii. (800) 488-RENT.

CAPE HATTERAS vacation rentals. 100+ luxury beachfront homes! Free color brochure. Hatteras Realty, Box 249, Avon, NC 27915. (919) 995-5466.

ITALY/TUSCANY: Spacious country home, three bedrooms; also comfortable apartment. Medici town nearby, magnificent views, convenient Florence, Siena. Tansey: (719) 564-4208; CP4 Cortona, AR/52044, Italy. (39) 575-62512.

ITALY (UMBRIA): Todi center convenience or nearby farmhouse tranquility. Two splendid apartments. Richardson, 06050 Izzalini (PG). (39) 75-885-3252.

VACATION HOME in medieval village on French Riviera. \$650 monthly. Linc. 2B Residence d'henemont, 78110 St. Germain-en-laye, France.

JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING: Luxurious four-bedroom solar house, four acres. Jacuzzi, satellite, stunning view. Ski/summer. (212) 721-2280.

LONDON, KNIGHTSBRIDGE: Luxurious, small apartment near Harrods. Ideal for two. £350 p.w. Telephone: 011-44-367-240185; FAX: 011-44-367-243007.

SANTA FE PRIZE WINNING HOME for rent: 2 week minimum, two bedroom + library. Breathtaking view, near opera. Featured on cover of "Architectural Digest". For photos and rates call: (612) 929-1692.

ENGLAND/WALES BORDER: Elegant country house. Five bedrooms. Steinway. Woodland gardens. Details, fax: (U.K.) 011-544-260276.

For advertising information contact:

The
Atlantic

Classified Department
P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 34617
National (800) 237-9851 • Local (813) 443-7666

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

Dirty Harriet syndrome

noun, a tendency of some women police officers, especially rookies, to overreact in stressful situations—the counterpart to the Dirty Harry or John Wayne syndrome in men. Also called *Jane Wayne syndrome*. “Women are not immune from using excessive force. . . . ‘The cops call it the *Dirty Harriet* or *Jane Wayne Syndrome*,’ she [Connie Fletcher, a Loyola University journalism professor] said” (*New York Times*).

BACKGROUND: We live in a world of proliferating syndromes. There are at least two others of the same vintage (April, 1991). *Beirut syndrome* refers to the 1983 bombing of the U.S. Marine barracks housing troops who were sent to Lebanon without a specific mission: “But a *Beirut syndrome* emerges to replace the *Vietnam syndrome* President Bush says America has kicked. The military’s reluctance to live in and work with uncertainty inhibits U.S. policy . . . in a crucial moment of change” (*Washington Post*). And *first-in, first-out syndrome* refers to political candidates who lack funds: “Those with the fewest assets must make a fast start to escape the *first-in, first-out syndrome* that often erases little known and underfinanced candidates” (*Time*). The *Dirty Harriet syndrome* results from the propensity of rookie officers to try to live up to tough-guy images and to impress veterans on the force.

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

granny dumping

noun, slang, the abandonment of an elderly person by relatives, a landlord, or other caregiver, typically by leaving the person in a hospital emergency room, along with a suitcase of possessions. Also called *elderly abandonment* or *packed-suitcase syndrome*. “*Granny dumping* is sweeping the U.S. . . . Well scrubbed and neatly dressed, the elderly person will be deposited in the waiting room” (*The Times* [of London]).

BACKGROUND: In the 1970s and 1980s the terms *throwaway child* and *throwaway kid* gained currency; the phenomenon was a consequence of family dislocations, drug and alcohol abuse, and sexual promiscuity. The term *granny dumping* surfaced late last year; social pressures are also responsible for this type of abandonment, which is often caused by the unremitting stresses on those caring for elderly relatives in addition to coping with other responsibilities. It is most prevalent in states with large retirement communities, such as Florida, Texas, and California. The elderly person may simply be left with a note pinned to him or her saying, in effect, “Please take care of this person.” One hospital administrator has dubbed such incidents “the

positive taillight sign. They roll them in the door and all I see is the taillights vanishing in the distance” (*Roanoke* [Va.] *Times & World News*).

keh *noun*, a Korean-American financial pool, adapted from a traditional Korean institution, in which members of a group contribute a fixed sum of money to a pot every month, taking turns as recipients of the month’s collection: “[T]he *keh* goes a long way to explaining the [capital-area Korean] community’s remarkable success.

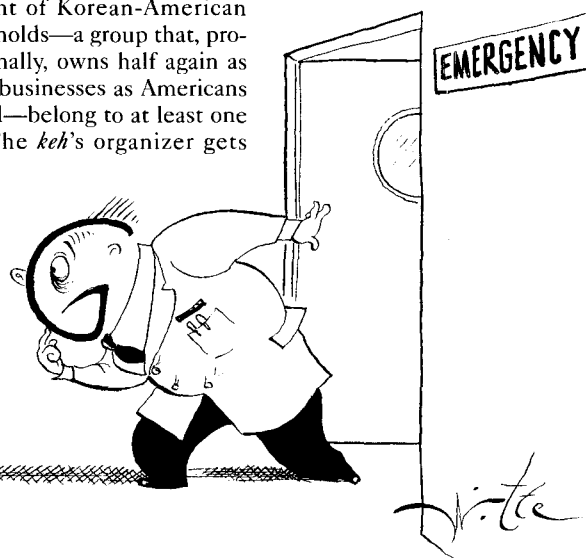
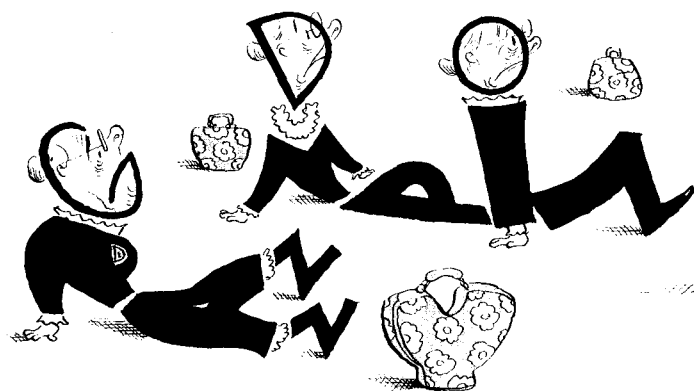
Nobody knows for sure how much money is tied up in *kehs*, but estimates of \$100 million at any one time in the Washington area are conservative, say businessmen and academics who have studied the phenomenon” (*Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: The *keh* is an appealing financing mechanism for those who want to start businesses but have little or no capital or credit history, no understanding of American banking and its attendant paperwork, and limited facility with English. Perhaps 80 percent of Korean-American households—a group that, proportionally, owns half again as many businesses as Americans overall—belong to at least one *keh*. The *keh*’s organizer gets

the first pot; the order of subsequent payouts is determined by lottery or negotiation, with members sometimes paying extra for a spot near the front of the line (where the *keh* functions not just as a savings mechanism of sorts but as an interest-free loan). Once each member has received a payout, the *keh* dissolves. Mutual trust is, of course, key to the success of a *keh*, to an extent that is almost unimaginable to a Westerner. But to Koreans, default is unthinkable: it would bring shame to the defaulter’s entire family, making their marriage and employment prospects in the community exceedingly dim. In high-powered business *kehs* the monthly payouts can reach \$1 million.

powdered water *noun*, dried vegetable fat that encapsulates water, which is released upon application of heat: “*Powdered water* is about ready to burst upon the public consciousness” (Associated Press).

BACKGROUND: *Powdered water* is listed in Kim Long’s *The American Forecaster Almanac 1992* as one of the hot new items of the year. It was developed for use in microwaveable baked goods, which have been regarded as inferior to oven-cooked pastries because of their dryness.





WHEN THREE MICROPROCESSORS TALK TO EACH OTHER, WHAT DO THEY TALK ABOUT?

Computer conversation: It could be about something as ordinary as wheel speed or as esoteric as steering angle rate of change. Or any of thousands of bits of electronic information that help make Continental one of the world's most capable and

comfortable luxury cars. Consider for example, Continental's EEC-IV drivetrain core computer—the same system that regulates the powerful engine of the Benetton/Ford Formula One race car. In Continental, EEC-IV controls all vital engine functions including fuel injection and ignition timing, then coordinates engine operation and electronic transmission shifting for a near seamless flow of power. Further enhancing this smooth sensation of driving

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



Buckle up—together we can save lives.



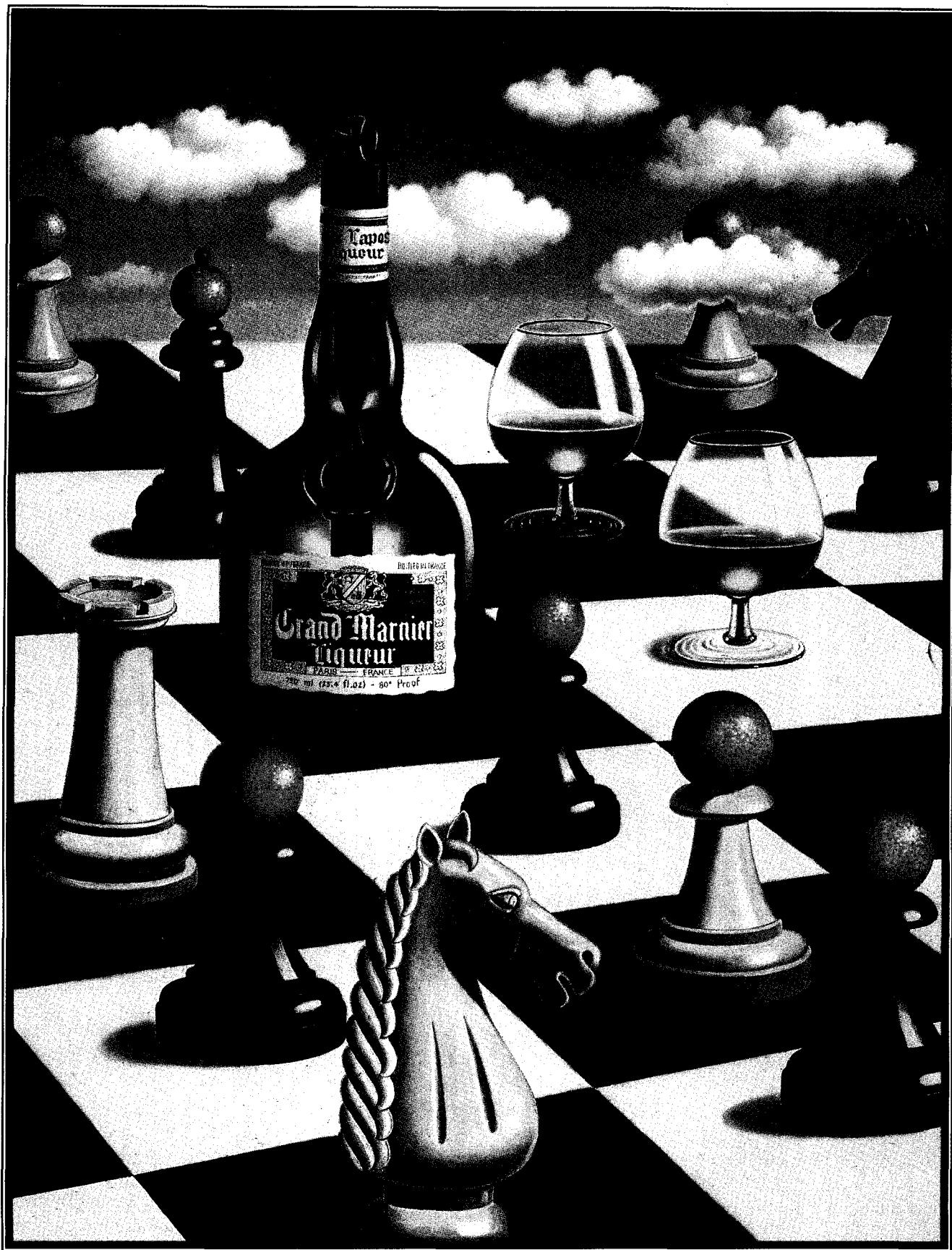
ease is a computerized suspension system. Here, dual-rate gas pressurized shock absorbers and air springs are electronically regulated to optimize ride and handling. The result is a reassuring sense of confident control and an extraordinary sense of riding comfort. To this, add the stability of computer-controlled four-wheel disc anti-lock braking (ABS). The precision of computer-regulated speed-sensitive power steering. The peace of mind of a

driver- and passenger-side air bag Supplemental Restraint System. Add, in brief, a keenly proficient array of microprocessor-managed driving systems. Systems that help make Continental one of today's most advanced luxury cars. Something well worth talking about.

LINCOLN WHAT A LUXURY CAR SHOULD BE.

For more information on the 1992 Lincolns, call 1-800-446-8888.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A GRAND MASTER.

To send a gift of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1991 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED